























"COLLARED!"



THE  
SPORTS OF THE WORLD

WITH  
*ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS.*

EDITED BY  
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VIVIAN AND GUY NICKALLS, WHO HAVE WON THE SILVER GOBLETS MORE OFTEN THAN ANY OTHER PAIR AT HENLEY.

(Photo: Marsh Bros., Henley.)

# THE SPORTS OF THE WORLD.

## INTRODUCTION.



THE PLUCKIEST ANIMAL IN THE WORLD.

(Photo: Dr. Anichoreta.)

CIRCUMSTANCES have instilled into the Englishman, as well as into his Colonial brothers and American cousins, a passion for all forms of sport. The possession of empire over-seas has been held responsible by some for the Englishman's love of the chase. But, although the appetite for sport may grow with opportunity, it is certain that not all the great and small game of other lands could have engendered a love of its pursuit unless such tastes had primarily been brought from the old country. The ruling passion is strong to the very gates of death. Drake finishing his game of bowls before going out to flog the Spaniard was a prototype of the men who played cricket at Lady-

smith with the enemy's shells bursting over the pitch. One recalls, too, the case of a certain great shikari (well known in legal circles in Bombay) whose first thought on escaping, terribly mauled, from an infuriated lioness, shot by his native servant in the very nick of time, was to get out his pocket kodak and store up the likeness of his dead assailant in a "snap-shot!" It may be that the Anglo-Saxon is a little more attentive to his playtime than the men of other races, but



if he also contrives to keep to the fore in the world of science and letters, and to be not too far behind in that of commerce, his fondness for sport is matter for small regret. Mr. Kipling sees a menace to us in this tendency of ours, and so forceful a pen necessarily arrests attention; but our sports have a way of justifying themselves in fashions sometimes quite unforeseen. That private, for instance, in the Duke of Cambridge's Own—"The Millionaires"—who (according to the story) was commended by the transport officer for his expertness in swabbing the decks, could hardly have realized that he was fitting himself for "active service" of this kind in the happy-go-lucky days when he sailed his own yacht. On the whole, it seems unlikely that Mr. Kipling's gloomy vaticinations



ON A HIGHLAND SALMON RIVER.

(Photo: Reil, Wishaw)

will have much weight with a race wedded to sport as world-wide as its dominion, equally happy whether catching coarse fish in the metropolitan reaches of England's most historic river or salmon in the swirling Tay, whether skating on the broad ices of far-off Canada, or seeking big game trophies amid the forbidding heights of Himalaya or on the burning sands of Somaliland.

The sporting instinct may be variously moulded by circumstance and opportunity, but it will always have its individuality under many skies and in every social level of the nation. Gulliver found that the Brobdingnagians despised sea-fishing because the sea-fish of their coasts were "of the same size with those of Europe, and consequently not worth catching," but few of us can nowadays afford to be Brobdingnagians in our sport. A very famous sporting club was persuaded not long ago to admit into its roll of members a gallant



officer who could boast no stronger qualification than proficiency in the game of marbles. The man who shoots tigers from elephant back in the Indian jungle is not necessarily a better sportsman than he who ferrets rabbits in an Essex hedge; he is only a sportsman with greater opportunities for the indulgence of his

tastes. The angler who pegs for Thames dace has as much claim to the title of sportsman as he who is able to kill enormous tarpon in the Boca Grand Pass. He who in a summer holiday sails his own half-rater amid Hampshire creeks may have the yachting instinct as genuinely as his more fortunate fellow who competes for the America Cup; and there may be in those concerned as much cricket enthusiasm over the Rugby and Marlborough contest at Lord's as is shown by the nation at large over any of the "test" matches between the Mother Country and the young sons that have lately developed a marvellous skill in a game they first learnt at her knee.

The Anglo-Saxon has lately been so liberally abused in every capital of Continental Europe that it would be superfluous here to permit a more than passing allusion to his pet weakness of insularity. It must, however, be admitted even by his warmest admirers that he is at times apt to plume himself on a monopoly of the sporting instinct, of proficiency in horsemanship, of skill in all manner of games. Foreigners, on the other hand, admit not less readily that he does shine in the particular forms of sport that he himself invented. They recognise that he sits the favourite for the Derby as perhaps the man of no other blood could hope to sit it, that he plays his cricket and his golf in a style which neither Frenchman nor German could dream of emulating, much less excelling. Yet other races have their equestrian exercises and even their

games to boot; and those who have visited the lands that lie at the foot of the Atlas and Pyrenees will have only one reply if asked how the average Englishman would figure in the powder-play or in a bout of pelota. Travel, that best of finishing schools, will bring to light hitherto unsuspected sporting passions and athletic ideals in every European nation, and even in the black and yellow men of other continents. The



POLO AT HURLINGHAM.

(Photo: W. W. Rouch, Strand.)



A CHAMPION POINTER: MR. W. ARKWRIGHT'S "SEA-BREEZE."

(Photo: Mr. W. Arkwright.)

best of our sporting writers have recognised something of this undoubted right of exotic sports to a measure of appreciation. Somewhere in his immortal "Thoughts on Hunting" Beckford outlines a curious French method of hunting rabbits, in which live lobsters are used in place of ferrets. He does not, it is true, recommend the adoption of so quaint a form of rabbiting in this country, but, on the other hand, he does not heap ridicule on the practice merely because it is "un-English."

Those who read the articles in the following pages should, at any rate, be helped to a wider sympathy with the less popular sports and games at home, and also to a larger appreciation of many which appeal to the popular taste abroad. The red men of the New World are all but vanished with the herds

of bison which they helped the white settler to exterminate; but the black and brown and yellow peoples of two other continents still practise the sports that have for untold ages been their pride. Even the disappearing Australian has his triumph that those who have supplanted him cannot even acquire. He takes his

secret with him to his nation's grave. The modern magazine sporting rifle is a marvel, but is the primitive boomerang less so? And can we overlook the fact that, whereas the aborigines were easily taught a sufficient degree of proficiency with the firearm, the white man is able neither to make nor to throw the boomerang with any approach to perfection? The Waterloo Cup is a brave spectacle which, ever since the late Queen Victoria ascended the throne, has yearly drawn its thousands of north country enthusiasts to Altcar. Yet Indian Rajahs, who have, from time immemorial, coursed fleet deer with trained



THE "MARJORY."

(Phot. Kirk and Sons, Cowes.)

leopards, may allowably find such sport liliputian. The Japanese master of "Sumo" has more than one trick of attack for which the champion of Cumberland or Cornwall has no ready defence. The Basque pelota player, the Italian fencer, the half-breed lassoing wild steeds on the pampas, are all athletic types as distinct and as interesting to the travelled eye as the Australian cricketer or the English footballer. The spear is the weapon with which the Kaffir does not fear to face an angry lion, and the African is not in such circumstances less brave than the Englishman who spears pigs from the saddle or shoots tigers from a *machan*. Some among our games have even been learnt from the Aboriginal races east and west; our lacrosse came from the Canadian Indians, and the Manipuri taught us polo.

Some athletic recreations are peculiar to one country, while others invite contrast on other grounds, being differently practised, though equally popular, on two sides of a political frontier, or on two shores of an ocean. The cricket of England or Australia, the lacrosse of Canada, the baseball of the United States,

the *savate* of France, the powder-play of Morocco, the *sumo* of Japan, all claim the peculiar interest of having been invented in the lands they still call home. When, on the other hand, we come to the contemplation of the rules and conditions of the chase, we find ourselves confronted with a bewildering conflict of principles and prejudices. It often happens, as a case in point, that the same animal may be regarded as "game" by the sportsmen of one country, where it is in consequence entitled to be killed in the most sporting fashion practicable, while across the border it may be considered "vermin." In some cases, it is true, the physical conditions of the country are in great measure responsible for the discrepancy. Thus, the wild boar, which is sacred to the



COACHING IN HYDE PARK.

(Photo : W. W. Rouch, Strand.)

spear in all rideable country in India, is freely shot in hilly districts where horses could not be ridden at the necessary pace. A like consideration may have originally favoured the practice of shooting hill foxes in Scotland, whereas south of the Tweed, or across the Irish Channel, it is regarded as almost criminal to kill a fox except before hounds. So, also, the red deer of this island, stalked and shot in the misty glens and "forests" of North Briton, is hunted only on the flatter uplands of Devon and Somerset. Transplanted, moreover, to the mountains of New Zealand, where it thrives almost as amazingly as the equally exotic Lochleven trout, its fate is also the rifle, though, had it flourished on the plains of Australia, a consummation of which there is little promise, we should, in all probability, have seen it hunted with hounds on the shores of Bass Strait as it has so long been on those of the Bristol Channel.





A KASHMIR IBEX.

(Photo : P. B. Vanderbyl.)

Sport and sportsmen change with the times. Our amusements, like those more serious occupations which we are said woefully to neglect, undergo modifications tending to suit changing tastes. The nation, like the individual, grows tired of the recreations that pleased it in its youth. Cock-fighting and bear-baiting have, thanks to a more enlightened ordering of the public playtime, virtually died out altogether. Other sports, such as horse-racing and cricket, have been constantly altered or improved, and their evolution proceeds before our eyes. The mechanical improvements devised by an inventive generation are obviously responsible for accompanying

changes in the conditions under which we practice such sports as cycling, yachting, or motoring. In the case of sport with rod or gun, other factors come into operation. It is, for instance, to the influence of recent agricultural developments that we must trace the gradual increase of the practice of driving birds, in preference to the older mode of shooting them over dogs, in general favour half a century ago. Again, big game may become, if not actually extinct, at any rate so rare in certain districts under European or American control, that it is found necessary to hamper the destructive powers of the sportsman by either absolute prohibition or stringent regulations as to season and the number of head killed.

On the other hand, acclimatisation has not been without its results in the opposite direction, increasing the geographical range of game, beasts, and birds and fishes, and bringing new lands, naturally unattractive, within the itinerary of the travelling sportsman. New Zealand is unquestionably the most convincing illustration of what judicious introduction of exotic stock may effect in the sporting interest, and the gigantic trout of that beautiful country, its growing herds of deer, its quail and its pheasants, will, ere another generation has come into being, put it in the front rank of sporting resorts.

What astonishes the men of some other nationalities is the passion for bodily exercise implanted in the British mind. Not long ago, on a broiling summer afternoon, I was privileged to be the sole spectator of a heated contest at Badminton, with three players aside, one of them being the champion lady player whose account of her favourite game will be found in these pages. The ladies at the net played on with unflagging enthusiasm, though there was not a merciful cloud to hide the sun for a moment. When the game was over, I could not help recalling



AN AFRICAN RHINOCEROS

(Photo : P. B. Vanderbyl.)

a very different scene, a crowded ball-room in Tangier, with diplomatists, all stars and orders, dancing with their womenfolk till a late hour, and a Moorish noble of high rank asking whether European ladies and gentlemen were born mad, that they must needs dance themselves when they could sit on divans and pay hired girls to dance for them!

The reading of a book in which are gathered articles from all parts of the world on the sports and pastimes of English and foreigner, Western and Eastern, must needs in a measure resemble "looking on." The looker-on has not, perhaps, the best of the game, but we cannot all be players at once, and some of us will play the better if we first watch experts for a space. So, in this volume, those who have availed themselves of exceptional opportunities for playing the



STAG-HUNTING IN FRANCE: THE PACK.

game in its many phases will take us by the hand and tell us some of the secrets of their success in playtime. With them we shall track the lion in African forests, the tiger, the dreaded rogue elephant, and the mighty rhinoceros in the jungle of India; we shall stalk the great red deer of the Carpathians with a Hungarian nobleman who is among the first shots of his country, and our companion in pursuit of Scandinavian elk will be a Swedish gentleman who has shot that game regularly for many years. With Englishmen we shall go hunting the fox in Leicestershire, the stag in Somerset, and the otter in Devon; but a Frenchman will be our guide in the picturesque stag-hunting with the hounds belonging to the Duc de Lorge. In the arts of angling the Anglo-Saxon is admittedly so far ahead of the fishermen of any other race that we shall avail ourselves of no other counsel than his when killing salmon in Norway, trout in Hampshire, the Riviera, British Columbia, or New Zealand, coarse fish in the deeps of the Thames, the eddies of the Trent, or the backwaters of the Norfolk Broads, pike in Irish lakes, tarpon in the waters of Florida, or black bass and pickerel in the streams and lakes of the United States.



Some little variety of treatment will be apparent. In the case of such games, for instance, as are continually before the sight-seeing public—games which now have a spectacular importance almost greater than their athletic interest—the personal element has been given first place, and celebrated Australian cricketers, Canadian lacrosse players, and English exponents of polo are the subjects of both text and illustrations. Pastimes, such as fencing or racquets, that have a smaller following, the writers, themselves enthusiasts, have done their best to introduce to a wider favour by setting forth the reasons which, in their opinion, qualify their hobbies for the public taste. The accounts of fishing and shooting will be found to combine anecdote and instruction. The reader, who might reasonably look for something in the nature of practical hints in even the shortest article on fishing for Thames barbel or shooting pheasants in coverts, would hardly be justified in taking up equally brief accounts of cricket or yachting in the hope of learning how to bowl at Lord's or how to compete for the Channel Cup.

A word, in conclusion, as to the illustrations. The vast majority of them are the work of the camera, but even that wonder of modern science has its limitations, and, where these have proved insuperable, the best work of some of our sporting artists has been specially enlisted to make good the shortcomings of photography. As a typical case in point, the pursuit of big game is not, as will be readily imagined, usually conducted under conditions that render a camera immediately available to record thrilling or interesting episodes of the chase. Such incidents of sport, however, the competent artist, his knowledge of the subject supplemented by rough sketches or detailed accounts furnished by eye-witnesses, is without difficulty enabled to put before the reader with approximate accuracy.

F. G. A



BULL-FIGHTING IN PORTUGAL

(Photo: Dr. Anachoreta.)





"AS THE LION CHARGED, ITS CHALLENGER, AFTER MAKING ONE STAB AT IT WITH HIS ASSEGAI, WAS DASHED TO THE GROUND, BUT ENDEAVOURED TO FALL BENEATH THE COVER OF HIS GREAT OXHIDE SHIELD" (P. 10).





A LIONESS SHOT IN SOMALILAND.

(Photo : P. B. Vanderbyl.)

## LION HUNTING, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY F. C. SELOUS.



MR. F. C. SELOUS.

(Photo : Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.)

the whole of Africa, as well as large areas of Asia and Europe, must have hunted lions as a sporting necessity, in defence of their flocks and herds as well as of their own lives. Lion hunting by savages, armed only with spears or bows and arrows, must have been incomparably more dangerous, and therefore infinitely finer sport, than the pursuit of these animals

LION hunting must undoubtedly be reckoned amongst the most ancient and time-honoured of all field sports, for ages and ages before the days when Assyrian kings pursued the king of beasts for pleasure, and shot him with bow and arrow from their light two-wheeled chariots, the pre-historic races of man, inhabiting

by civilised man at the present day armed with modern rifles. In my own experience I have known of lions being hunted down and killed with spears alone by the high-spirited and courageous barbarians who once guarded the great herds of cattle belonging to Lo Bengula, the last great chief of the Matabele. In those days—I am speaking of thirty years ago—but few of these people possessed fire-arms. However, if any of the king's cattle were killed by a lion or lions, it was a point of honour with the guardians of the herd that the marauders should be destroyed. Armed only with spear and ox-hide shield, these men would follow up and surround the enemies of their king, which were usually found sleeping at no great distance from the cattle kraal after their heavy feed of beet. When the lion had been ringed, the warriors would close in on him, and the object of their vengeance, finding retreat cut off on all sides, would stand at bay, facing first towards one of its naked assailants, then towards another, growling hoarsely all the while. It was then the part of one chosen man to rush forward towards the lion, shaking his shield and shouting out words of contempt and abuse. Almost invariably the lion accepted the challenge and charged down upon the intrepid savage, who with such splendid courage faced the terrors of its claws

and teeth with no weapon save a puny spear. As the lion charged, its challenger, after making one stab at it with his assegai, was dashed to the ground, but endeavoured to fall beneath the cover of his great ox-hide shield. At the same moment his companions rushed in from all sides, and the lion was soon stabbed to death. In these encounters many men were killed or more or less seriously mauled; but a single lion, when once surrounded and brought to bay, seldom escaped. When, as often happened, a party of lions were attacked one or two were usually killed, and the rest broke through the cordon.

This description of lion hunting by a brave race of savages is not a fancy picture, and I may mention that Bameleli, the second induna of Bulawayo up to the time that the Matabele nation was broken up in 1803 by the forces of the British South Africa Company, told me that he had on five occasions rushed in on a cornered lion. In three of these encounters he was badly mauled, but in the other two assaults escaped scotfree, owing to the protection afforded by his shield and the quickness with which his companions came to his rescue. A less heroic method of lion hunting by savages was that pursued by the Bushmen of the Kalahari desert. These men, before they were supplied with fire-arms by their Bechwana masters, often killed lions with their insignificant-looking little bows and poisoned bone-headed arrows. They would track a lion to his resting place after a heavy gorge, and then, creeping close to where he lay asleep, would shoot a poisoned arrow into his prostrate body from behind a tree or bush. The lion, feeling a sharp prick, would wake and then probably get up and walk away. The shaft of the little arrow would soon fall to the ground, leaving only the small bone head embedded in the skin. But the poison was in the doomed beast's blood and gradually sapped its strength, till on the third day after receiving the wound it died, and the Bushman, who had followed its tracks and kept near it all the time, made a blanket for himself of its maned hide.

With the gradual improvement which has taken place in fire-arms during the last hundred years, the dangers of lion hunting by an individual European sportsman may be said to have steadily diminished; though, in spite of smokeless powder and quick-firing magazine rifles, they have happily not been altogether eliminated, for it is the spice of danger that gives such zest to the chase of the lion. I well remember the encounter with the first of these great beasts that it was my fortune to lay low. I was riding through a bushy tract of country, accompanied by several natives and armed with a muzzle-loading, single-barrelled, 10-bore trade gun, the cost price of which could hardly have been more than 30s. in Birmingham. Suddenly I heard a deep growling noise in the

scrub just ahead, and one of my Kaffirs called out, "Isiluan!" *i.e.* lions. I stuck the spurs into my horse and galloped forward, and soon saw two big old lionesses trotting along in front of me. Upon hearing my horse approaching they both stopped, and, turning round, stood looking at me. I at once pulled in and dismounted, but before I could fire, both lionesses went off at a gallop. I fired at the hindmost and must have hit her, as she threw up her tail with a loud growl. This wounded animal took refuge almost immediately amongst some scrubby bush and lay watching me, whilst her companion stood apparently waiting for her in open ground. I had remounted after my first shot, and was just about to dismount again and fire at the unwounded lioness, when she came trotting towards me, and then, suddenly throwing her tail straight in the air, charged with loud hoarse growls. I turned my horse's head and galloped off through the open forest, closely pursued by the lioness, which, judging from the sound of her loud purring growls, must have got up pretty close to my horse's tail. As soon as she ceased growling I knew that she had given up the chase, and, pulling in my horse, I saw her standing in the shade of a tree looking at me, her flanks heaving like those of a tired dog. I then rode up to within sixty yards of her, but, not liking to dismount, as I felt sure she would charge again as soon as she had recovered her wind, fired at her from the saddle but missed her. She took no notice of the shot, but stood still with lowered head, her eyes fixed on me, her mouth half open, growling loudly and twitching her tail from side to side all the while. Resting the stock of my muzzle-loading gun on my foot, I commenced to reload as quickly as possible, wondering whether I should be allowed to complete the operation. Fortunately I was, and my second shot struck the lioness right in the mouth, knocking out one of her canine teeth and probably injuring her neck, as she fell to the ground, and, though not quite dead, was easily despatched with another bullet. I never got the lioness I had first wounded.

Since that time I have shot lions with two forms of breech-loading rifles, *viz.* a single-barrelled 10-bore, using a spherical bullet and five drachms of black powder; and a .450 single express, using a 360 grain bullet with a very small hollow at the point and ninety grains of black powder. Both these rifles I found very satisfactory weapons against lions, but the .450-bore I thought the better of the two. However, should I ever get the chance of meeting with lions again, I shall use nothing but a Lee-Netford .303-bore rifle with "Dum-Dum" bullets. With such a rifle and this form of bullet I have lately shot moose, wapiti, and caribou, and I consider it a quite sufficiently powerful weapon to use against





"I GALLOPED OFF THROUGH THE OPEN FOREST, CLOSELY PURSUED BY THE LIONESS" (p. 10).

lions, which, after all, are soft-skinned animals. I know that this belief in the power of a small-bore rifle (with the right form of bullet) is not shared by many other experienced big game hunters, who aver that, although a .303 bullet will kill a large animal if one can pick one's shot, it is not heavy enough to stop a charging lion. Personally, I believe that if you were to hit a charging lion fair in the chest or in the mouth with a Dum-Dum bullet, you would stop him, whilst if you only shot him through the leg or the side of the face with a much heavier form of bullet, you would not stop him. A charging lion coming through low bush is not the easiest thing to hit just right with any rifle, and if you miss or only graze him, he will get you, no matter what the calibre of the rifle you may be using. I once hit a charging lion when close to me, just above the eye, with a 10-bore round bullet. This bullet glanced along the lion's skull and came out behind

his ear, but fortunately it stunned him and dropped him literally at my feet. But if my bullet had been but a fraction of an inch higher, it would not have stopped him. However, everyone must use his own judgment when selecting a rifle suitable for use in lion hunting.

To show how ineffective a slightly inaccurate shot from even the very heaviest of rifles may prove in stopping an angry lion, I will relate a story told to me by one of my old servants—a well-known elephant hunter, named Swart Jantje. "Yes, master, we have had a misfortune; one of our bushmen was killed last week by a lion. I will tell master exactly how it happened. John Matoli and I, with our bushmen, were just nearing a waterhole in a little river (one of the upper tributaries of the Nata), when we saw a big black-maned lion amongst the mopani trees close in front of us. Like ourselves, the lion was evidently going to the waterhole to drink, and as we stood still and watched him we saw him go down into the river-bed and disappear from sight. Then John Matoli took his elephant-gun from the bushman who was carrying it, and ran forward, hoping to surprise the lion in the act of drinking and get a shot at

him at close quarters from the top of the bank. Why, I do not know, as I do not think he could have winded us or heard John's footsteps, but just as the latter was approaching the bank of the river, the lion again made his appearance. He was coming back from the bed of the river, not on his own tracks—in which case he would have met

John face to face—but by a small game path which brought him to the top of the bank some ten yards lower down. He at once saw John, and stood still for some moments broadside on, with his head turned towards him. Ah! my master, that was the chance, and why John did not fire and kill him then, God knows; but I suppose he got a fright at the sudden and unexpected appearance of the lion. At any rate, he did not fire, and did not even put his old four-to-the-pound elephant-gun to his shoulder until the lion, after giving a low growl, commenced to trot obliquely away from him. Then he raised



A FALLEN LION.

(Photo: P. B. Vanderbyl.)

his gun and fired, and, as we afterwards found, his four-ounce round bullet struck the lion behind the small ribs, and went right through him. The wounded animal just gave a loud growl, and without turning or looking round, broke into a gallop, and soon disappeared amongst the trees. I and the bushmen now joined John, and we all went forward together to examine the lion's tracks, along which we found blood sprinkled so profusely that we thought John had given the brute a dead shot, and so took up the spoor, expecting to find him lying dead close by. We soon came up with him, but he was not dead; he was lying flat on the ground, waiting for us, with his great head resting on his outstretched paws. When he saw us approaching, he raised his head slightly and commenced to growl loudly, but we thought he was too sick to rise from the ground, and so went nearer. John's old elephant-gun is better sighted to shoot small animals than mine, as you know, master, so I said to him, 'Shoot you again, John.' He did so, and then by the Almighty, the lion came. Master, I tell you, he looked terrible. We all turned and ran, but with a rush and a roar the lion was amongst us. I was mad with fright,



master, I won't lie about it ; and I threw down my gun and ran for the nearest mopani tree. With every step the roaring of the lion sounded louder in my ears, and I thought that Jantje's last day had come. But the dear Lord was good to me, master, for just as I reached the foot of the mopani tree I was making for, the lion rushed past me. I swear by God he almost touched me. I then stood still and watched him, and saw that he was making straight for one of the bushmen. In a moment he was on him. It seemed to me that for an instant the lion's front paws were on the bushman's shoulders, and then the latter lay on the ground and his pursuer was standing beside him. But the lion never touched the bushman again, of that I am sure. He just walked to the foot of a tree a few yards away, and then lay down and watched him. I then climbed into the tree at the foot of which I had been standing, and long before this, I must tell you, John Matoli and all the other bushmen were also in trees. We watched the crouching lion and the prostrate bushman for some

hours. The latter never moved, but I noticed that the lion gradually changed his position, until presently he was lying flat on his side. I think he was really dead then, but did not feel quite sure. However, towards evening John Matoli, after calling to me, got down from his tree, and went to the river, where presently we all joined him. We had got such a fright, however, that we dared not go near the lion again that day, and I had thrown away my gun too. The next morning we approached the scene of the accident very cautiously, and found that both the lion and the bushman were dead and cold. The bushman, we found, had received one bite in the head, doubtless given just as I saw the lion place its forepaws on his shoulders ; but in that one quick, savage effort,



SWART JANTJES STORY: "JUST AS I REACHED THE FOOT OF THE MOPANI TREE . . . THE LION RUSHED PAST ME."

the great fang teeth had been driven right through the bushman's skull, and it seemed to me, master, as if the upper part of the skull had been split off from the lower portion, as it appeared to be quite loose. When seized, the poor bushman was dashed to the ground with such violence that the skin was knocked off both his knees. On examining the lion, we found that John Matoli's first bullet had passed right through him, but behind the lungs, and so too far back to prove immediately fatal. The second bullet had cut a furrow through the skin on the top of his head, and also ripped open the skin along his back and hind quarters. The lion was a big one, but we did not skin him, as we had no time to peg out and dry the skin. The bushmen took its claws and the inside fat. That is my story, master ; but I tell you, Black Jantje has had a bad fright."

The foregoing story, which I have endeavoured to translate as closely as possible from the rough but forcible Boer Dutch in which it was told me, will, I think, serve to show that to stop a lion in its charge, perfect accuracy of aim may be as essential as the bore of the rifle from which the shot is fired.

Although the range of the lion has been very much curtailed during the last century, these animals still roam over the greater portion of the eastern half of Africa, from the Transvaal to Abyssinia, as well as in certain parts of Asia. The number of lions inhabiting any given country will depend upon the amount of game, supplemented by native cattle, in that district, and lions will therefore be met with in the greatest numbers in the open or thinly afforested portions of Southern

and Eastern Africa, where various species of antelopes, as well as zebras (and formerly buffaloes), have always congregated in large herds. Such were the open rolling downs of the Orange River Colony, the western Transvaal, and southern Bechuanaland, where the prodigious herds of game encountered by the early Dutch and English hunters were always followed and preyed upon by a proportionate number of lions, the latter often hunting in such large parties that they were spoken of as "troops" of lions. From these glorious hunting fields, however, both game and lions have, alas! long since disappeared. Nowadays, lions will be found rather thinly scattered over the greater part of their range and are only plentiful where game is still to be met with in large herds such as the Pungwe River district in South-east Africa, the extensive game countries further north in British East Africa, and the interior of Somaliland. Speaking generally, it is a difficult matter to find and hunt lions in the day-time, and shooting them at night cannot be called hunting. Lion hunting on horseback, as it used to be commonly practised in South Africa, is the most exciting form of big game hunting I have had experience of, as lions almost always turn vicious when chased on horseback and charge freely, and whether you are galloping after a lion or a lion is close behind your horse's heels, your nerves are kept strung as long as the hunt lasts. It will be many a long day yet before the lion has ceased to haunt the wilds of Africa, but when that day comes, one of the grandest forms of wild sport will also have become a thing of the past.



IN CAPTIVITY.

(Photo : Thomas Fall.)

## SOME HINTS ON REVOLVER SHOOTING IN COMPETITIONS.

By WALTER WINANS.



MR. WALTER WINANS.  
(Photo H. Penfold, Ashford.)

THERE are many indications of increasing attention to the revolver as both a sporting and a practical weapon, and the following notes apply to its use in competitions. To become proficient with the weapon, long and constant practice is, of course, necessary, and at first this practice should be at a large stationary bull's-eye. As soon, however, as the learner becomes fairly true in his aim, and—what is of far greater importance—safe in handling his pistol, he will be wise if he discards the stationary target and

deliberate aim, and confines himself to moving objects or rapid firing. Obviously, the revolver is intended as an arm for rapid use at short range, and shooting with deliberate aim at fixed objects must tend to make a man "poky," and apt to get flustered as soon as he attempts to use his revolver rapidly. The authorities at Bisley, and those of the various rifle clubs, unfortunately find that very few competitors will put themselves to the trouble of learning rapid firing, and it is therefore necessary, if they are to be induced to enter at all, to have almost all the competitions for deliberate shooting. It is customary at these competitions to have a black bull's-eye on a white target. This necessitates a black front sight which can be seen against the white target when sighting under the bull. Now, as most marks, in serious shooting, are more or less dark, the sight should be white, and in consequence the bull's-eye ought to be white on a black target.

In deciding upon the calibre and charge likely to give the best results in these competitions, it must be borne in mind that a "bull" is scored when the shot-hole cuts the bull's-eye. It is therefore an advantage to use a revolver of as large a bore as the conditions allow— $\cdot 44$  if the rules of the competition restrict the bore to English regulation, as this is the largest practical bore; a shot with a weapon of smaller bore might, though similarly placed on the target, just fail to cut the

bull's-eye. The competitor should also use as small a charge and as light a trigger pull as the rules permit: a  $\cdot 44$  round bullet with gallery ammunition will be found very accurate, and it is also the best for "trick shooting." For ranges of over 20 yards, a full charge of powder has to be used, as the round bullet does not give great accuracy beyond 20 yards. Another useful precaution for rapid-firing competitions is to have the mainspring of the revolver made as weak as may be without causing missfires. This enables the hammer to be raised easily and without disturbing the aim more than necessary.

The writer disapproves of double-action revolvers in competitions, finding it almost impossible to make accurate shooting with them. As a word as to automatic pistols may perhaps be of use. Messrs. Webley have produced a "Webley-Fosbery" automatic revolver in both  $\cdot 455$  and  $\cdot 38$  calibre, which the writer prefers to any of the automatic pistols that have yet come to his notice, and, for rapid firing, even to any other make of revolver. With it it is possible to fire shots at the rate of one a second with approximately the same accuracy as with any single-action revolver at the rate of one in two seconds. In both cases a good shot should be able to put most of his bullets into a two-inch bull's-eye at a 20 yards range.

Fitting a rifle-stock to a pistol, which has been much in vogue of late, is not a desirable practice, for the revolver is essentially too short in the barrel for long-range shooting. As, moreover, it was never intended as a long-range weapon, the writer fails to see the advantage of sighting automatic pistols up to several hundred yards. At such distances the shortness of their barrels would always preclude sufficient accuracy of aim for practical use, except for firing "into the brown."

The writer's favourite weapon is the Smith and Wesson, either the  $\cdot 44$  Russian model, or the  $\cdot 45$  Winans model, preference being given to the former where the competitions are subject to no restrictions, and to the latter when competing under Bisley rules. It is of the utmost importance to use only ammunition recommended by the maker of the revolver selected. Not only does this course ensure greater accuracy in the results, but it is absolutely dangerous to experiment with some of the smokeless powders in weapons for which they were not intended, and in which they may set up dangerous strains.



It is of first importance, in shooting a revolver, to *squeeze*, not pull, the trigger. Pulling the trigger tends to jerking, and, as there is no other hand (as in rifle shooting) to steady the revolver, the aim is jerked to the left, when using the right hand, and the shot goes "wide." Therefore the trigger must be gradually squeezed straight back, so that the sights still keep on the spot aimed at as the weapon is discharged.

It will be found impossible in deliberate shooting, particularly with the heavy 4 lb. trigger pull that is compulsory at Bisley, to hold the sight quite steady on the bottom edge (the best mark to aim at) of the bull's-eye. The proper remedy for this difficulty is to retain, but not increase, the pressure on the trigger as the sight "wobbles" off; then, as the aim comes back, the pressure is increased until the hammer falls. When the revolver finally goes off, the aim is therefore correct. In rapid firing the pressure on the trigger must begin as the weapon is raised, so that when the sights are aligned on the object it requires only a very slight extra squeeze to discharge the revolver.

The photographs that accompany these hints



(Photos: H. Penfold,  
Ashford.)

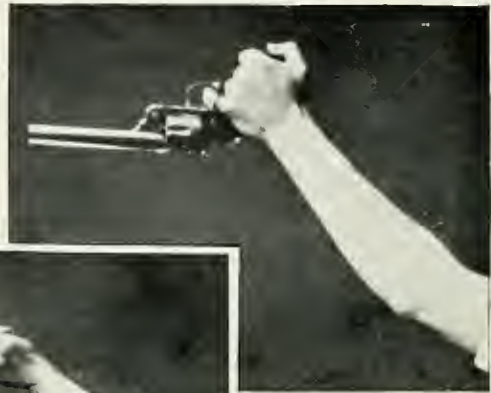
SHOOTING WITH A WEBLEY-FOSBERY  
AUTOMATIC REVOLVER.

illustrate the writer's way of holding the revolver for both competitions and fancy trick shooting. The upside down and, in a lesser degree, the sideways positions become quite easy with a little practice, but care must, especially when learning, be taken not to use too large a charge, as the wrist might, with the muscles thus twisted, easily suffer a sprain. In shooting at a target with the revolver upside down aim must, of course, be taken at the *top* edge of the bull. For practical shooting it is an advantage to be able to use either hand with equal facility, and this can only be accomplished by shooting alternately with right and left from the very beginning. If the learner postpones using the left hand until he has attained a certain degree of skill with the right, it is almost

impossible to become a more than indifferent left-handed shot, owing to the difficulty of resisting the strong temptation to shoot only with the hand that gives the better results.

In shooting off horseback, deliberate aim is of little practical use; at the gallop, indeed, it becomes an impossibility. The shot must be a snap-shot and must be fired by sense of direction.

There are various ways of steadying the revolver—by holding it with both hands, or crossing the arms—but these are not allowed in competitions. It is also important when practising not to acquire



SHOOTING WITH A  
REVOLVER UPSIDE DOWN.



SHOOTING LEFT HANDED  
WITH A REVOLVER  
HELD SIDWAYS.

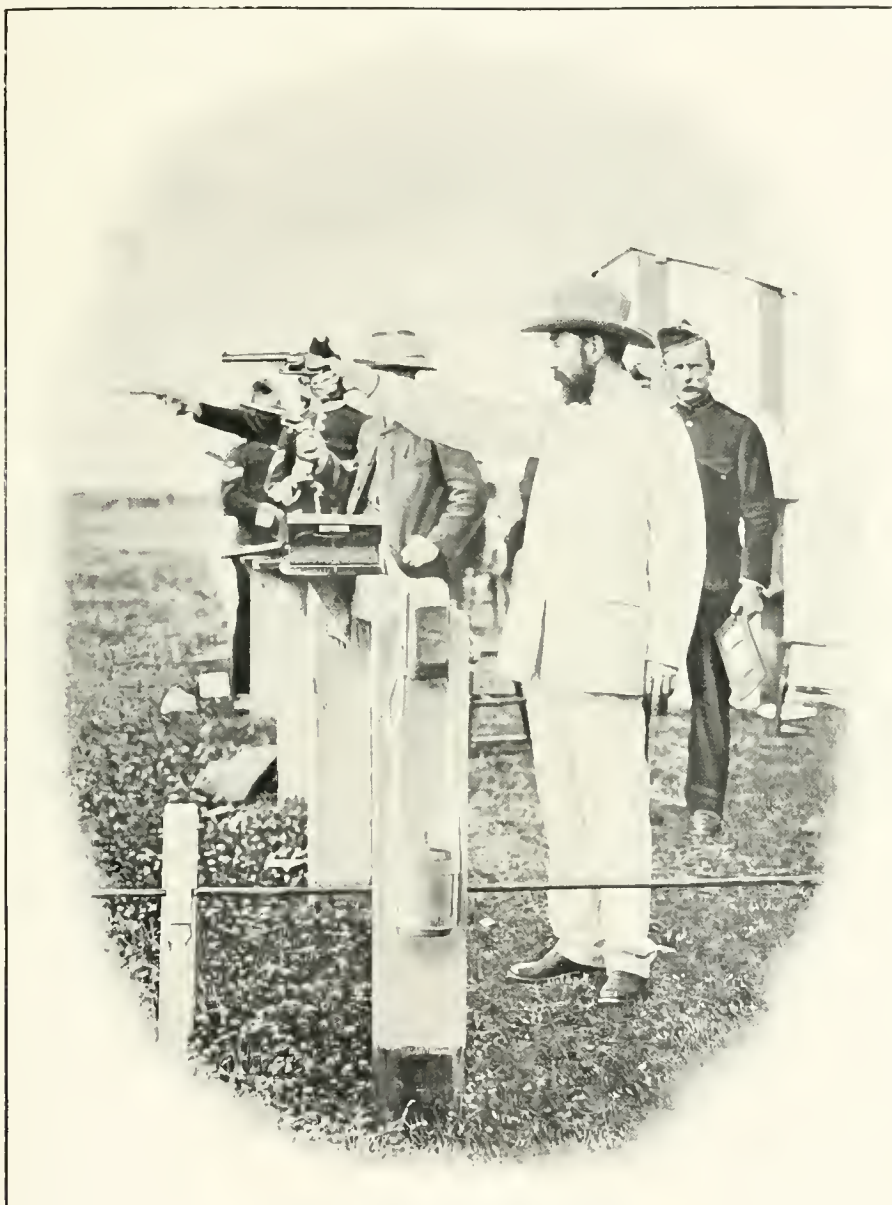
the habit of leaning against the table or other barrier, as this also is disallowed in competitions, and it is a habit that, once acquired, is difficult to drop.

It does not seem to be generally known that civilians can enter into competitions at Bisley and the different rifle clubs. At Bisley, for instance, there is a team competition for teams of the regular army, the volunteers, the navy, and civilians respectively. Nor need the competitor be a member of the National Rifle Association. He has merely to pay the half-crown for his entry ticket and shoot. For a beginner the rapid-firing and moving targets are, curiously enough, the most likely to win prizes at, for much lower scores get into the prize list, and a score that would win nothing at the stationary targets might come very near the top in the rapid-firing series. A strictly military revolver, by the way, is not desirable for target shooting, except in competitions restricted to this class of revolver. It is an unpleasant weapon to use, owing to the heavy recoil, while the short barrel and coarse sights characteristic of most army revolvers make them too inaccurate for purposes of recreation.

Touching sights, those named after Ira Paine

are the best. If, however, military sights are prescribed by the conditions of the competition, the Winans' sights best comply with the military regulations as to "being capable of standing rough usage," etc. In shooting at a white target

admirable front sights with ivory tips. These do not readily break off, and are easily renewed in the event of breakage. It may also be mentioned that these sights are likewise excellent for deer-stalking rifles.



MR. WINANS SHOOTING AT BISLEY.

(Photo: A. H. Fry, Brighton.)

with a black bull's-eye, a black front sight is preferable, as the aim is taken on the white of the target, just below the edge of the bull's-eye; but in shooting at game, or at any object thrown in the air, preference may be given to a *dead* white front sight of ivory or enamel. Lyman makes

For the sterner purposes of self-defence nothing could probably be better than the Smith and Wesson Safety Hammerless revolver, which cannot, if carried loaded, be discharged accidentally, for in order to fire it the stock must be properly gripped while the trigger is pressed. Moreover,

as it has no projecting external hammer, there is no risk of it going off in the pocket when drawn rapidly. A blued revolver is on the whole the best, as it does not dazzle the eyes so much in sunlight; but the nickel or gold-plated weapon is the easier to clean.

A revolver should be cleaned the moment practice is over for the day, otherwise it might be forgotten, and once it is rusted in the rifling it is henceforth useless for target work. More than once the writer has been asked to try a revolver to see if it is inaccurate, or if the bad shooting is the fault of the owner. On looking through the barrel



AN ADVANCING SHOT.  
(Photo: W. W. Rouch, Strand.)



SHOOTING BUCKS AT SURRENDEN.

(Photo: W. W. Rouch, Strand.)



A RETREATING SHOT

(Photo: W. W. Rouch, Strand.)

before loading, he has found the rifling honeycombed with rust. When once rust has found its way into the barrel, the extreme accuracy of a good revolver is lost, and the weapon loses in consequence all interest for the expert.

When first practising, care should be taken not to shoot too many shots, else the muscles may get too tired for good shooting to be possible. A good plan is to make, say, twenty shots the first day and note the best score made. Then, next day, stop shooting as soon as this score is beaten, even if on the first target. If tired, stop at once, even if the scoring has been bad. It may of course be necessary to go on in a competition, but it may be permanently injurious to a man's shooting.





A POWDER PLAY AT TANGIER.

(Photo: Cavilla, Tangier.)

## THE MOORISH POWDER PLAY.

BY WALTER B HARRIS.

EVERY country possesses its national sport, though often it is difficult enough, from the introduction of the recreations of neighbours and foreigners, to state exactly what the original sport of the country is ; and a time might arrive when, for instance, were it not for literature on the subject, polo might come to be considered indigenous to England. But Morocco, probably the most conservative country in the world, has introduced little or nothing from the outside world, and "powder play"—*laub el barûd*, they call it—stands pre-eminently first amongst the sports of the country. One must go further back than the discovery of gunpowder to trace the origin of the game, if such it can be called, and there is no doubt that it arose from two forms of early warfare—the throwing of the *jereed*, or javelin, on horseback, and the use of the spear, or pike, on foot.

There are some parts of the East where the first of these customs can still be witnessed, and from time to time the hunter of Oriental curiosities may happen upon the short iron javelin, often handsomely decorated, which, with the metal shield, formed the principal arm of the early Arabs. There are districts not far from Baghdad where javelin throwing is still resorted to, though canes have taken the place of the iron weapon ; while the spear is to-day in use over large portions of the East, though in Morocco it has entirely disappeared as an object of warfare, and is only to be seen in the hands of the Sultan's two spear-bearers, or borne by some dervish or *shereef* as an outward

and visible sign of his inward holmess. But, although the original weapon no longer exists, the "powder play" of Morocco, whether on horse or foot, has changed but little. True, the long-barrelled flintlock gun has taken the place of the earlier weapons, but with this exception it is highly probable that the manœuvres and gestures of the players remain to-day the same as in the days before the discovery and introduction of gunpowder.

There are essentially two distinct forms of the game, each varying slightly in the different districts, though to all intents and purposes general throughout Morocco. These are respectively the "horse" and the "foot" powder play—the former practised by the dwellers on the plains, who are one and all riders, and the latter by the mountaineers, the Riffis and the Susis, who from the nature of their country are not breeders of horses or riders.

It is certainly the horsemen who form the more attractive group, and, from their appearance, the trappings of their steeds, and their costume, a more brilliant or picturesque scene than a *fête* in the rich corn-growing plains of Morocco can scarcely be imagined.

It was the writer's good fortune in the autumn of last year to be invited to accompany the Sultan of Morocco on his royal progress from Marakesh, the southern capital, to Rabat—a journey which occupied some three weeks. No more favourable opportunity of seeing powder play could be

imagined, for as his Majesty passed from district to district the tribes in full strength rode down to meet him, decked in their best, with their horses in all their handsomest trappings. Often it was a cavalcade of four or five hundred horsemen that



(Photo: Cavilla.)

stood in a great semicircle awaiting his Majesty's arrival, their Kaid, or Governor, at their head. At the Sultan's approach the Governor would lie prostrate in the road, while the tribesmen, with a hoarse cry, bent low over their horses' heads, welcoming their lord and master. The short ceremony over, the master of the horse would wave to the tribesmen, who, forming quickly into groups of from a dozen to twenty, galloped wildly in every direction, shouting and waving their guns on high. A veritable kaleidoscope of colour they formed, for from under their long white robes there peeped the brilliantly coloured sleeves of their kaftans, while the still more gorgeous trappings of their horses sparkled with gold embroidery in the bright sunlight. After the first confusion of making way for the Sultan, the tribesmen formed up, row behind row, moving at the same pace as the royal procession. Suddenly, with a cry, the front row would raise themselves in their stirrups, lift their guns on high, spur their horses into a slow canter for a few moments, and then break into a wild gallop. With uniform movement they raise and lower their long flintlocks, just as in the olden days they poised their javelins, till at a signal given by one of the riders the gun is placed to the shoulder, and horse and rider become merely a coloured shadow amidst the thick white, clinging smoke of the native powder. As the cloud clears away one sees a panting row of horses, thrown almost on to their haunches by a jerk of the cruel native bit, while a number of men on foot are hurrying up to relieve the riders of their guns and to reload them. Trotting quietly away to right and left, the tribesmen make way for another row of horsemen to follow them, who carry out the same manœuvre. Now and again a single man—a well-known rider,

perhaps—gallops forward alone, performing some acrobatic feat as he goes. Often he will stand up upon his gorgeous saddle, holding his gun high above his head; he will remove the saddle and let it fall to the ground, remaining himself, riding his barebacked horse—no easy trick, as the native saddle possesses a high pommel in front, over which the rider must scramble. The writer has seen an Arab, gun in hand, pass under the neck of his horse and back into the saddle from the other side. Again, a more common trick is for the rider to have two guns, and, holding his reins in his teeth, fire one from each shoulder simultaneously. The weight of these long-barrelled flintlocks is such that the very putting of two guns to the shoulder is a feat of strength. Most attractive of all these varieties of powder play is perhaps that of the man who, while galloping along, keeps his gun spinning round at a great pace, eventually to throw it in the air and catch it upon his turbaned head, where it remains balanced.

Accidents are frequent enough. The Moorish saddlery is perhaps the most gorgeous in the world when new, and the most ragged and dangerous when old. A shower of rain will ruin the beautiful silks and tarnish the gold, and very little damp will rot the cloth and inferior leather of which the girth is formed. Nor is the high-pointed pommel in front without its disadvantages, for a stumble or a fall on the part of the horse will throw the rider forward, and often seriously wound or injure him.

No ceremony in the towns or plains of Morocco is complete without its powder play. In Tangier, it is true, it is but a rare and a poor performance,



(Photo: Cavilla.)

for the Moorish Government maintains few or no horsemen there, and the surrounding districts are inhabited by mountaineers who are never riders. It is only when the Arabs from the plains—which commence some fifty miles away—happen to come into the town (generally on a visit to the young





"AS THE CLOUD CLEARS AWAY ONE SEES A PANTING ROW OF HORSES, THROWN ALMOST ON TO THEIR HAUNCHES BY A JERK OF THE CRUEL NATIVE BIT" (p. 20).

Shereef of Wazzan) that powder play can be seen there; and even in that case it seldom, if ever, presents any of the attractions of a collection of the richer tribesmen in their own districts. To see it at its best one must attend some great *fite*

bridled with the huge native bit, with his head half covered in gold nets, tassels, and cords. Yet there is an aristocratic dignity about the man that tends to make one believe that he wears his gorgeous raiment and rides his gorgeous saddle every



A POWDER PLAY ON FOOT.

(Photo: Cavilla.)

in the south, or at whichever of the capitals the Sultan is in residence. The traveller who may pass through Morocco and never see one of the occasions of powder play would scarcely credit the turn-out of horsemen that appear at any of the greater annual feasts. Often they collect from a distance of several days' journey to do honour to the tomb of some great saint, and to show off their horses and saddlery. The old sheikh, who goes into his low, black tent in dirty rags, unshaven and unwashed, emerges in long robes of white wool and silk, which only half conceal the brilliant coloured kaftan beneath—decked in his finest raiment, which lies from year to year securely locked in a rough wooden chest, only to be brought out half a dozen times in the twelve months for some *fite* or other. His horse, tethered in front of his tent, filthy with the mud he has lain in night after night, is led away and washed and groomed, to be saddled anon with the unwieldy native saddle of cloth, velvet, and gold embroidery, and

day, and one with difficulty realises that on the morrow he will be seated in all his rags and filth on the steaming manure heap in front of his tent, watching his wife toil up from the well, bent double under the weight of a huge water jar, and shouting uncomplimentary epithets to his son, who has allowed the underfed, overworked oxen to stand still and rest for a moment from their hard labour of turning up a heavy clay soil with a heavy wooden plough. It is a land of contradictions—Morocco.

While there is no doubt that the mounted powder play originated in javelin throwing, it is equally certain that foot *laab el barid* is merely the continuance of pike practice, for the very gestures of the performers and the manner in which their guns are held and manœuvred are clearly for self-defence. Although the details of the foot play vary in various tribes, the idea is the same throughout. A circle is formed of some dozen performers, who, with cries and shouts, march round, first in one direction, then in another. Suddenly they



crouch low to the ground, their guns held out before them, the barrels pointed into the centre of the circle. Turning quickly round, they face the spectators, manœuvring their guns almost as one would a single-stick. Again the march round is continued, and then the circle breaks into two lines facing one another, and here again a mimic fight ensues, with cries and jumps and crouchings, till suddenly, turning quickly on one leg and raising the other, the performers fire a volley into the ground.

Just as the horse powder play gives scope for the more skilful riders to perform alone, so the chief athlete of the performers on foot finds opportunities of exhibiting his skill. Surrounded by the circle of his companions, he utters wild cries, throwing his gun far above him and catching it as it falls. Then, raising it above his head, he begins to spin it round, using but one hand to effect it. Faster and faster turns the gun, until it becomes little more than a shadow above him. Suddenly it goes spinning high into the air, to fall into his hands held out to catch it. The air is rent with cries of approval from his companions and the spectators, and with a perspiring, self-satisfied air he seeks his place amongst his comrades.

The foot powder play can be seen at its best in the wilder mountains of Morocco, and in the towns on great feast days. Every procession, whether a wedding or in honour of some deceased saint, is accompanied by groups of mountaineers, Riffis or Ssis, who march in front, halting from time to time to go through the manœuvres described above. Most picturesque it is at night, when, securely encased in a box hung with coloured silks, the whole balanced on the back of a mule, some young bride is escorted to her husband's house. The twinkling light of the little lanterns, each

chequered with its panes of coloured glass, merely illumines the narrow roadway, from which the tall, bare, white walls of the houses rise to the gloom above. For a few minutes the procession stands still, and one can catch a glimpse of the leaping figures of mountaineers in front, their cries half drowned by the shrill notes of the native pipes. Then, suddenly, the whole street becomes a blaze of light, for the black powder of the country ignites slowly, and half at least of the charge leaves the barrel of the gun still blazing. It is only for a second, but it gives one time to see the bare-limbed, smoke-begrimed mountaineers, wild fantastic figures with their shaven heads and long scalp locks; and then darkness falls over everything again, and the twinkling lanterns seem little more than glow-worms in comparison.

Either kind of powder play possesses its attractions, for while that of the riders is often gorgeous in colour and an exhibition of fine horsemanship, the *laub* on foot is wilder and far more fantastic of its kind. The short, brown *jelab*—or hooded cloak—of the mountaineer leaves his limbs bare, and gives full scope to an exhibition of his powers of leaping, in which these little hillmen are most proficient, while the strength of arm and wrist in being able to spin a six-foot gun at a tremendous pace poised above their heads is no mean feat.

Such is the national game of Morocco, and such it will continue to be until either the population is unarmed or the rifle, fast making its appearance in every part of the country, replaces the flintlock gun of to-day. Even then it is probable that the ingenuity of the native, who now uses his gun instead of his javelin or pike, will overcome the difficulty by manufacturing a blank cartridge which will make as much noise and give forth as much smoke as does his primitive firearm of to-day.



(Photo. Casilla.)

DISTINGUISHED SPECTATORS.



(Photo: Hils & Saunders, Oxford.)  
SIGNOR RAIMONDI WITH RAPIER AND DAGGER AGAINST THE RAPIER AND  
CLOAK OF MR. EGERTON CASTLE.

## IN PRAISE OF FENCING.

BY THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

**I**T is not proposed within the compass of this article either to indicate the history of an art which is as old as the sword itself or even to suggest the details of an exercise which began its development four centuries ago and has but just reached its full perfection. But it may be both interesting and instructive to give a few reasons why so much experience and work should not be thrown away ; to indicate some of the different forms of fencing which can be attempted ; and to offer a few hints concerning the latest evolution of a pastime which is superior to every other in its own line, which may be enjoyed out of doors, or indoors, at any time, and which gives the best opportunity of personal competition to both mind and body.

Those illogical persons who apply what they call their "common-sense" to the criticism of any sport to which they are unaccustomed are wont to deplore any waste of time on fencing in a country where the duello is unknown, or at any rate unfashionable. They do not stop to ask whether a youthful facility for kicking goals is considered an essential preliminary to success upon the Stock Exchange, nor do they examine the bowling analysis or batting average of a new member of

Parliament as some guide to his probable career upon the Treasury Bench. Yet the art of fencing is far more likely—if we are for a moment to be basely utilitarian—to give a stockbroker or a Cabinet Minister the success he needs than any past proficiency in games which his personal dignity or his increasing weight may have prevented him from enjoying. The fencer may begin work at the age of fifteen, he may go on improving up till fifty (as is the case with tennis), and he may then remain in a state of very agreeable proficiency that will ensure good sport with all opponents until Death himself, who never uses buttons on his foils, eludes the supple parry, and sends his last time-thrust through the lungs and heart. This is because fencing is almost the only sport in which a perfect combination of the mental and bodily powers is attained at the highest pitch of both. There is a saying that saddens all the rest of the world, but that comforts every fencer over fifty : "*Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait.*" The youth, with fire in his veins and muscles of soft steel, has still to learn the self-command that comes of long experience alone. The older man, with lunge less free and riposte less flashing, has a certainty of policy and a wariness



of fence more valuable than any rapidity of mere wrist and thigh.

There is another line of criticism which chiefly concerns itself with the time necessary for mere preparation before much real sport can be attained in practice. The supporters of this argument forget that they have been grinding at the details of football and cricket ever since they could kick a ball or hold a bat at all. They watch a match at Lord's or see the Final Cup Tie at the Crystal Palace without the least realisation of the unseen processes by which such displays have been made possible. Yet when they are given an instrument that is capable of infinitely more delicate and more artistic development than the paraphernalia of either cricket or football, they grumble at being asked to practise for six months with a master before they are allowed to explore the beginnings of the new art for themselves. They even deride the various postures in which their body, feet, and hands are first arranged as the decadent remnants of a conventionality that has no longer either meaning or utility. The least reflection would reveal to them that men were not likely to work for four centuries at a subject on which their lives hourly depended and merely produce a fashionable inanity as the result. As a matter of fact, every attack and every guard

is the fruit of long and concentrated specialising. The history of the sword is an epitome of the history of mankind, and is therefore just as full of paradox. For it was the invention of gunpowder that stripped the armoured warrior of his carapace, and gave a chance to fencers who could search out his vitals with the edge and point. At the very time when a man's honour was supposed to depend upon a few inches of cold steel inserted—or not inserted—in a special manner the art of fencing was so weighed down with encyclopædic tomes of industrious pedantry that no one save a fencing master past his prime could hope to understand it. Those were the days when men took science into their own hands, and fought at rapier and dagger in attitudes much like those of the latter-day boxer, with few and simple passes and with wounds that were deep and satisfactory. Sometimes they took the rapier and cloak of the Italian bravo, at others they chose the clumsier "case of rapiers." For long the sturdy Englishman resented the use of the point alone as a newfangled and unfair trick of the ever-hated foreigner. His prejudices have been preserved in the singlestick, which was the toil for the old English backsword that Figg used to teach in the Haymarket when Fielding was writing "Tom Jones." But this is a mere game for schoolboys. For real art with the edge, added to an exquisite science of the point, we must take the light and thin Italian *sciabola*, a delicate variation of the English sabre which has been developed by Masiello into one of the most exquisite weapons in the history of the sword, and only an Italian brought up on Masiello's principles



MISS LOWTHER AND MR. EGERTON CASTLE GOING THROUGH THE PRESCRIBED FORMAL MOTIONS WHICH ARE THE PRELIMINARY TO A PUBLIC ASSAULT.

(Photo: Hills & Saunders, Oxford.)

AS THE OBJECT IS MERELY TO SECURE THE RIGHT DISTANCE BETWEEN THE FENCERS AND TO STRETCH THE LIMBS BEFORE A FIGHT, THE FOIL IS REVERSED ON THE LUNGE AND ONLY THE HANDLE IS PRESENTED.

is qualified to teach it. It is strange that, with a pre-eminence in sabre-play that is acknowledged all over Europe, this nation should be distinctly behindhand in its foil-play. The reason for this is chiefly to be found in the weapon, which preserves the crossbar of the old rapier. This results in a hold of the foil with the forefinger and middle finger round the "barrette," the third

sense, there is even vital reason, for every one of them. A firm, upright carriage of the body and head implies balance, a proper distance from the opposing point, and sufficient room either to ward off an attack or deliver it. The knees must be well bent in order that the weight of the body may be evenly distributed and evenly moved, and the more bent they are the greater the power



AN ASSAULT WITH THE FRENCH DUELLING SWORD

(Photo : Hills & Saunders, Oxford.)

and fourth only grasping the handle, and the thumb close to the middle finger nail on the handle and barrette. This, again, implies a loss of speed in the attack, a greater amount of bodily movement in the defence, and a more "effaced" position, both in guard and lunge, all of which necessitates great strength and agility. Such men as Pini only beat the Frenchmen in spite of the Italian style, and not because of it. The assault between two men so first-rate at each method as are Kirchhoffer and Pini has already given interesting proof of what is here suggested.

By degrees professors have realised that in the heat of combat the best-trained men revert, when hard pressed, to "instinctive motions," and that instinct and simplicity are generally akin. At first sight the general positions of body and limb taught by a French *maître d'armes* to every beginner with the foil seem highly artificial and far too picturesque; but there is common

of the spring forward without lessening the capacity for returning evenly to a well-balanced guard. If foil-fencing be not treated as a graceful and artistic conventionality, it becomes absurd. The fact that many ladies—of whom Miss Lowther is the ablest—can now fence very well would alone be sufficient reason for this. The object is not to plug the weapon into the opponent's anatomy as often and as hard as possible. No; the practised fencer invariably meets attack with parry, and completes his defence with a riposte. His attacks are made frankly, and the slightest suspicion of a hit is scrupulously acknowledged.

When a man has mastered the initial intricacies of the foil, a glorious future lies before him. Not only has he learned an art inexhaustible in its varieties of pleasure, but he has many further possibilities before him with other weapons. Only one can be suggested here; but it should suffice, for it is the French duelling sword,

exactly as now used in Paris, with a button at the end. Anyone who has the patience to try its capabilities a little will soon cease to laugh at the French duel. You may score a hit on your opponent from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, provided your point lodges firmly. You have an equal area to defend upon yourself. The supple, strong, triangular blade, set in its round "shell" of polished steel is heavier and less pliant than the four-sided foil. It keeps a man at his distance and rather straightens his right arm when on guard. It makes him who wields it far more cautious in defence, and infinitely less headstrong in attack. A sharp reminder in the eye (which is, of course, protected by a mask) will soon check a blundering and over-anxious novice. There are a number of new strokes, too, to be learned: at wrist and fore-arm, at the face, at the thigh, at the ankle. The real way to enjoy the duelling sword is to gather together about eight enthusiasts and form a pool in which every man has to fight every other, and the one who is least hit is the winner. You meet seven different men yourself, and you have to adapt your proceedings rapidly to seven different styles of play. In arranging such a pool of eight as this, it is important to remember that there will be twenty-eight separate fights, and if each man draws his own number out of a hat before starting it will be possible so to arrange the series that each fighter has a rest between his

encounters. No. 1, for instance, will begin by fighting No. 8; then will follow No. 2 and No. 7, then No. 3 and No. 6, then No. 4 and No. 5, then No. 1 and No. 7, and so forth. There should be a black-board, or some similar arrangement, on which the score of each fight can be marked as it occurs, with a cross against the man who is wounded and a cipher against the winner. The most successful of the eight men will appear as the fencer who has most ciphers, or least crosses, after his name. Pools may be of any number from four up to ten, but if there are more than ten it is well to separate the total into two smaller pools, and to decide the final by taking the two, or three, best from each of these to settle it between them as before. A very charming possibility is that a team of six, representing one club, can fight another team of six which represents another. In this way matches have been brought off between Oxford and Cambridge, and between each of these and London; and English fencing has taken a new lease of life in consequence. The thing may be done in the open air wherever a firm surface can be obtained for foothold; grass or gravel is the best. It may be done at all hours and in any weather in a fencing-room. Your mind will be so occupied that you will forget everything else until the winner has been found, and your body will be refreshed with as hard and as graceful a bout of exercise as you have ever enjoyed.



THE VALUE OF BALANCE.

CAMILLE PREVOST, ATTACKED BY A LUNGE, HAS MADE THE PARRY OF QUARTE AND AT ONCE DELIVERED HIS RIPOSTE ON HIS OPPONENT'S BREAST. NOTE THAT PREVOST'S FEET AND LEFT ARM HAVE NOT MOVED FROM THE POSITION ON GUARD.



## FOOTBALL AND FOOTBALLERS.

BY B. FLETCHER ROBINSON.

THE people who are anxious to discover the origin of football are rarely practical exponents thereof. Few of the leading players could tell you—even if you were so bold as to ask them—whether Homer was conversant with the game, whether the Romans played the ancient Britons, or whether the “hustlings over great balls” which appear to have annoyed Edward II. had any close affinity to the Rugby game. Nevertheless, it is amusing enough to read of the ancient hostility of the powers that were towards a pastime which they ordered should be “utterly cryed down,” since it was nothing but “beastlie furie and extreme violence wherof procedeth hurt and consequently rancour and malice do remain with them that be wounded, wherof it is to be put to perpetual silence.” An eloquent Puritan further described it as a “bloody and murdering practice”; in fact, a “devilishe” business altogether.

But enough of such ancient history, which is at best dry reading. During the last century the game declined; it became almost extinct, save for the schools. In the novels of sixty years ago town-bred young men had no winter exercise, save occasional skating. But the British love of healthy sport triumphed in the end. Means of rapid transit gave opportunity of leaving bricks and mortar behind. Fields were secured; old schoolboys drew together for the purpose of playing the games they had learnt to love. Rugby and Association emerged with their respective followings. Rules were altered and altered again, tending always to benefit science and combination, as against hacking, fouling, and “beastlie fury.” Keen competition of club against club, town against town, county against county, and, lastly, country against country, drew forth the enthusiasm of enormous crowds assembled to watch the doughty deeds of their champions. As an anti-climax, Rudyard Kipling has scolded the nation for its too great love of the game. If for nothing else, football may now consider itself famous and immortal.

At the present time there is gloom in the sky of the English Rugby players. The North of England has deserted the old Rugby Union for professionalism, and each year the defection is felt more hardly. The teams that defend the Rose are not composed of the giants of old. Defeats at the hands of the sister countries show an ugly increase. Is this likely to be remedied? No,

says football opinion; rather the contrary is likely. The reasons adduced seem sound enough.

The professionalism of the North of England is squeezing out the amateur in those parts. That unlucky sportsman finds it more and more difficult to find a club that can arrange matches worthy of the name. It was as might have been expected, for in Association football in the North the like has been found to be true. One thing at least has the Northern League done. It has swept away the nonsense of the semi-amateurism that was a curse to all parties concerned. A celebrated American sportsman has declared that professionalism has vitiated the football atmosphere of the United Kingdom. This is an absurd view. It would be fairer to say that it has cleared it. If the working man who is a keen player finds he has not time to spare from his work unless he be suitably paid, then by all means let him be paid. Also, if his friends like to see him represent their locality, they must pay gate-money for the privilege. Nor can we grumble if the Rugby professional alters the game in ways that appeal to the spectator and lessen his personal danger, and consequent chance of non-employment.

But matters as they stand at present are hard on the English amateur. The North has gone over to professionalism, the West is decidedly shaky in its allegiance to the strict letter of the Rugby Union law. Many prominent leaders of modern football politics think that very shortly the English International fifteen will be selected from the London clubs, the Universities, and a few teams scattered up and down the south—that is, of course, supposing that the strict amateur status of players be insisted on.

Scotland and Ireland are at present sound on the amateur question. They have comparatively few teams to select from, but these are composed of first-class players. The Scotch score a great advantage in their schools. The boys of Fettes, Merchiston, Loretto, and the rest have the opportunity to play regular matches with fine exponents of the game. They learn all that is best in Rugby football when young, and it is not unusual to find schoolboys, like the Neilsons, representing their country. The English schools rarely possess a similar advantage. What they learn is chiefly drawn from masters who have won football honours at the University. Moreover, the Scotch boy seems to mature faster than his English comrade. They are hardy mortals, keen and





"SOCCER": THE ENGLISH CUP FINAL TIE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(Photo: Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.)

scientific, these schoolboys of the North. It is in the more strenuous parts of the game, bold tackling and hard scrummaging, that the Scotch teams have always excelled.

The Welsh have also had but few teams from which to select their International representatives. The result has been to their advantage. The members have won their matches by scientific co-operation. Indeed, the Welsh have been the pioneers in Rugby football. They introduced the four three-quarter system, and the perfection of "heeling out" which followed was also their idea. Most of their players are drawn from the working classes, and there are rumours of recognised professionalism in the air. It will be a sad day for the old brigade of Rugby players if the Welsh step outside the Union ring of amateurs.

Football under Rugby rules has necessarily undergone many changes since it became a popular pastime in the early "Sixties." Even in those days there were giants, but it was not until after the first international football match played in Edinburgh in March, 1871, that the

game produced those great players whose names have become historic.

In the early "Seventies" there were, of course, many men of note. That distinguished Scottish judge, Lord Moncrieffe, was, for instance, the first player to adopt the position of half-back, or, as it was then called, "quarter-back"—a term which, curiously enough, had previously been one of reproach applied to a forward who shirked the scrimmage. In England another man of note, Mr. R. H. Birkett, was the first player to shine under both the Rugby and Association codes, and the first man, with the exception of Sir Allan Arthur, to show that the fast forward would yet be the best forward when the man of slow and solid bulk had become a thing of the past.

What the game owes to other personalities figuring in its earlier period, to Mr. A. G. Guille-mard, most gemal of old Rugbeians, and others who were associated with him in founding the Rugby Union, it is needless to tell. Their enthusiastic devotion to its interests had made the game popular by the time the first great and



CLEARED! C. B. FRY PROMINENT AT THE CUP FINAL.

(Photo: Russell & Sons, Baker Street, W.)

historic player had become a familiar figure. This was Leonard Stokes, the Blackheath three-quarter, who was the first to give a distinctive character to that position in the field, though he was closely pressed by Malcolm Cross, the celebrated Glasgow Academical.

In some respects these two players were the finest three-quarters that ever handled the ball. Not only were they never out of form, but they evolved a new style of game, and by combining running with kicking, and by introducing combination with their colleagues—both backs and forwards—they foreshadowed the modern game, of which team combination is such a striking and necessary feature.

Just as Stokes and Cross were the actual instigators of three-quarter back play, so A. Rotherham and A. R. Don Wauchope were the first to rise above the traditional style of half-back methods. Belonging to different universities and to different countries, they were often in opposition. But what a pair they would have made! They had much in common. Don Wauchope was the most brilliant maker of individual runs that ever stepped on to a field, and this particular trait was the one that has always most appealed to the popular fancy. But the real point of resemblance between the two lay in those features of their play which were understood by those acquainted with the niceties of the game. They were the first halves to make the opening-up of the game for the benefit of the three-quarters an end and object, and they were the first to show the share which men in their position should have in defence—a feature in half-back play which the Irishman, L. M. Magee, has since further developed.

But this was not the extent of their great worth. In the opportunities they gave to the three-quarter backs they were the pioneers of modern "Rugger." Arthur Gould was undoubtedly the first to grasp the idea which underlay the play of Don Wauchope and Rotherham; he was absolutely the first centre three-quarter to complete the link, on scientific grounds, between the half-back who passes and the wing three-quarter who scores. He ran straight; and, whether he passed or went on, he invariably made the opening when it was physically possible. Every centre of any distinction now follows his example and when at his best plays the game of which A. J. Gould was

the inventor. The two greatest centres of recent years, George Nicholls and A. B. Timms, are really copies of Gould, without, perhaps, his infinite resource. Other notabilities were R. L. Aston, H. J. Stevenson, and W. Neilson, who figured in the three-quarter period, and hence only initiated a transitory style of play. Still, all of them had the essentials which Gould demonstrated that a centre must possess.

Of great forwards who have influenced the game there have not been quite so many as one might suppose. In England Harry Vassall and the brothers E. T. and C. Gurdon are the greatest names; in Scotland, C. Reid, R. G. Macmillan, and Sir Allan Arthur stand out. The two Gurdons were the first forwards to contrive footwork: with scientific runs, while Vassall was really the creator of passing amongst forwards and from forwards to three-quarters. Sir Allan Arthur, on the other hand, was the first fast forward. R. G. Macmillan deserves mention because he is generally considered the finest forward in the all-round sense who ever played. He shone in every part of the game, and had that wonderful power, possessed also by the English captain, J. Daniell, of getting the last ounce out of the teams he had to lead. His influence on tactics was great, and he insisted on forwards sharing the defence on a definite plan by spreading across the field when the scrum broke up. C. Reid was a



"THE PRINCE OF DRIBBLERS":  
MR. W. N. COBBOLD.

(Photo: C. Vandyk, Gloucester Road, S.W.)

great figure, who proved far more than any other player that a good big 'un is always better than a good little 'un. His style was his own, and in this regard his main influence on the game was to create a preference for big, strong forwards who united skill in their strength.

Since the days of the pioneers of the Association game, the now defunct, but always memorable, Wanderers, there have been necessarily many personalities to whose indefatigable efforts "Soccer" owes its present popularity. Many members of the Wanderers figured, after their playing days, as legislators, and they always commanded admiration and respect for the manner in which they carried out their duties.

The Wanderers were the first winners in 1871-2 of the Football Association Challenge Cup—popularly known as the English Cup—which they won again the next season. Then, after a break of two years, they were successful in three successive



A FALL.



seasons, and the English Cup became their own property. How they returned the Cup to the Association to be competed for as a perpetual trophy is a matter of common knowledge. Of the players who organised the Wanderers there



THE FOUNDER OF THE CORINTHIANS:  
MR. N. L. JACKSON.

(Photo: Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.)

were no greater personalities than C. W. Alcock, known for many years as the Secretary of the Football Association, and still Secretary of the Surrey County Cricket Club, and Major Marindin, the popular soldier, who was regarded as part and parcel of final English Cup ties for many seasons in the important position of referee.

In the "Seventies" there was little or none of that combination which is so essential to-day. The pioneers of the Association game believed more in the clever dribbling of the ball and speedy runs than in combination, the value of which was not appreciated because it was not sufficiently cultivated.

Gradually the old theories underwent modification; the six-forwards-and-two-half-backs style gave place to five forwards and three-half-backs, as in the present day. It is a singular fact that one of the last clubs to give up playing half a dozen forwards was the Queen's Park, Glasgow—a club that had advocated or rather insisted on their members combining in play long before combination was regarded as an absolute necessity in England.

"Pass or leave the team" was an inexorable order, and Charlie Campbell's boys respected the law. Queen's Park maintained their amateur principles in spite of the general rush to pro-

fessionalism throughout Scotland, and to this day they have great influence amongst leading teams in their own country. George Ker was the finest exponent of dribbling among Scottish players, just as W. N. Cobbold excelled among the English, and earned himself the name of "the Prince of Dribblers." These players of bygone days had their thousands of admirers, but the fault caused by the rest of the team playing to one man was obvious. When it disappeared, professionalism cropped up among Lancashire clubs. The system changed, gradually at first, but then with surprising rapidity.

Players like Fergus Suter, Love, and Weir used their influence in the cause of combination, and after Major Sudell organised the memorable Preston North End, individualism was in fact doomed. In the team were many players who helped to make Association football history. The two Ross's—now both dead—were, in their respective places, as finished players as have ever lived.

Scotsmen who were familiar with the styles of both are to this day exercised in their minds as to whether "Nick" Ross or Walter Arnott was the best back in the world. In England a different opinion probably prevails, for A. M. and P. M. Walters did such splendid work in each other's company that they were always spoken of as the two best backs that ever lived. As a pair, there can be little doubt that they were unequalled. The brothers were the pioneers of passing among



ENGLAND'S BEST CENTRE: MR. G. O. SMITH.

(Photo: Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.)

the defenders, and the play of the valorous trio, "A. M." and "P. M." at back with W. R. Moon in goal has never been surpassed. Instances of other famous trios may be cited—Di Jones, Somerville, and Sutcliffe, for example—but the three Corinthians stand far in front.

Speaking of the Corinthians naturally recalls the great work that N. L. Jackson did in instituting and carrying forward for so many years that great amateur club. No other amateur team can hold its own nowadays against the great professional combinations, and the service that the Corinthians have done for amateur football is incalculable.

In the old days the shining light among half-backs was the famous Old Westminster, N. C. Bailey, who did much to improve half-back play. In his day he was every bit as sound as the more modern champion, Ernest Needham, the man who has taught the half-back to make a sixth forward if occasion warrants extra attack, or how to fall back in close defence of his goal if his side is being heavily pressed. To watch the great Sheffielder is indeed an object lesson in the art of "Soccer."

The greatest influence over forward play in recent

years has been exercised by G. O. Smith. Without ever being in the least ostentatious in his methods, he always, as if by instinct, seemed to be in the right place at the right moment, and his aptitude in making openings for his wing players was absolutely uncanny. His successor to the captaincy of England is of quite a different calibre. Steve Bloomer has been a famous personality in League and International football since he was a mere lad, and his cleverness in taking advantage of an opening is always a source of trouble to opponents. To imitate his lightning rushes and his terrific shooting is a difficult matter; and no player dare attempt to copy the panther-like waiting tactics of the great Derby County forward. Another Derby County and Preston forward, whose fine play made him famous, and whose methods made him a popular favourite, is rare old John Goodall. In him were wrapped up all the points that go to make the perfect player.



"RUGGER": A SCRIMMAGE.



A STRIKE.

(Photo: Otis Mygatt.)

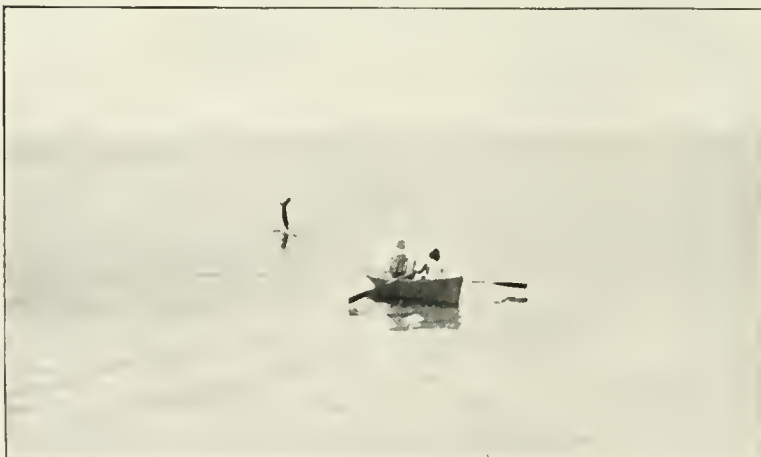
## TARPON FISHING.

BY W. H. GRENFELL, M.P.

IT is not easy to sum up in a word in what the charm of fishing consists. There are many kinds of fishing, and many kinds of pleasure to be derived from each variety. It may be found in the actual casting of the line, in the fighting of the fish, in the quiet and seclusion of the occupation, in the character of the scenery, in the exercise of a personal dexterity which it has taken long to acquire, or in the hope of catching something big. In fishing for tarpon the desire of catching something big is certainly present, and is an important element in the sport. But mere size is not in itself enough. A Jew fish, which may hang on to the unfortunate tarpon-fisher

for the greater part of the day, is as heavy as four or more tarpon, but is a subject rather for condolence or a cutting of the line than for congratulation. No—an ideal fish to catch, whether big or small, must be a great fighter. The tarpon fills this bill. He is a reckless and impetuous fighter. He will just as soon come straight at you, and even into your boat, as fly from you. He thus possesses two great requisites in a sporting fish, size and gameness. Even when apparently well hooked, the element of uncertainty, which lends so much pleasurable excitement to fishing generally, is abundantly present. A tarpon can never be counted yours till he is actually landed.

His mouth is so hard and bony that it affords but little purchase for any hook that is not well driven home. Frequently the exhausted angler sees the hook come away with a last little feeble wag of the head when the round is nearly won. In pass-fishing for tarpon this is the chief cause for the presence of the element of uncertainty, but there are many others. The risk of the line breaking under the great strain which must of necessity be put upon it is greater than in most other forms of fishing, because not only is it finer in



PLAYING A TARPON.

(Photo: Otis Mygatt.)



comparison with the weight of the fish, but the salt water and the hot sun act injuriously on the best of lines. Sharks, too, are apt to rob you of your prize in the very moment of victory. In the Boca Grande Pass, off Florida, they abound naturally, and the capture of tarpon also attracts them. They lie in wait for the fish, and when it is nearly exhausted will attack it, and one bite of a large shark will cut the fish in two. The presence of large numbers of sharks in time drives away the

as is the case in salmon fishing, the reason being that unless the strain on the line is kept up, the hook will lose its hold, which, as a rule, is not a very secure one. Indeed, so hard and so well protected by bony layers is the tarpon's mouth that for some time it was considered impenetrable to the hook, and it was not until the proper tackle and hooks had been invented that any success attended the efforts to land the fish, unless he had swallowed the bait well down, in which case a firm hold could be obtained in a softer portion of his



GAFFING THE TARPON

tarpon, and places once frequented by them in large numbers gradually become deserted. There is another attraction about the tarpon which lies in the fact that he shows himself, and shows himself with no little violence, and a fish that jumps is always more exciting than one that does not. There are few finer sights in angling than the first mad leaps of the tarpon; like a bar of burnished silver, whence he gets his name of Silver King, he flings himself high into the air, and with vigorous shakes of his great head tries to cast away the restraining hook, which he too often succeeds in doing. When a tarpon jumps you must hold on to him, and not lower the rod or slack the line

anatomy. But still-fishing for tarpon has to a great extent died out. I have never practised it myself, but from all accounts it was not a very exhilarating pastime, and it was always full of disappointments. The plan was to moor the boat in some likely spot and cast the bait out some distance from you and let it lie on the bottom. When the line began to move, it was paid out, or allowed to run out from coils at the bottom of the boat, so that the fish should have time to swallow the bait before he was struck. The advantage of this system consists in the fact that when hooked the fish has much less chance of getting off, but the disappointments are innum-

able, as the waits are long and dreary, and when the line moves at last it is very often not the work of the lordly tarpon, but of some small shark, catfish, crab, or other insignificant robber of the sea. In pass-fishing, where the boats are not too numerous, there is opportunity for movement as well as for the exercise of a greater amount of skill in the change of bait, in working it, in finding by experience the best depth at which to fish on different days, and in playing the fish itself. A fish hooked in the mouth will give much more sport in the sea than a fish hooked in some more vital place will do in fresh water where still-fishing used to be carried on, and he will be more difficult to land, as, the hold being less secure, any slackness in the line is usually punished by the escape of the fish. Playing a big tarpon is certainly a sensation which should be experienced by anglers who have the opportunity, and it is not a very difficult one to gratify. New York is a simple journey, and Mr. Edward Vom Hofe, in Fulton Street, can supply not only the requisite rods, lines, and hooks, but also the latest information as regards boats, and other accommodation to be obtained at Boca Grande or other passes frequented by tarpon. A large supply of hooks should be taken, as these get blunted and twisted by the heavy, hard-mouthed fish, and frequently are lost through breakage arising from various causes. A dozen lines, three reels, and three strong rods should also form part of the equipment. The reels should be of the best quality, as otherwise they soon come to grief,

owing to the frightful strain that is put upon them, and the rods should be made of the toughest wood procurable. Bamboo rods I find to be of little service; the four I had with me I broke one morning, while on one tough iron-wood rod I landed ninety out of a hundred tarpon I was fortunate enough to catch in the Boca Grande Pass.

The attraction of tarpon fishing lies primarily in the great struggle with the big fish, and to prepare for this struggle it is as well, if possible, to exercise those muscles which will be called into play before engaging the fish himself. The first tarpon will probably cause more exhaustion than a dozen or more caught in a single day when the muscles required have become hardened and skill has been added by experience. Although another and still larger fish, the so-called flying tuna, can be caught off Santa Catalina, on the coast of California, it is doubtful whether it shows such sport as the great game-fish of the Gulf of Mexico. Its nature is more timid and its method more monotonous, consisting in straight runs away from its would-be captor, unvaried by the great leaps and impetuous antics of the tarpon, which invariably supply a strong element of the unexpected, and until a new sporting fish is found I think the tarpon in the sea, as the salmon in fresh water, can still claim to be the most exciting quarry of the angler with the rod and line. My best fight was with a fish that I had foul-hooked in the middle of the back. It towed my boat out to sea and was on the hook just an hour and a half, but I got it into the boat at last.



THE END.

(Photo: Otis Mygatt.)



ON GUARD: THE KEEPER'S LOAD.

*(Photo: Reid, Wishaw.)*

## A WILD DAY IN THE WEST OF SCOTLAND.

By SYDNEY BUXTON, M.P.

**T**HERE is a great charm, both in anticipation and in reality, in a day's wild shooting in the Highlands.

Less than any other form of shooting is it associated with the simple desire to kill, or prompted by the idea of a heavy bag. Such a day combines something of the pleasures of fishing—the solitude, the personal quest, the unknown when, where, and what of the quarry—with that which adds so much to the pleasure of a day's shooting—variety of game and sporting shots. "Anyone can turn up Genesis, but it takes an able-bodied man to find Ezra"; and so it requires much more exertion and astuteness to stalk a curlew or a widgeon than to walk up a grouse or a partridge; and difficulty overcome doubles the satisfaction.

One lovely August day, G— and I set off to walk to the Loch some two miles off, we with our guns, the keeper loaded up with pea-rifle, rods, and bag; C—, an Eton boy—not yet a de Grey, but as keen as mustard—going off by himself on his usual prowl along the shore, seeking what he may devour, and taking my dog with him.

We pass the home farm, and the "Standing Stone" of unknown antiquity, the scratches on which excite the antiquarians, and are sufficiently indistinguishable to enable each in turn to give a different rendering of the supposed inscription. After the first climb over the rocky hill at the back of the house, we go our independent but parallel ways.

My walk lies first over a couple of fairly level fields, at the end of which is a snipe bog, now drawn blank. From it starts an old hare; she will do for another day. Off she lollops, and at eighty or ninety yards stops and sits up, a lovely shot with the pea-rifle if only I had it with me.

Then over a wall, and leaving a picturesque cottage on the left, with its bit of water and curling smoke, I begin an easy climb over a rough and hilly ridge of rock, fern, and heather. Higher up bursts upon me a view "lovely, grotesque, and copious," as a quaint old author has it. Below and around is seen the whole expanse of the Island—our habitation and our boundary. Far away on the one side the rugged mainland; on the other the mountainous islands stand out boldly in the distance. On either side the rocks and shore slope up to the higher ground behind. The most distant peaks, a faint light grey, seem almost to melt into the clouds behind; while the nearer hills are a splendid dark and vivid blue.

Then, just below, stand out the indented jagged bays and inlets of the Island itself, lying bleak and rocky, a glorious dark purple, almost black where the colouring is emphasised, and edged by the white fringe of tiny foam; the whole stands out gaunt, and vividly contrasts with the green of the cultivated foreground. The sea, even at this distance giving the impression of extraordinary limpidity, sparkles back the sun's rays, mirrors the blue of the sky, and reflects the shadow of the passing clouds.



In another direction lies the little fishing village, with its single row of cottages, with its inn, and its post-office and general shop combined. The manse, the schoolhouse, and a cottage here and there are scattered down to the ferry. A few boats rock idly in the bay. Far out in the channel a black smudge appears, approaches, and disap-

Up and forward, the gun resting idly on the arm, for nothing seems to come within shot—no great matter, the game bag is lighter to carry, and there's plenty of time yet in which to fill it.

A marshy, reed-grown loch comes into sight, the favourite haunt of some teal. A cautious approach is made; but they are not there this



OUR 'ALPHONSES' ARE ALL KNOWN TO US . . .

pears, leaving a line of dirty smoke. The *Loch Fyne*, the daily boat—an antiquated vessel of unknown age—is ploughing her slow and monotonous way from mainland to islands, from islands to mainland.

Birds everywhere, on rock, shore, field, and hills, flying, soaring, sailing, calling, crying, whistling, croaking. Gulls and terns especially prominent, with incessant movement, and never-ceasing cry:

" . . . the broad-winged seagull never at rest,  
For when no more he spreads his feathers free,  
His breast is dancing on the restless sea."

morning, not even the usual snipe. So far, no luck; but a little further on, sauntering along in the heather, I stumble into the middle of some grouse, one of the two broods that inhabit this part of the island—our "Alphonses" are all known to us. Up they get all round me. One falls dead in its tracks; another carries on, hard hit, a dying bird. Anxiously I watch it, for, without a dog, it depends entirely when and where it falls, whether I shall be able to retrieve it. Two hundred yards it flies, and then suddenly topples over. After some

trouble, it is found: the old cock of the brood. With pride and joy—for scarcity makes it a prize—it is stuffed into the game bag.

Some green plover, disturbed by the shot, had flown round and lit again over the brow. They are carefully stalked, but a moment's indiscretion puts them up out of shot. I drop behind a rock, hoping that they will come round. But they have played the game before, and lost, and do not care to risk another throw. However, a single bird, in erratic flight, comes past, high up—a lovely chance. Shot through the head, the bird spins

ing, and I see two blue-rocks, disturbed by G—, coming straight for me. But, alas! they are long sighted, and their approach is but make-believe, for they turn off just before coming within range.

At the boat G— and I meet, he with a rabbit and a plover, and having had bad luck with some curlews, and I with two grouse and a plover; and for an hour or two we steadily fish the Loch. The fish—Loch Leven's—are few in number, but run large, and being strong and active, and also very shy, require especially fine casts and small flies, and so give plenty of sport. However, they are



LOCH LEVEN.

(Photo: Andrew Young, Burntisland.)

round and round, slowly coming to earth like a revolving parachute, with wings and tail outspread. A companion, attracted by the sight, turns from his course to watch him—a long shot, which is missed.

A little further on, and the Loch comes into view. A small piece of water, standing out at the base of the hills, but high above the level of the sea. The water is dimpled with a breeze. Some gulls rest on the surface, a coot or two is busy feeding, some dabchicks bob up and down, and there is

“ . . . the sand-lark, restless bird,  
Piping along the margin of the lake.”

Below lies the boat; and G— is visible in the distance converging on the point. I begin the rough descent and bolt my gun. When half-way down, a cry of “Mark!” from the keeper sends me crouch-

not much on the job to-day; it is too bright and still, and there is little or no fly on the water. We fish steadily for a time without result, giving them now and again a turn with a dry fly, a sporting and, on occasion, a killing method. At last G— has a good rise at his wet fly, a miss, and soon another; a good fish which runs the line out well, but parts company. Then nothing further occurs. The gulls and terns who, at first disturbed by the boat, had left the Loch, come back, and fly round noisily, with their worrying high-pitched cry. As to a bore, so to a gull, one is sometimes inclined to remark, “If there is anything you want to say to me, would you please say it to someone else.”

Soon, however, they quiet down, and float in a bunch on the surface of the water: herring gull, kittiwake, lesser black-back, and tern, all harmless enough, and therefore to be ignored. But now

two large, almost gigantic gulls sail round, and finally alight near the others a hundred yards off—great black-backs, destroyers of trout, and, as the keeper declares, also of young grouse. The pea-rifle lying on the seat is loaded, a steady aim is taken as far as the boat will allow, and the bullet thuds into the water just short of the carnivorous bird. Up get all the gulls with a splash, a clatter, and shrill complaint. Unluckily for itself, a coot, once too often, swims round the bend of the shore; naturally, the rifle being in hand, a shot is taken

be getting back, for have we not promised to go cuddly-fishing with the children? Off we start, therefore, for home, each our respective ways.

And a sporting walk I have. I find the teal at home, and get a couple, the second as it comes back, poor thing! to seek its mate, and circles round the little marsh. Out of a wet tussock, a single snipe is bagged; and later, a sudden and unexpected curlew is badly missed. Two snipe get up out of a snipe bog, and fall. I start to retrieve them, when another snipe rises with a cry. Some-



CARRYING HOME THE BAG.

(Photo. Reil, Wislawa.)

at it, not for the first time. A puff, and the coot floats lifeless on the water; it will do for the larder, ever clamouring for more.

A frugal luncheon on the bank—midges and lunch, that is—and a pipe. "One more turn before we go back," and at once I am fast in a good trout, which, almost as active as a sea trout, plays and jumps finely before it is in the net. A fish of  $1\frac{3}{4}$  lb., it fully recompenses us for the previous hours of ill or no success. Then G— has one, rather smaller, and I have another of exactly the same size as the last. Laid side by side, there is not a pin to choose between the two exquisite shapes. Nothing more offers, except one to G—, of course, at the only moment of the day that he was looking the other way; and now we must

what foolishly, it is fired at, and missed; and the eye now fails accurately to localise the place where the other fell. Much search produces one of the birds, but the other is hopelessly gone—the bird in the hand has been lost by trying after the one in the bush.

A casual blue-rock flies across me; and, for the sake of variety, I kill a rabbit, hosts of which swarm here, there, and everywhere.

On nearing home, I meet C—, who has, to his great delight, secured a curlew. Walking home-wards, we pass a grassy stretch which plover are for ever frequenting. Up they get, as usual, out of shot. But I have brought a call, bought in London, warranted to bring any peewit from the ends of the earth. Well hidden, I try its charms,



but of it not the faintest notice do the plover take ; this to the derisive delight of C—, who has always asserted that, under the guise of a call, I had given sixpence for a penny whistle—so young and yet so sceptical !

The green plover does not seem to me to get its due credit as a sporting bird. Few birds, when shot at, are more wary or acute ; few, with their manifold forms of flight, with their twist and drop in the air, give a greater variety of shot. It is, moreover, a very small target, and a pretty tough one, too. Then, as regards its edible qualities—

“ Qui n'a pas mangé de vanneau (peewit) ne sait pas ce que gibier vaut.”

On getting home and meeting G—, who has also had a successful walk, we press into the service two of the children to drive the wood near the house for pigeons. Right royally do they perform their part, and make noise enough to raise the dead, let alone the nervous wood-pigeons, who speedily dash out at the sides, and we get two of them between us. A sporting day indeed. Ten head only have I got, it is true, but seven varieties, together with two perfect and gallant trout ; while a hare was let off, and a curlew was missed.

The three game bags are emptied in front of the house : 2 teal, 3 snipe, 2 wood-pigeon, 1 blue-rock, 1 curlew, 2 grouse, 9 rabbits, a hare, and

3 plover are produced ; while the three trout, weighing just over five pounds, are laid in a dish.

The curlew is not received by the housekeeping mind with the enthusiasm it deserves. A cormorant, offered as a contribution to the variety of the *menu*, had already been flatly refused, and this in spite of the assurance of the keeper that, if first buried for a few days, it was much appreciated—by the villagers. But if the curlew can't be roasted, at least we insist, it will make excellent soup ; for half the zest of killing the bird is gone if it is not to be used for food, and the curlew is the most sporting bird on the Island. The compromise is accepted—and the males find the soup excellent and tasty.

The day thus described was doubtless a specially good one on the little Island, for there were plenty of other days when the result was very meagre, or on which the wind blew and the rain beat incessantly.

But, if our bags were often minute, we somehow managed to get plenty of fun out of our sport, and to fire off between us an astonishing number of cartridges. If we did not get exactly what we expected, the beauty of it was that we did not know exactly what we were expecting. And if the regulation game was scarce and scarce it was, there were other unnumbered trifles which made up for its deficiency.



“ TWO LARGE, ALMOST GIGANTIC. GULLS SAIL ROUND ” (p. 40).

## AUTUMN RACING.

BY E. T. SACHS.

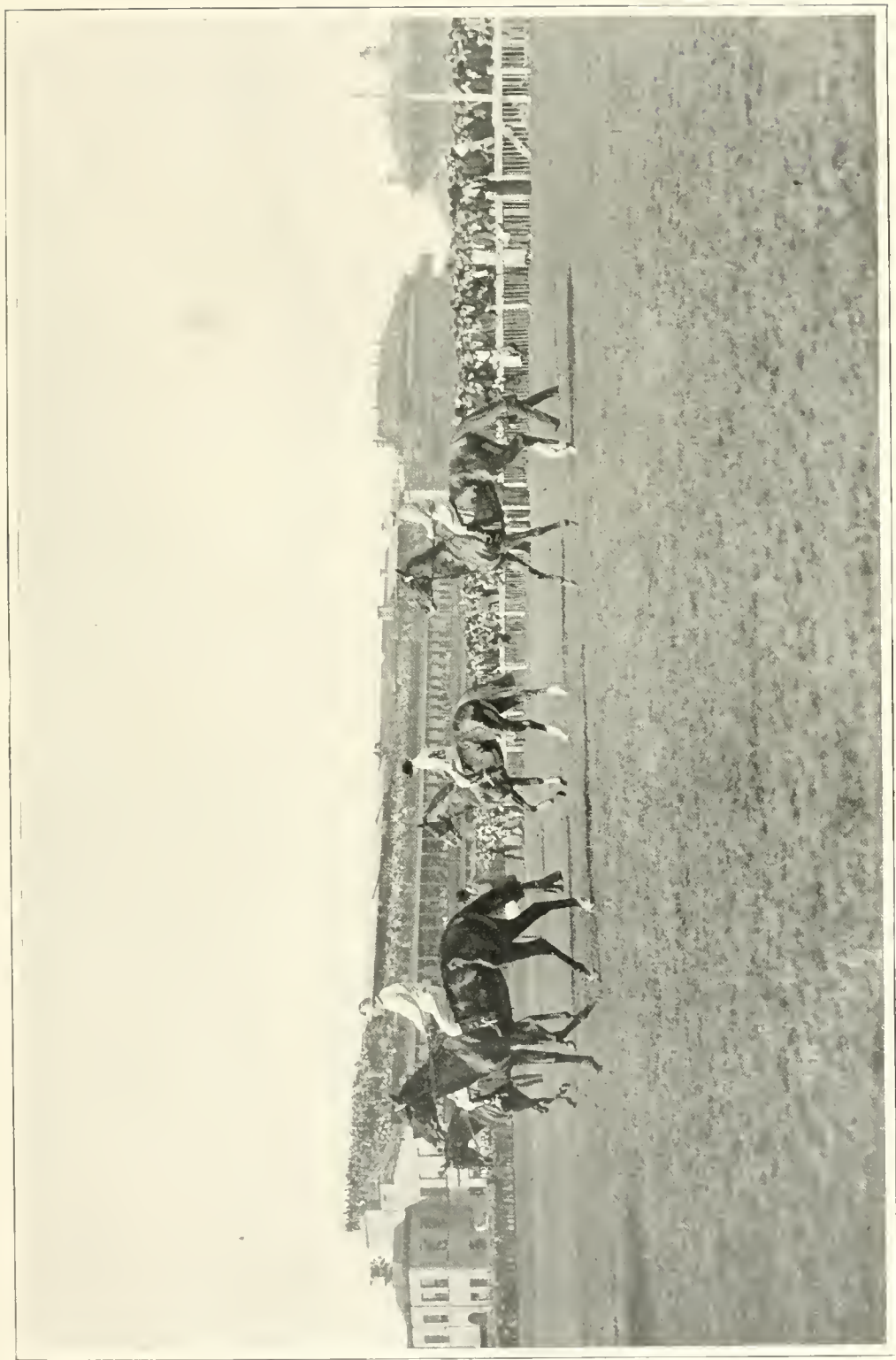
THE almanack and the racing calendar are not always in agreement with regard to the seasons, turf men allowing themselves some latitude when dealing with dates. Thus we have summer meetings taking place early in June, some, such as the Epsom summer meeting, commencing, on occasion, at the end of May even ; and a similar vagary affects the meetings at the close of the summer, September, for racing purposes, being largely regarded as an autumn month. With a great proportion of the influential section of race-goers, summer racing ends with Goodwood, and they do not re-assemble until Doncaster calls them early in September. Doncaster may therefore be regarded as the commencement of what is known as the autumn campaign.

Spring and autumn racing differentiate themselves, inasmuch as in the spring we have only our expectations to rely upon ; in the autumn we have realisation, so far as the ever-present uncertainty of the turf will permit of. Since the end of March the two-year-olds and three-year-olds, in an extended order of merit, have been battling for supremacy, and in the autumn we find them put to the final test when they have arrived at the season's maturity before retiring for the winter's rest from work. In this respect the racing programme of each year is the same. The race-course decides for owners whether, in the great lottery of the stud farm and the sale ring, they have drawn prizes or blanks ; and the owner of thoroughbreds is subject to the special irritation of finding his two-year-old swans develop into three-year-old geese. The prize is always liable to be changed into a blank, but never the converse. Victory in the all-important Epsom Derby by no means necessarily implies success over the quarter-mile longer St. Leger course three months later ; and where very decided superiority of one horse over the others of his age does not exist, the glorious uncertainty of the turf will prevail to the very last.

For more than a hundred and fifty years the best racing at Doncaster has been associated with the autumn. They raced there, as in other parts of sporting Yorkshire, more than 300 years ago, at different seasons of the year, and the eventual permanent settlement upon the latter half of September was undoubtedly decided by social influences. In the middle of the eighteenth century, and for long afterwards, such festivities

as balls were deemed by the social set to be quite as important at York and Doncaster as the racing. Out of racing hours the sporting set diverted themselves with cock-fighting. We now devote the summer racing to social enjoyment, which takes the form of picnicking in fine clothes ; and no phase of the sport is more serious than that which belongs to the autumn.

It might be added that nowhere is racing more seriously taken in hand than at Doncaster. The races have for long been entirely an affair of the corporation which, more than two centuries since, took an interest in them, and, about the time of the institution of the St. Leger, which was in 1776, busied themselves with the building of suitable stands. Whatever the members of the corporation of those days were as sportsmen, it is incontestible that their successors of the present time know little or nothing about racing, as they take interest in the two annual meetings solely for the grist these bring to the municipal mill. The gains made by the town out of the racing relieve the inhabitants of some of the rates. The Doncaster crowd is the only one that can be said to vie with that seen at Epsom on Derby Day, but the comparison ceases when we have done with numbers. The north-countrymen from one of the many manufacturing towns that feed the great racing centres display none of the loosely-reined gaiety that pertains to "the road" at Epsom. They arrive by an interminable, well-arranged series of special trains, from which they debouch by the thousand into the magnificent high road, one of the finest thoroughfares in the kingdom, that for some hours is covered by black moving masses of people. Here are seen none of the frivolities that are associated with Epsom Downs, the north-countryman deriving no pleasure from wearing false noses, decorating himself with paper of many colours, or making discordant noises. He has small sympathy with the cockney zest for annoying other people by noise and personal molestation, now happily repressed by the authorities ; and anyone who introduced anything of the kind to a north-country meeting would fare badly. The racing is what everyone is there to see, and here the north-country race-goer, however humble his station in life, sets an example of thoroughness. So thorough is he that he provides a living for an army of itinerant tipsters much too large to exist in the south. The numbers who sell tips, from a



ST. LEGER HORSES IN FRONT OF THE DONCASTER STAND.

(Photo : W. W. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)





THE DEWHURST PLATE, 1901: THE START

(Photo: W. W. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)

shilling each down to a penny, including a packet of sweets, is astonishing, and this feature shows how thoroughly imbued is the north-country nature with the sporting spirit, understood in the gambling sense. The spirit of avarice appears not to enter in.

The great Yorkshire families assemble at Doncaster, but railway facilities have long since done away with the necessity for being housed in the town, as was formerly imperative, much to the emolument of the inhabitants, and the parties come in each day by train, some of them from as far off as Newcastle. Consequently, there are no more genteel high jinks. As everyone, immediately the racing is over, scuttles off at the first opportunity, we no longer read in accounts of the proceedings that there was "great sporting to the end of the week," as was recorded of the week commencing on Monday, October 11th, 1773, with a four-miles' match at York, which appears to have been all the racing there was in the six days. The concentration of the chief owners at Newmarket and elsewhere in the south has robbed the north-country of the high fame it once possessed for training thoroughbreds, and one no longer looks for a horse trained in the north to win the St. Leger. But to this the race-goers of the north show a large-hearted indifference. Provided the winner be a good horse, he is certain of a hearty welcome, especially if he belongs to a good sportsman.

It is a moot point whether success in this race should not be more highly esteemed than winning the Derby. Of late years the matter has not been worth discussing, the best horse having won both events when he has been a "smasher," and on other occasions, when the winner at Epsom has been beaten at Doncaster, the calibre of the horses has been indifferent.

Very serious, too, are those who attend the three autumn meetings at Newmarket, called the

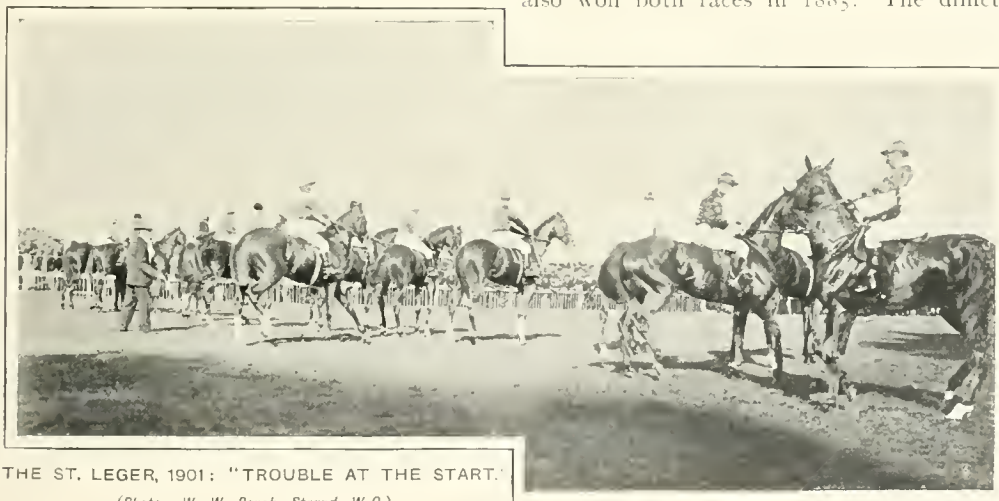
October meetings, although the first of them not seldom commences—and now and then ends, too—in September. Newmarket, as a racing centre, always has been serious. It was chosen as such in the days of the Stuarts because of its splendid downs—in this particular case invariably called heath. Here there was no junketing of high-class folk at race times. Indeed, the invasion of Newmarket by women in any numbers is quite a modern thing. Nell Gwynne may have frequented Newmarket, for her still existing house on the high road from London to Cambridge is much nearer Newmarket than the metropolis. One is quite safe in saying that racing has regularly taken place in October at Newmarket for two centuries; and with one of the meetings, now always the last of the three, and of the Newmarket racing season, the title Houghton has been associated for the greater part of that long period.

All the racing that takes place at Newmarket is far from being of the highest class, as is but natural, seeing that eight meetings are held during the year, aggregating twenty-eight days; but throughout the three October meetings the interest is well sustained. The three-year-olds have finished their battling at Doncaster, but the two-year-old supremacy has yet to be decided. Every week of the season makes a difference to a growing two-year-old, and the cock of the walk at Ascot in June may have to knock under at Newmarket in October to one that has shown greater improvement. Two races at the Newmarket October meetings rank as two-year-old "classics." These are the Middle Park Plate of six furlongs, run at the Second October, and the Dewhurst Plate of seven furlongs, run at the Houghton meeting. Occurring, as they do, within a fortnight of one another, it might be thought the rule for the same horse to win both, but the exceptions form the rule in this case. In the last twenty-five years it has happened just five times. These being the last

two occasions of the best two-year-olds being seen out, the running is of considerable importance, as bearing upon the following year's Two Thousand Guineas, and especially the Derby, although success in either Middle Park or Dewhurst Plate cannot be taken as a sure indication of victory at Epsom. In the last twenty-five years the winner of the Middle Park Plate has won the Derby on five occasions, and the winner of the Dewhurst Plate on two. The winter between the second and third year is the critical time with thoroughbreds, the more so when they have been raced hard during their first season. Newmarket Heath of two centuries, or even one century, back knew nothing of the racing of two-year-olds, and it was not until towards the close of the eighteenth century that three-year-olds were first put to the test.

The interest taken in these two-year-old races belongs to the highest phase of racing. The groundlings of the turf are catered for after the manner of their own hearts by the two well-known handicaps, the Cæsarewitch of two miles, two furlongs, and 35 yards, run at the Second October Meeting, and the Cambridgeshire, of one mile 237 yards, run at the Houghton Meeting. These two races bring the only real crowds that are ever seen at Newmarket. The proportion of horses that can stay two miles and a quarter at racing pace is so small that the Cæsarewitch is regarded by trainers as a race not very difficult to

running is supposed to be more or less known, is a rash view too often taken, for these races have the same attraction for the gambling owner that they have for the public. More money can be won over them than over any other handicaps of the year, consequently the temptation to keep a horse for either of them is very strong. More hoodwinking of handicappers has taken place in connection with these two handicaps than over any other half-dozen. Sometimes the deeply-laid schemes of owner, trainer, and jockey, designed to conceal a horse's true form, have gone wrong at the last moment; and no one was a greater adept at penetrating such designs than the late Admiral Rous, who, doing exactly what he pleased, handicapped the men connected with a horse quite as much as the horse itself. Vast sums have been won over these races. In 1876 Rosebery won both of them, although, as winner of the Cæsarewitch, he had to carry a 14-lb. penalty for the Cambridgeshire, and his immediate connections won £150,000. With some of the money the Brixton Bon Marché was built, and, although the establishment is a gold mine now, it was then ahead of the times and failed. In the examination which followed, one of the principals was questioned as to his racing proclivities, by way of accounting for the failure, and the reply was to the effect that, had he stuck to racing and not gone into trade, there would have been no trouble. This view of the situation very few others have been able to take with so much justice. Plaisanterie also won both races in 1885. The difficulty of



THE ST. LEGER, 1901: "TROUBLE AT THE START."

(Photo: W. W. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)

win, though it is obvious that, dead-heats excepted, only one can win it at a time. The Cambridgeshire is another affair, for besides a certain degree of stoutness, a horse must be possessed of speed to stand any chance. The attraction of the two races to the public lies in the opportunity for wagering at long odds that is invariably afforded by the large fields. That the form of every horse

getting a horse in at a sufficiently low weight for the first race so that it can win the second with a stone more than what has been adjudged fair by the handicapper, needs no insisting upon. The weights for both races are published simultaneously, so there is no opportunity for the handicapper to alter his mind. And even if the weight is favourable, it is not every horse that can stay two miles and a

quarter and yet be speedy enough for the shorter race. A further difficulty arises in the trouble that may ensue if the concealment of a horse's true form is too glaringly done.

In order to strengthen the programme of the First October Meeting, the Jockey Club, in 1894, inaugurated the Jockey Club Stakes, with a stake of £10,000. It is run over a distance of a mile and three-quarters, and is open to three- and four-year-olds. This race is a great attraction to those who take racing seriously, for some, at least, of the best horses in training may be expected to take part in it, and it has been won by Isinglass, Persimmon, and Galtee More—three animals that stand out as prominently as any within the recollection of persons now living. This is the kind of race in which his Majesty the King takes so much delight, and nothing pleases him more than when the scene is Newmarket, where he can enjoy the racing without any approach to pomp and circumstance.

In October Sandown and Kempton woo public favour with a two days' meeting, whilst the

sporting district of which Liverpool is a convenient centre, is catered for in early November by a meeting lasting four days. Liverpool can always boast an influential attendance from Lancashire and Cheshire, and it is a meeting that stands high in favour with people who go racing. The season is always wound up with three days at Manchester, where a few good stakes appear amongst a number of £100 plates. Although but a matter of thirty-five miles apart, a great contrast exists between the Manchester and Liverpool meetings, *oi polloi* being in great force at Manchester, whereas the feature at Liverpool is the county stand. Another strong contrast is presented by the steeplechase courses of the two places. That on the Liverpool course at Aintree is world-renowned, whilst the one doing duty at Manchester does not escape being farcical, so insignificant are the fences. The Manchester racecourse company has the reputation of being the one giving its shareholders the largest returns of any racing company in the kingdom.



THE GRAND STAND.

(Photo: W. W. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)





THE GOLF HOUSE OF WESTWARD HO

(Photo. Mr. Gorton, Bideford.)

## WESTWARD HO AND MODERN GOLFERS.

BY HORACE G. HUTCHINSON

IT is not a little singular—there is, indeed, almost a poetical injustice about it—that Westward Ho, the very first links on which it was discovered that golf of the finest quality could possibly be played south of the Tweed, has now been left in a great measure stranded, as in a backwater, out of the current of modern golf laden with open and amateur championships and the rest of the great events. It is, of course, by no means because the golf at Westward Ho is not of the best that this not altogether lamentable fate has befallen it. It is by the accident of its geographical position, at the end of a line that leads to nowhere, that it enjoys this splendid isolation. But it is remarkable that a green isolated to this degree should have been the first, of a seaside character, on which the golfing pioneer of the South began his exploits. For this alone, had it no other merits, Westward Ho must command the pious affection of the modern golfer, for if a discoverer, under happy auspices, had not lighted on the remote but heaven-made course of Westward Ho, St. Andrew himself could hardly say how long the coming of the great golf wave might have been delayed.

At this time of day, when all the world is a golfer, it can scarcely be requisite to indicate the qualities that go to make a golf course of the first order; but here, at Westward Ho, these qualities found their highest expression in the lofty sandhills, crowned with marram grass, that

we called the "Alps," and their most pointed expression in the immense beds of assegai-like rushes—very tall and piercing. The "six-spot burnet" moth delights to weave its cocoons on their stems, but they are not of much use to man or beast, and they make a horrid (in both the classical and popular use of that word) hazard for the golfer. The better appreciated hazards, such as the sand-bunkers or pits, which are found on this land of alluvial deposit (of which all the best golf links are made) were not wanting. The distinctive feature of the first-class golf-links is sandy soil, distinguishing this country of alluvial deposit from the more clayey inland soils affected by that little enemy of the golfer, the worm. This kind of sandy deposit happens scarcely anywhere except at the debouchement of a river into the sea, and evidently it is just such conditions that have produced the links of Westward Ho, by the combined agency of the River Torridge, which winds like a gleam of silver through Charles Kingsley's greatest book, and of the tides of Bideford Bay. On this soil the grass grows crisp and short, and after the heaviest rainfall the surface dries quickly. It is country made to the golfer's order.

It is not very far from the truth to say that the greatest of modern golfers learned his game on the course thus created. If it be not strictly exact to say that J. H. Taylor is the greatest of modern golfers, at least it is true to say that no golfer of the day can be named who is distinctly

greater than he, and that three only are to be placed on a fair level with him. These three are J. Braid, Herd, the champion for 1902, and H. Vardon, who in 1903 won the championship for the fourth time.



H. VARDON. A HERD

(Photo: A. Downie, St. Andrews.)

Taylor won the honour on three occasions. We never yet have had a golfer of championship class whose game was learned on a green that is not of the first-rate quality and the sandy nature of Westward Ho. Herd was brought up at St. Andrews. Braid learned to play at Elie and Leven, on the north shores of the Firth of Forth; Vardon on the links near St. Helier's, in Jersey. All these courses are as truly of the sandy and alluvial character as Westward Ho itself. The four players named are almost admittedly the best of modern golfers. Which one of the four is the best is a matter of opinion, and of very diverse opinions. Perhaps it may be said that no man ever has had such a run of golfing success as has fallen to Vardon's lot. On the other hand, these four, Vardon, Braid, Herd, and Taylor, have been touring over the length and breadth of the kingdom. On the whole, they have proved themselves distinctly better than any of the local men whom they have met in course of their tour, even as they have proved themselves better when the whole company has met together in the big competitions; but between themselves now one and now another has been the victor, so that it has not been possible to say that one had any clear or permanent pull

over any of the other three. Neither has Westward Ho done badly in the amateur class. She won the championship cup for the amateur competition in each of the first two years of its institution, and it is always to be borne in mind in this connection that her players never have the advantage enjoyed by the local talent at St. Andrews, Prestwick, Muirfield, Hoylake, and Sandwich respectively, in successive years, of playing for a championship on their own familiar green. Westward Ho, although it is so excellent, and though it is the first of the really excellent courses, has been voted too remote from the centre of things for the big competitions to be held on its classic and sandy soil. In 1902 it happened that both open and amateur championships were held at Hoylake, where there are three great players, Mr. Ball, Mr. Hilton, and Mr. Graham, that must always make a very formidable triumvirate for the stranger to face. No such luck as this ever comes to Westward Ho. The ladies' championship has been played on the green; but the ladies are more enterprising than we. Miss Rhona Adair, an Irish lady, was the winner on the occasion that



THE LATE MR F. G. TAIT

(Photo: A. Downie, St. Andrews.)



"OLD TOM" MORRIS. MR. H. H. HILTON. MR. J. L. LOW

(Photo: A. Downie, St. Andrews.)

the ladies met in the West. The Irish ladies do better, relatively, than the men; though I believe that Mr. H. E. Reade is a native Irishman and a golfer as good as any; but the Irish have not yet won the championship that they throw open to English, Scotch, and all the world.

The hospitality of Ireland has always been proverbial. But though the Irish have not yet made the mark in golf that certainly they will make soon, the English have made marks more than enough and deeper than enough on this ancient game of Scotland. Braid's championship win, in 1901, was a wresting of the cup from English hands in which it had been held for seven years. This is a sad reckoning.

In the amateur championship two English players have successfully contended against those of Scotland. But Scotland suffered very sad loss of her golfing best (very nearly her best, if we take both professional and amateur classes together, and surely her best if we take the latter alone) in the death of poor "Freddie" Tait, of the Black Watch, in South Africa. And if there be a Scot of the amateur class on whom Mr. Tait's golfing mantle has fallen, surely it is on the shoulders of Mr. Robert Maxwell, who for long was singularly unfortunate in the circumstances that have prevented his taking part in principal competitions. In those scarcely minor events of Royal and Ancient Clubs' medal meetings and Honourable Company's, he has been wonderfully and uniformly successful. In 1903 he won the Amateur Championship of Scotland. He is Scotland's coming representative of the amateurs, as the old ones grow older, very certainly. In England I hardly think that Westward Ho can give us quite as good as Hoylake.

Golf, without doubt, begins to be a more exact science than in the brave days of old. It cannot fail to be. So many more play golf, and these play so much more golf, that the business is bound to improve. Even Vardon, Braid, Herd, and Taylor improve each other as they play together. Taylor has been stretched in his driving—he has learned to hit the ball far harder—from



THREE WELL-KNOWN GOLFERS.

(MR. HORACE HUTCHINSON, J. H. TAYLOR, AND BRAID.)

playing with Braid and Vardon; and Braid has learned to put from playing in such company. I do not know that Vardon had much to learn from any of them, but at least he has had the perpetual polish that keeps all bright. These men play so well that a mistake is a great rarity. Generally it is by holing a long putt or laying a long stroke quite close to the hole that one gets the advantage of the other, and not by any mistake made by the loser. The game of waiting for a mistake on the part of the opponent has with them ceased to be a paying one.

There are so many good nurseries of golf, so many links of the first quality in the kingdom now, that the eye of prophecy would need to be very keen indeed to tell us which of them is the most likely to produce the champions of the future; but none, in spite of their multitude, has yet been found to beat that first discovered by the golfing pioneer on the northern coast of Devon.



AMONG THE WESTWARD HO RUSHES

(Photo: Cassell & Co., Ltd)



## BARBEL FISHING.

BY JOHN BICKERDYKE.

NO one who has ever enjoyed a really good day's sport with barbel on the Thames or Trent, the two principal rivers where this fish is found, could be anything but enthusiastic on the subject. From a culinary point of view, the barbel is a coarse fish of the coarse; as to that, there is barely room for two opinions. I say barely, because I have met people who make a faint pretence of liking barbel when cooked with skilfully devised stuffing and a savoury gravy having, maybe, just a *soupeçon* of old port in it. But except in the hands of a *chef*, the barbel has so little value as an edible commodity that all caught, except specimens worthy a case, had best be returned to the water "to fight another day." There is, moreover, reason in acting thus, for our English relative of that brave fish, the Indian mahseer, is a mighty fighter, stronger for his size than most salmon—I cannot say all, for *Salmo salar* sometimes seems to possess superpiscine strength. Did he but rise to the fly, the barbel would be universally esteemed. As it is, when out of season in June, he exhibits a liking for little fishes—a liking of an appreciative rather than friendly nature, with the result that the Thames trout fisher, who has been patiently spinning for hours, and gets his hopes raised to the highest pitch by hooking and playing a heavy fish in the wild heavy water of the weir pool, often finds, to his dismay, when the landing-net is brought into requisition, that it is only a barbel after all. A little later on, when the close season for barbel is over, and these fish may be legally caught, it is rare for them to take any spinning or live bait, and they appear to become solely bottom feeders.

To the angler the question, What do barbel feed on? is not only interesting, but obviously of importance, and it is the more remarkable that no very precise reply can be given. We know that after their breeding season in the spring is over, and they have left the shallows, they betake themselves for the most part to deep runs, where the water is powerful, such places as weir pools being especially favoured. Swims where there is a gravelly bottom and the stream is of sufficient depth are by no means despised, whether overshadowed by bushes or lying alongside steep clay banks. We know also, as I have said, that they will seize small fish just after spawning, and that worms, gentles, greaves, lamperns (in autumn near the

head of the estuary), and occasionally cheese or other pastes, may be used with varying success as baits; but we cannot be said to know on what these fish really feed. In the winter, unless the weather is exceptionally mild, it would seem that, like tench, they hardly feed at all. So far as the angler is concerned, they may be said to afford sport in summer only, and then not unless various conditions, which I will endeavour to explain, are present.

It should be understood that the barbel fisher has to deal in the first place with a very shy fish, which, except at very early morn and late evening, does not as a rule feed at all eagerly so far as the baits offered them are concerned. The exceptions are when the river is nicely coloured after rain, but not too high nor thick—that is to say, not running turbulent and bank high and yellow as the Tiber. Secondly, the worm or other bait usually offered is apt to be eyed with indifference unless the natural caution of the fish has been disarmed by a perfect diet of worms, greaves, etc., as the case may be, for a day or two.

This last-mentioned condition having been duly fulfilled, the angler sets forth in the gray of early morning, long before the white mists have risen from the riverside meadows, and punts, or is punted, to the baited swim in the weir pool, where, unless he or his attendant is lacking in forethought, an iron-shod pole has been fixed from the day the first deposition of ground-bait took place. The old mill is not yet working, and as the alteration of the amount of water flowing over the weir when the dripping wheel is set in motion may put the fish off the feed, no time is lost in baiting the hook. With a sure cast, the leaded line is flung out over the spot where the shoal of barbel is supposed to be. At the same time a little ground-bait is judiciously cast in, not so much with the object of collecting the fish as to lead them to suppose that just such another banquet as they are daily becoming more and more accustomed to is about to take place. Alas, that one *plat* of to-day's feast should contain so indigestible an ingredient as a finely-tempered and artistically curved and pointed piece of steel wire!

The tackle is simple, but cruelly artful. Just a hook, a yard or two of gut, and a bullet. But the bullet is bored and the line runs through the boring. Thus, when the innocent but coy barbel tenderly lifts up the worm and moves a little way

with it, the line runs through the lead; no resistance is felt, no alarm is given.

The angler in the punt intuitively divines these things. All that he can see is the surface of the smiling water which his fine line cuts at an angle. There is no float to watch; only the fairly taut line and the good cane rod.

Suddenly there is, in the language of barbel fishers, a knock—a double knock, indeed. It may be a steady draw on the line, or it may be two or more vigorous pulls. In either case, the barbel fisher strikes and finds himself into, if I may again be pardoned for using fisherman's slang, a powerful fish which, on finding itself hooked, swims vigorously several yards, and then commences heading downwards towards the old piles and concrete blocks lying at the bottom of the whirlpool.

It is an exciting moment, for the first minute or two will probably decide whether this fish will be

in search of piles, snags, concrete blocks, and freedom. But there is no more freedom for this gallant fish. Inch by inch the angler works him to the surface, where the great bronze-coloured body with its pink-edged fins are now seen through the clear water.

"Quick! the net! Thank you. That's a six-pounder if it's an ounce."

It is well to rebait quickly, for the miller may start his mill at any moment now, and cut off some of our water before there is time to catch a couple of barbel. But this morning our friend is in luck. Something has gone wrong with the mill wheel, and up to eight o'clock the fishing continues with varying fortune. Sometimes it is a dace or a chub or a large roach which takes the lob-worm, but the dace more often miss the hook. At length the miller's man makes his appearance on the weir. Some of the water is about to be cut off, and the mill will begin working. The sun,



FISHING FOR BARBEL, TEDDINGTON.

(Photo: J. Temple, Richmond)

caught or no; but the angler keeps calm as a female post-office clerk when engaged in conversation with a friend, however many lady customers may be waiting to be served. The rod curves gracefully, but the point is ever kept up, and a steady strain—the most the tackle will safely bear—is maintained. As likely as not, after the first run, no line is yielded or regained for a minute or two, but then the fish comes a little higher in the water, and a turn or two of the reel is taken. But that turn or two gives to the strained fish's mouth a more or less alarming wobbling kind of feeling, and the barbel takes another dive down

too, is getting high in the heavens; so our friend wisely goes home to breakfast, hoping that in the late evening he may add another brace or two to the five heavy barbel which are moving sulkily to and fro in the well of his punt.

There are days, of course, when the fish, however well baited and carefully angled for, refuse to feed. I well remember one of the kind, when our bag at the end of the day consisted of a Thames trout weighing considerably over 5 lb., and three jack, which we caught at the corner of a rush-bed when punting in to go home for breakfast in the morning and to fetch the lunch basket in the

afternoon, while the third one was caught in the evening when we left the weir pool. Not a single fish of any kind attempted to take the worm except the trout in question, and that, by the way, bolted off with the rod which was lying over the side of the punt. It was fortunately a light cane one, so floated, and was recaptured by casting the pike paternoster over it with another rod which was at hand.

On the lower Thames a great many barbel are

disappointing, for, owing to its being hooked in the back fin, the barbel played so powerfully that Francis Francis thought he had hooked at least a twelve-pounder. Six-and-a-half pounds notwithstanding, the feat, having regard to the tackle used, is one of the most remarkable in the annals of angling history.

I once saw a roach fisher in a Thames weir pool kill a considerably larger barbel than this on extremely fine roach tackle, but the fish was fairly



PLAYING A BARBEL.

(Photo: J. Temple, Richmond.)

caught by roach fishers on extremely fine tackle. The greatest feat of the kind I ever heard of was the hooking by the late Francis Francis of a 6-lb. barbel in the back fin. Roach tackle was being used, and the hook was tied on to a single hair. It must have been nearly dark at the time, for the fish was hooked about five o'clock one December afternoon. Francis Francis held the barbel until his arms were tired, and then handed the rod to a friend; he, too, tired and passed on the rod to a fisherman, who, tiring in his turn, gave it back to Francis Francis. Lanterns and warm liquid refreshments were brought, and the fish was ultimately landed three hours and a half after it was hooked. To a certain extent the incident was

hooked in the mouth. It took him over an hour to kill it, and he was quite exhausted at the end of that time owing to the exceeding care which he had to give to the fish. Salmon fishers, of course, have great fights with fish, but, as a rule, they use very strong tackle. Certainly less skill is required with the average salmon hooked on the casts and lines generally used than in the killing of the two barbel I have mentioned, and many more which are taken by roach fishers in the lower Thames during the summer.

On the Thames float tackle is sometimes used for barbel. The bait may travel along the bottom, or, which is better, it may be held stationary, in which case the line has to be somewhat



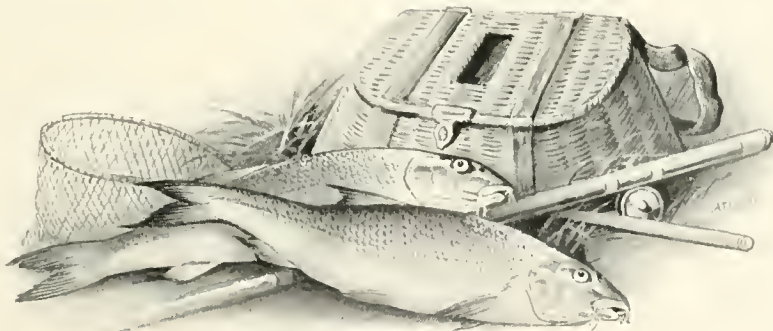
heavily weighted. On the Trent float tackle is more used than on the Thames, the reason probably being that the river generally is a rather shallow one, and the barbel are caught in much less water than in the Thames. The fish being so shy, the difficulty of course is to get out of its sight in such shallow water. This is effected by the angler letting a quantity of line off his reel and allowing the float to travel down stream to a considerable distance. As often as not, the Trent angler does not ground-bait a swim overnight, but roams down the river bank from swim to swim. He casts in a dozen or so worms, cut into small pieces, to set the fish feeding, and then his cleverly arranged tackle comes floating down the stream. After catching a brace of barbel from the swim, he as likely as not passes on to another.

In low, clear water such as we often have during the summer both in the Thames and Trent barbel are exceedingly hard to capture, and various little dodges have to be employed to mislead them. One is to use what is called a clay ball. A number of worms are mixed up with clay, and the whole is squeezed into a ball, in which is placed the baited hook and a few inches of the line next it. This is carefully lowered into a deepish swim, and I may say here that the clearer the water the deeper it should be for successful barbel fishing. Then the fish come round—or are supposed to come round; they dig their noses into the clay ball, and finally one takes the worm which is on the hook. Some anglers make the baited hook project just outside the ball.

When the water is clear and low, the barbel will often more readily take a small bait presented to them on a small hook than the regulation lob-worm. Thus it is, I suppose, that so many roach fishers in the lower Thames, where swims containing barbel are often fished for roach, so frequently hook these powerful fish when the barbel fisher proper utterly fails. A very clever

plan for catching barbel when the fish are apparently off the feed is a modification of the clay-ball system already described. Instead of clay, some bread, bran, and potatoes are mixed up into a stiff paste; the tackle consists merely of a length of gut and a hook, with, of course, the usual running line. The hook is of the size used for large roach. It is baited with gentles, and a large ball of the bran bait is squeezed on to the gut just above the bait. This is lowered into some quiet corner of the weir pool where barbel are known to lie, and by its means a fish or two is often secured. I have known clever fishermen catch barbel in certain spots by casting a worm like a fly, but there had to be a few shot on the line to sink it. There were one or two swims in particular near Hambleton weir pool, where in the early part of the season large barbel might be seen lying in swift running water not more than two feet in depth under some overhanging bushes. It was deemed impossible to reach these fish, until the idea of casting a worm with the fly-rod crossed the mind of an ingenious local angler, who thus managed to lure a fish or two out of their charming July quarters.

Now and again we hear of sensational takes of barbel being made. This usually occurs after a long drought, when, owing to the river having fallen exceedingly low, the fish have collected in deep holes. Then comes two or three days' heavy rain, and before the river has risen enough to cause the fish to betake themselves to their usual quarters, the water colours a little, some fortunate angler baits up the hole, finds there are barbel on the scene, and sometimes catches them, not by the pound, but by the hundredweight. Fortunately, as a rule, when this takes place, the great majority are returned. Barbel, indeed, deserve generous treatment at the hands of anglers, for, as I said at the commencement of the chapter, they apparently live only to provide sport. They are the carted deer among fishes.





THE BELVOIR HUNT

(Photo: Elliott &amp; Fry, Baker Street, W)

## SOME FAMOUS PACKS OF FOXHOUNDS.

By T. F. DALE.

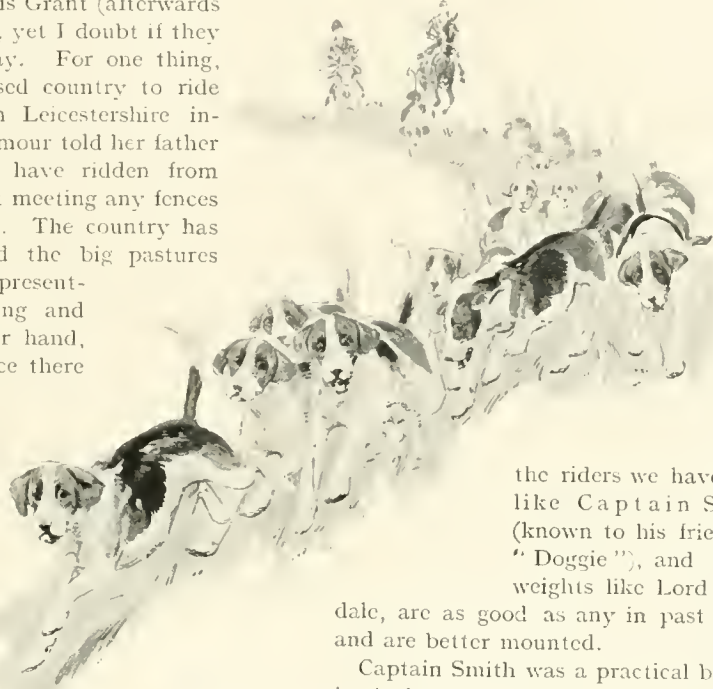
WHY some countries over which we hunt have a world-wide fame is a question that may well be put at the head of this paper. The answer of some people would be that it is a matter of fashion. But the leaders of English fashion are moved by solid reasons and a determination to have the best. Now, while there is plenty of sport to be had elsewhere, no one can really deny that fox-hunting is at its best in Leicestershire and Northamptonshire.

First of all, these are chiefly grazing countries, and turf carries scent better and is pleasanter to ride over than plough. Then the coverts are for the most part small, and there are many foxes, so that a larger part of the day is spent in hunting and fewer hours in searching for the fox and then persuading him to break covert. The present writer after some seasons in Leicestershire went for a winter to Hampshire, and was at once struck with the amount of time spent in looking for the fox. For a like reason Melton is the fashionable centre for the best countries. It is by far the most convenient place to live in. Three packs—and those the most famous in the world—are reached from Melton by road—the Belvoir, the

Quorn, and the Cottesmore. Two more are accessible—Mr. Fernie's and the Pytchley, the former by road or rail, the latter by rail. Within the limits of these five hunts is included the cream of the fox-hunting country of England. Melton, then but an insignificant village, was discovered by the first Lord Forester, who found it convenient for Belvoir Castle and for hunting with the Quorn. That pack had already become famous under Mr. Meynell, while the Belvoir and the Cottesmore, now so fashionable, were still but little thought of. Mr. Forester and Mr. Childe of Kinlet were the first men who saw that Mr. Meynell's improved system of hunting hounds opened the way to a new style of riding, and they set the example of the "Splittercockation" pace which amazed Mr. Meynell, as it has done many other masters since, and revolutionised fox-hunting. From being the local pastime of a few squires and farmers riding over each other's lands, it grew into the great national sport which it is to-day.

They rode hard, these fathers of fox-hunting, and the fame of the band of men who, attracted by the brilliant sport, gradually gathered at Melton has come down to us. Assheton Smith

and Osbaldeston were successive masters who hunted their own hounds—a novelty in those days, for the great Mr. Meynell never took the horn himself. Then there was Lord Alvanley, a wit in London, a practical joker at Melton; Lord Gardner, who lived, however, chiefly at "The Bell," at Leicester; Mr. Little Gilmour, Lord Macdonald, Captain White, and Sir Francis Grant (afterwards P.R.A.). These all rode hard, yet I doubt if they surpassed our riders of to-day. For one thing, we have a much more enclosed country to ride over. A lady who hunts in Leicestershire informed me that Mr. Little Gilmour told her father that in his time you could have ridden from Leicester to Grantham without meeting any fences except the big boundary ones. The country has now been much enclosed, and the big pastures are much divided. Therefore present-day riders have less galloping and more jumping. On the other hand, they have sounder going, since there has been much drainage. Hounds are faster, inasmuch as in a modern pack all are nearer to the standard of the best, and the pace is regulated by the hound of average speed that runs in the middle. Horses, too, are no doubt faster. Thus,



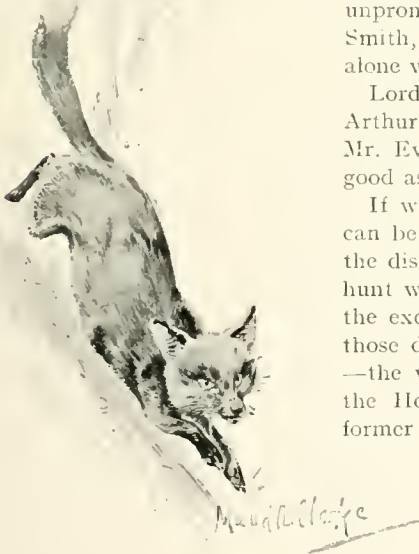
the riders we have seen, like Captain Smith (known to his friends as "Doggie"), and heavy-

weights like Lord Lonsdale, are as good as any in past times, and are better mounted.

Captain Smith was a practical believer in Assheton Smith's axiom: "There is no place you cannot get over with a fall." "It can't be done, Doggie," said a friend, as they sailed down with a good start and hounds running hard to a most unpromising place. "Yes, it can, with a fall," replied Captain Smith, who thereupon rode at it, took his fall, and went on alone with hounds.

Lord Lonsdale, Tom Furr, late huntsman to the Quorn, Arthur Thatcher, the present huntsman to the Cottesmore, and Mr. Evan Hanbury, the master of that pack, are, or were, as good as any riders in the past.

If we consider the various hunts round Melton—and there can be no better centre—the best to ride over will be found in the district hunted by the Quorn. Everyone has heard of that hunt who has heard of fox-hunting at all. Its fame rests on the excellence of its grass pastures as ground to ride over in those districts where the pack meets on Mondays and Fridays—the very choicest stretch of riding ground in Leicestershire, the Hoby Vale, being in the part visited by hounds on the former day. The Quorn hunt have, however, seldom been famous for their hounds, and even Tom Furr, great as he was in the field, did not shine equally in the kennels; and the Quorn pack of to-day does not stand very high from the point of view of make and shape. This, of course, is made more noticeable by contrast with the Belvoir. The Duke of



Rutland's hounds do not hunt over so perfect a country as the best of the Quorn, the Belvoir Vale being sometimes very deep, and the fences, as a famous clerical follower of the pack used to say, "make one tremble." The Belvoir country has some plough and a great deal of wood, but there is more variety than the Quorn provides. The pride of Belvoir is its pack of hounds. Some years ago there was a famous old hound, Gambler, who was perhaps the best foxhound ever bred up



to that time. He was descended from another famous Belvoir dog, Weathergage. But Gambler was handsomer than his ancestor. He was a hound with a wonderful constitution, and lived far beyond the ordinary age of hounds. Frank Gillard, who was huntsman to the late and present Dukes of Rutland, told me that after the old dog was too old to go out regularly with the pack, and was given his liberty round the kennels, he would often join the hounds when they were hunting the woods round the Castle. Then the old hound's deep challenge would ring out as powerfully as ever. But latterly he grew deaf, and since he could no longer hear their music he soon lost the pack. Then he would trot solemnly back to kennel by himself. This famous hound now has descendants in almost every kennel in England, all noted for their scenting power and their musical voices.

The Belvoir pack, too, has had many distinguished followers. The Castle has received within its hospitable walls most people of distinction, whether foreigners or English-born, during the past century. Thus the Belvoir hunt has given their only experience of a great English sport to many foreigners. With these hounds Beau Brummel, a favourite guest at the Castle in the time of the present Duke's father, used to hunt a little and consume much bread and cheese and beer at the farmhouses. Here, too, the great Duke of Wellington came on a visit, and was so well mounted by Lord Tweeddale, a former A.D.C. of his, that he is recorded to have said that he did not find Leicestershire much more difficult to ride over than Hampshire.

At Belvoir the Prince Consort delighted everyone by riding straight in a good run when he saw fox-hunting for the first time in his life, and the late Queen noted in her Diary how much this feat added to the Prince's popularity. Another celebrity who hunted from Belvoir was Lord Beaconsfield, though we hear nothing of the famous (but apocryphal Arab mare of his earlier experiences. I always think that mare was own sister to the Arab that won the steeplechase in "Coningsby" for Sidonia.

The best known meet of the Belvoir hounds is

Croxton Park, whither they go every Wednesday, and from which they draw some small but good coverts. This is one of the meets to which all Melton folk come, and four or five hundred horsemen and horsewomen gather there each week from November to March.

The meeting-place is near the ruins of a hunting lodge to which the wife of the fourth Duke (the beautiful Mary Isabella Somerset) liked to retire from Belvoir, and there, too, are the ponds in which the poet Crabbe was wont to fish while chaplain to Belvoir. One of the boldest men that ever followed the Belvoir was the sixth Duke. He certainly shortened his hunting career, and perhaps his life also, by the severity of the falls he took. While he was yet Marquis of Granby he jumped the wall of Croxton Park, not far from the race stand. The wall is over 5 feet in height, with a considerable drop. On another occasion the Duke charged the River Witham between Great Ponton and Grantham, and actually reached the other side. But his most dangerous feat was when he swam the Lincolnshire canal and was very nearly drowned, as the banks were rotten and he had much difficulty in getting out.

But if to-day we were to go to Melton or to Oakham—and the latter town is liked better than Melton by those who think the famous hunting centre has been a little spoilt by its prosperity—the talk would be of the Cottesmore country. This is a fox-hunter's paradise, with its wild foxes, very little wire, and a country which is as likely as any to carry a scent in open weather. There, too, the hounds are hunted by a man who stands out as one of the very best huntsmen of our time—Arthur Thatcher. The Cottesmore huntsman is likely to be remembered in the history of fox-hunting with Goosey, Goodall, Firr, Gillard, Dick Burton, and other famous hunt servants of the past, the men who have helped to give hunting the high character it has among our national sports.

Of all the many huntsmen with whom I have followed hounds there is none better than Thatcher. He can bring his hounds away quickly on the line



ARTHUR THATCHER, HUNTSMAN TO THE COTTESMORE.

(Photo: Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.)



THE COTTESMORE PACK.  
(Photo: Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.)





THE COTTESMORE FOXHOUNDS.

(Photo: Elliott &amp; Fry, Baker Street W.)

of a fox, allow them to work out a cold scent for themselves, or drive them closely when the scent is fair. He seldom mars, and often makes, a run. The Cottesmore has a history, though it is not so old as the Pytchley, so interesting as the Belvoir, or so full of change as the Quorn. Founded by Mr Noel, of Exton, it was perhaps best known during the long time the fortunes of the hunt were ruled by the Lowther family. The thrusters of Melton voted the Cottesmore rather slow, but they hunted with them nevertheless, for no pack could show better sport. The Ladies Lowther of that day used to ride in scarlet habits, but though some attempts have been made to introduce this colour for ladies in the field, the colour is so unbecoming to most people that there is very little chance of these habits becoming general. The Cottesmore has among its list of masters one of the very best sportsmen that ever lived, the late Sir Richard Sutton. Mr. Fernie's country is, in reality, historically a part of the Quorn, and the Melton visitors hunt with that pack on Thursdays. It is rather a long ride, or drive, from Melton, but the railway which defaces the country and often spoils sport, is nevertheless useful in giving a much wider range to hunting people than they could otherwise have. It is certain that we think much more of ten miles to covert than our grandfathers did of twenty. But the galloping hack

is not such a prominent feature at Leicestershire meets as he was. The much larger number of women who hunt nowadays have made trains or wheeled carriages the most convenient means of reaching the fixture.

The covert hack is practically nearly extinct, and its place is taken by polo ponies earning their winter corn. On Thursday in one way or another a great many people assemble in Mr. Fernie's country. It is all grass; there is not much wire, and every yard of the country is historic. You may, for instance, be taken to Shangton Holt, the last covert drawn by Assheton Smith in Leicestershire. If there is a fox, you can hardly fail of a good gallop. Whether the run be long or short, you cannot fail to enjoy riding over that glorious turf, and, if you and your horse are bold, crossing the big, but clean, fair fences; or, if your riding days have passed, then the gates are many and well hung, as you gallop, say, by way of Noseley to the Dingle at Rolleston Hall, once the residence of Mr. Greene, a much beloved master of the Quorn hunt. Another famous sportsman of the old time, Osbaldeston, was fond of this country. In those days this side of the Quorn was, as has been said, much more open, and the fences less stiff. Possibly, too, the fact of the fields not being so well drained caused a stronger scent. At all events, this country of Mr. Fernie's, which has



been known in turn as the South Quorn and the Billesdon, and was famous as Mr. Tailby's, was certainly the part of Leicestershire about which one reads the most in old sporting magazines and chronicles of hunting.

Taking Melton as a centre, one naturally does not often hunt with the Pytchley. Nevertheless, it is a great county, carrying a good scent. Round Market Harborough the country is stiff and severe, and this has, no doubt, made that pleasant town less fashionable with hunting visitors than Melton. The Pytchley is one of the oldest of hunting countries, dating from the eighteenth century. Like the Quorn, it has had its vicissitudes, and it is only of late years that the Pytchley has had a pack of hounds worthy of the country across which it hunts. The present pack, built up by Mr. Wroughton (the late master) and John Isaacs, the huntsman, has won many prizes at Peterborough show. What is better, it has shown admirable sport. Probably the Pytchley Lady Pack is the third best in England, the Belvoir coming first and the Cottesmore next. An amusing story is told of this pack. On one occasion these hounds had a fine gallop of four or five miles straight on end. One hound led the pack all the way. When the huntsman was asked which it was, he was fain to confess it was

a hound from the Llangibby; and there is no doubt that the Welsh hounds have a wonderful gift of holding to the line of a hunted fox.

The Pytchley are noted for a few famous riders, such as Sir Albert Muntz, who is a wonderful heavy-weight, Lord Annaly, the present master, who charged the River Swift in the season 1001-2 when it was in flood, and reached the other side in safety, leaving at least two followers in the stream. In Miss Dawkins the Pytchley can boast the hardest lady rider of our day. There have been many famous men among its masters. Lord Althorp, who, like Lord Spencer to-day, succeeded in both sport and politics, was one of the earliest and keenest, till he was drawn away from hunting by the fascination of fat bullocks. Then there were Mr. Osbaldeston, who, with all deductions for his eccentricities, was a fine huntsman, and "The Other" Tom Smith, so called to distinguish him from Mr. Assheton Smith. Lastly, there were George Payne, the most popular man who ever



THE QUORN HUNT.

(Photo: Elliott & Fry, Baker Str., et. W.)

was "no one's enemy but his own;" and Charles Payn, the huntsman, sketched to the life by Whyte Melville in the famous description of a run from Crick Gorse in that immortal book "Market

ists are among the enthusiasts. In his earlier days our present King, Edward VII., sought recreation in the hunting fields. Leicestershire responded well as became a great hunting country,



MR. FERNIE'S HOUNDS.

(Photo: Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.)

Harborough," which is still the best sporting novel in existence.

Hunting in Leicestershire is bound up with our national life and the history of the nineteenth century. Statesmen and Cabinet Ministers, like the present Duke of Rutland, Lord Spencer, and Mr. Chaplin, artists, novelists, soldiers, diplomat-

to the call for yeomen, and one of its smallest but most charming villages, whence I am now writing, sent several gallant lads to South Africa for three years. Of all sports, hunting is perhaps the happiest, healthiest, and most wholesome, and nothing but its own popularity can ever destroy it in England.



## THE BOW AND CROSS-BOW ON THE CONTINENT.

By COLONEL WALROND.



L'OISEAU.

importance which was their members are both numerous and enthusiastic in the pursuit of the particular branch of the sport which they affect.

In France the long-bow is the favourite, the use of the cross-bow having declined during the last fifteen years, and the tendency being to join the more popular rifle clubs. The "Chevaliers du tir à l'arc," as the societies of archers are called, claim to have been in existence since A.D. 825, when they were established at St. Medard in Soisson, to guard the resting-place of the body of St. Sebastian, the patron saint of archers. The shrine was visited by numerous pilgrims, disorders took place, and an archer guard was formed by the abbot, who thus, so says tradition, became Grand Master of all the archers in France. To a great extent his jurisdiction was acknowledged by the various societies, but in the early part of the seventeenth century, his pretensions becoming inconvenient, both King and Government found it necessary to repudiate his authority. The societies became numerous, charters were granted to them, they enjoyed extensive privileges, received subsidies of wine, etc., from the municipal authorities of the towns to which they belonged, and held joint meetings or "Bouquets" annually with the neighbouring companies. All their meetings were solemn and ceremonious functions, and the Chevaliers themselves, then as now, were subject to a severe code of statutes, which they were sworn to observe. Suppressed at the Revolution, they were soon re-established and protected, their statutes (the same which existed in 1733) tending to make them good citizens, and encouraging

proper conduct and behaviour. In France, archery is essentially a popular sport, in the sense of its being practised almost entirely by workmen and the *bourgeois* class. Unlike his English counterpart, who seeks his relaxation by attending a football match and mauling the umpire when he does not approve of his decision, the French *ouvrier*, his day's work being finished, repairs to the comparative solitude of the "Jardin de l'arc," and there practises the peaceful sport of archery. Probably this is typical of their different natures. The Englishman, phlegmatic during his work, seeks excitement as a relaxation, while the more animated Gaul needs quiet during his leisure.

There are two sorts of archery in France—shooting "à la perche" and "aux buttes," or "berceaux." For the former, a mast 35 metres, or about 120 feet, high, is set up, across the top of which are wires of graduated lengths (the shortest being the upper one, sometimes straight and sometimes curved upwards. On the top of the mast is placed a wooden bird or "oiseau," and at equal distances on each of the cross-pieces are wire pins, on which are placed other birds, of a second class sort, made of a piece of wood



A B  
FRENCH  
ARROWS.

- A. TARGET  
SHOOTING.  
B. SHOOTING  
À LA PERCHE



L'OISEAU.  
(THE SECOND CLASS  
SORT.)

with a feather or ribbon fastened to it. The object of the shooter is to knock off one of these "oiseaux," to each of which a specific value is attached, the top one, of course, being the most valuable. The pole, heavily



weighted at the bottom, works on a pivot, so that it can be raised or lowered at will, in order to arrange the birds. The bows used are very strong, weighing as much as 120 lbs., and the point of the arrow or "maquet" is of horn, and has a flat top, an inch in diameter. To avoid danger from falling arrows, the attendant is fitted out with an umbrella-shaped hat, made of wicker-work, which covers his head and shoulders, and a pent house is provided, either under the mast or at the side, for the competitors. This sort of shooting is the popular one in the North of France

smaller but similar targets, called "brochettes," being placed round the "marmot" for a "Grand Prix." If there is only one "marmot" the most central shot wins, and so on, but if the other targets are added, special prizes are also given for the most central hit in each. Each butt has a stone or wooden shelter built over it, and above the butt a mirror is often placed so as to reflect what is taking place at the opposite one, while on each side of the range there are wooden screens to stop wild arrows. Up the range are three paths, divided by strips of turf, the centre one being



THE PROCESSION OF THE BOUQUET.

only, being unknown round Paris, where "le tir aux berceaux" is the favourite.

The "tir aux berceaux," or "aux buttes," as it is indifferently called, is conducted in a far more ceremonious manner.\* It takes place in a "Jardin de l'arc," and is butt or target shooting, at from 33 to 50 metres. (1 metre equals 39½ inches.) The butts are made of compressed straw, and against the face of each a white cardboard target is fixed by means of long iron pins with a truncated head. It is 42 inches by 30, has a black centre or "marmot" of 1½ inch diameter, with two rings round it, the outer one being called the "cordon doré." This is the ordinary target, but it is varied by other

\* For the photograph showing La Butte and for those of the procession, the author is indebted to MM. Cuvetier and Direz.

called "L'allée du Roi," and the others "des Chevaliers," and no one but the *roi*, or president, is allowed to go to the opposite butt by the centre path. In shooting, the "roi" begins, and standing on the "pas," or shooting point, he removes his cap, bows to the chevaliers, replaces his cap, cries "Gare!" shoots an arrow, and retires. The Chevalier next in seniority then steps on the "pas," uncovers, bows first to the "roi" and then to other chevaliers, cries "Gare!" in his turn, and retires, and so on till all have shot one arrow. They then shoot back in a similar way from the opposite end, backward and forward, till the appointed number of arrows (from thirty to sixty) has been shot. The great event of the year, however, is the opening day of the annual "Bouquet

Provincial," or general meeting of the various societies in the *arrondissement*, which is alternately held at one of the towns in the district, and observed as a great "fête." On the appointed day the various companies proceed to the rendezvous by road and rail, accompanied by their tambour and standard, under command of their captain. The town is decorated, triumphal arches are erected, and each company on its arrival is ceremoniously received by the company belonging to the town and the civic authorities, the standards are lowered, and the drums beaten. A procession is then formed, headed by the halberdier, massed drums, and bands, in which all the local authorities, both civic and ecclesiastical, take part, as well as the various companies (from 50 to 200), with their standards. The great features of the show, however, are the "bouquet" (a gigantic arrangement of flowers in a handsome Sevres vase), and the prizes, which are all duly carried in the *cortège*. The place of honour is given to the prize presented by the President of the Republic, the bouquet coming next, borne on the shoulders of the fairest of the "demoiselles du bouquet," the others forming an escort on either side, some carrying prizes in their hands, and others holding white silk ribbons attached to the bouquet, but all uniformly dressed in white, with blue sashes and white flowers in their hair. A solemn mass of St. Sebastian is then celebrated in some open space,



LA BUTTE.

and the bouquet is conveyed to the church, its resting-place for the year. The prize competition is a long business, lasting from a month to six weeks, each company shooting in turn, and on its completion the distribution of prizes takes place.

Within the last two years, shooting in an open space at moveable targets on the English model has been introduced, and seems likely to become popular when it is better known. Ladies and gentlemen are also taking it up, but as yet the matter is not understood, and it is rather disconcerting just as an arrow is being loosed to have a drum beaten close behind one. The bows used are light, weighing from 28 lb. to 36 lb., and are in two pieces joined together by a socket at the handle. The arrows have pointed, instead of flat, horn heads.

As has already been said, the cross-bow is not now much used, and there are only a few companies still remaining in the neighbourhood of Paris, though they are more numerous in the North. The ranges are from 40 to 28 metres, "traits" being used at the former, and "flechettes" at the latter. The target is similar to the one used at butt shooting, the most central hit coming first. Many of the cross-bow men shoot very well, and they are of a superior class to the "Chevaliers." A well-known actor at the Comédie Française is stated to have performed the feat of William Tell several times, and to be quite ready to try again. Should any reader be anxious to take the part of the son, here is a chance!

In Belgium the cross-bow is still popular, and is a good deal used, both for "bird" and target shooting. For the former, a mast similar to the one already described, but only 17 metres high,



LA PERCHE

(Photo: Col. St. Leger, D.S.O.)

is set up, having at the top a cross-piece on which are from seven to eleven strong springs, in each of which a "bird," made of very hard wood, is securely fixed. Bullets are used, and the shooter who finally brings down the bird secures the prize; but it often happens that a bird is hit many times by various shooters before it is secured. A cloth is stretched above the top of the pole to catch the bullets. Target shooting is practised at 50 to 60 metres (bolts taking the place of bullets), the target being of white cardboard, and a metresquare. In the centre is a black bull's-eye ("la rose"), 10 centimetres in diameter (a hit in which counts twenty-five), and round it are several circles gradually decreasing in value. The maker of the highest score wins, the number of shots varying, and ties are shot off, when the bolt nearest to the centre wins. The long-bow also has its votaries, and the shooting is the same as is described as taking place in France, but without the same ceremonies, nor is there any bouquet.

The Society of St. Sebastian, at Bruges, were in probably the unique position during the late reign, of counting the Queen of England among its members, as her late Majesty joined it in 1843, and on attaining the fiftieth year of membership in 1893 presented a cup commemorative of the event. King Charles II. was also a member of this society, and presented to it a silver mace, which is still in its possession.

In Holland, as in France, the companies of archers or "Gildes" have an ancient origin, and formerly they were very powerful and rich corporations. Many very fine pictures of their doings, not wholly unconnected with feasting, are in existence, and numerous fine gold and silver collars and badges of their "Keisers" are to be seen in various collections. At present archery is, as in France, practically confined to the working-classes, and takes place under much the same conditions, but the ranges are more closely shut in by wooden screens.



THE BOUQUET AND MAIDS OF HONOUR.



## SHOOTING ELAND AND OTHER ANTELOPES.

By H. A. BRYDEN.



ELAND.  
(Photo: Rudland.)

THE largest, and in many respects the most magnificent, antelope in the world, the Eland, has for several reasons been always eagerly pursued by all African hunters, whether native or European. No other antelopes, and few even of the domesticated cattle, have the faculty of putting on flesh and fat in so remarkable a manner as

the bulls of this species; the animals are easily ridden into by the mounted sportsman; the venison is not excelled by that of any other beast of chase; the hide is in great request; the horns afford handsome trophies; and the result is that this splendid antelope has been so pursued and persecuted that it is now completely exterminated in many immense regions where formerly it roamed in mighty herds. When the Cape Dutch first landed in South Africa, in 1652, they found Elands common in the vicinity of Table Mountain. Thence, right away to the Zambesi and far beyond, these noble antelopes ranged (as they must have ranged for untold thousands of years) in almost complete security. The assaults of lions and the feeble weapons of the savage made no perceptible impression on the herds of these goodly beasts, and it was not till the Dutch had been 150 years in South Africa and improved arms of precision came into vogue that the legions of these and other great game animals of the country began to show serious signs of diminution.

At the present time the Eland has been cleared from Cape Colony, Natal, Zululand, the Transvaal, Orange River Colony, and Lower Bechuanaland. But from the Bechuanaland Protectorate northward through Africa, in country suited to its habits, it may still be found in fair abundance, until British East Africa on the one hand and Angola on the other are reached. It is not to be met with in the dense forest regions of the Congo, but, passing over a wide stretch of country on the West Coast and in Central Africa, it is found again

in the interior of Senegambia and Gambia. Here a somewhat different species is met with—the Senegambian, or Derbian, Eland, of which a few living specimens were some fifty years since to be found in the famous Knowsley collection of Lord Derby. Little is known of this Eland, save that it was of immense stature and carried horns exceeding considerably in size those of the other Elands of South and Central Africa. The finest known pair of horns of the ordinary Eland measure a trifle over 35 inches in length; a pair of the Senegambian species, to be seen in the Berlin Museum, measure 40 inches. Almost nothing has been heard of this Senegambian Eland for many years past; it remains for British hunters to rediscover it in the Gambia country and bring home specimens.

The South African bull Eland attains a stature at the shoulder of from 5 feet 9 inches to 6 feet, and will, when fat and in good condition, weigh from 1,500 lbs. to close on 1,800 lbs. The body colour is a pale fawn. A bull Eland, when food is abundant and to its liking, puts on flesh in a quite amazing manner. Such masses of fat, indeed, are collected round its heart, that occasionally an old plethoric male, when hard pressed by the mounted hunter, has actually been known to fall dead without a shot being fired.



KLIPSPRINGER.  
(Photo: Rudland.)

Elands possess the faculty, in common with some few other antelopes and the giraffe, of being able to exist for long periods without drinking. The Elands of the Kalahari Desert, where surface

water is absolutely lacking during a great portion of the year, undoubtedly exist without drinking for seven or eight months at a stretch—that is in the dry season, between the end of April and the beginning of November. They find in places the bitter water melon and a desert root which they are probably able to dig up, and which contains a certain quantity of moisture; but, apart from this possible supply, they refrain, by compulsion, from drinking altogether during the months of winter. Yet even at this season I have found them, in the heart of the Kalahari, fat and in splendid condition.

Stalking Eland on foot is not always easy sport. The antelopes are shy and suspicious, and unless in fairly bushed country or thin forest, are not easy of approach. On horseback it is a very different story. Let me try and describe an Eland hunt after this manner. The waggons are outspanned in one of the driest portions of that mighty waste—level for the most part—of grass plains, thin bush, and open forest, known as the Kalahari. It is dawn, and word comes in by one of our native "boys" that Elands have been feeding in the night within a few hundred yards of our camp. A hurried breakfast, and we are saddled up, and on the spoor. For four or five miles, following the tracks of a biggish troop, we ride alternately through thin, low

mopani timber and thorny scrub, diversified by wide open grass glades, until we come to a belt of bush and timber. Rounding an angle of this belt, we suddenly set eyes on three or four great fawn-coloured antelopes, which no sooner spy us than they plunge into the timber and disappear. Spurring our nags, we gallop round the timber belt, and presently see, two or three hundred yards in front of us, a fine herd of Eland, numbering between thirty and forty, all told. They are in full flight, going at that grand swinging trot which distinguishes these antelopes. We now push after the troop full tilt, and, as we approach them, they separate somewhat, allowing us to single out our beasts and devote our attentions exclusively to them. My hunting friend, mounted on a fast pony, pushes, left-handed, in pursuit of a fine cow, which, after a run of several minutes, he gallops down and shoots from the saddle. He now makes after yet another

great cow, with a singularly even pair of horns, and after a somewhat longer and more determined gallop, gets up to her stern, and with a couple of shots lays her low. More to the right of the main body of the big, dun-coloured antelopes, now fleeing for their lives, ride a native after-rider, mounted on a conspicuous grey pony—and myself. There are no big bulls in this troop, and the native has attached himself to a fine young two-year-old bull, which threads the thin forest a couple of hundred yards to my right, while I follow a magnificent cow, whose horns I have specially noted. She presses on for a mile or so. It is astonishing how easily and how lightly so heavy a beast—she weighs as much as a well-grown cow at home—leaps the

bushes and fallen timber that occasionally lie in her path. My hunting pony steadily gains, and, when I approach within sixty yards of her, the cow, hard pressed, now breaks from a trot to a heavy canter. In another five minutes she is beaten; the white slaver drips from her mouth and streaks her neck and side; and very shortly, having forced my nag to within a few yards of her tail, I drop the reins, raise my rifle, and fire. The second bullet hits her, but she goes on; with the third she drops suddenly, and, reining in and jumping from the saddle, I finish her. On my right, half a mile away, two rifle shots proclaim the fact that our after-rider has run



ROAN ANTELOPE.  
(Photo: Rudland.)

into and slain his bull also. Within a space of a couple of miles the three of us are now busily employed in skinning and cutting up our prizes.

The Eland has a wonderfully smooth, sleek coat, and, as the skin comes away from the flesh, a strong aromatic scent fills one's nostrils. This characteristic, which I think distinguishes the Eland above all antelopes, is without doubt attributable to the herbage on which these animals feed. Bull Elands lose, with age, much of their fawn coat, and, the blue skin showing through, they present, as to their body colouring, a uniform greyish-blue appearance. In hilly country, and with Elands in harder condition, as they sometimes are, they afford a much tougher chase, and the lighter cows will occasionally make good their escape altogether. The horns of the bulls are extremely massive; those of the cows are lighter, but of greater length.

A solid or soft-nosed .400 or .450 bullet is, on the whole, the best for bringing down



"HE GALLOPS DOWN AND SHOTS FROM THE SADDLE" (p. 66).





PALLAH  
(Photo: Rudland.)

an Eland. The .303 Lee-Metford and the Mannlicher are perhaps rather light bullets for such heavy antelopes. Still, fairly planted, they are good enough. Rigby's new .450 cordite rifle is an ideal weapon for this kind of game;

but all the great gunmakers are now making .400 or .450 rifles, which, burning smokeless powder, and giving extraordinary results in trajectory and striking force, are perfect weapons for all kinds of heavy game, and are almost completely superseding the old express rifles and black powder.

From the stately Eland to the slim and graceful pallah, the mountain-dwelling klipspringer, the river-loving reed-buck, or the thicket-haunting bush-buck, is a far cry. Yet each of these antelopes offers in its way most excellent sport in many parts of Africa. The pallah, or impala—the rooibok (red-buck) of Boer hunters—characterised in the male (the female is hornless) by striking and most graceful horns, is quite one of the most lovely of the smaller antelopes to be found in the wild veldt of the far interior. Wandering in jungle country, almost invariably near the banks of some shining stream, the pallah—an extremely gregarious antelope—is found often in very large troops, sometimes numbering two or three hundred. A careful and quiet stalk on foot, conducted with extreme caution in the domain of this most graceful creature, will, when successfully brought off, yield to the hunter a lovely antelope, bright

reddish-brown in hue, and carrying a pair of beautiful horns, measuring perhaps from 17 to 19 inches over the graceful curves.

In the haunts of the pallah, especially if the sportsman passes along a moist river valley, decked with spreading reedbeds, he will not improbably happen upon the reed-buck—a somewhat heavier antelope,

distinguished by a thickish coat of pale yellowish brown, and a neat pair of strongly corrugated horns, perhaps 14 or 15 inches in length. The reed-buck has an extremely broad, woolly tail, conspicuously white underneath; and probably one of the first glimpses the hunter may

have of this sly antelope is the restless flick of its notable flag as the animal darts away in front of him to some more secure covert. At the same time he is almost certain to hear that shrill, familiar whistle so characteristic of this antelope. But, pursuing his way quietly, the sportsman may not improbably come again upon the same buck, looking back with that fatal curiosity, remarkable in so many of the antelopes, standing to take stock of him. Or perchance he may put up a fresh-found buck, lying snugly concealed amid the long grass of the valley. In either case a quick shot may bring to bag a handsome male—the females are hornless—of the gallant reed-buck.

The dainty Klipspringer is to be sought in widely different country. Wherever there are mountains or stony hills, in almost any part of South, Central, and East Africa, there is to be encountered this little antelope—a mountaineer rivalling, if not excelling, in its fearlessness and surefootedness, the chamois of Europe. The Klipspringer ram, with its sharp, short, poniard-like horns, and its thick, yellowish-olive coat of curiously loose hollow hairs, is one of the most elegant and charming among the many small African antelopes. It affords some of the finest hill-shooting in the world, and is to be found amid some of the wildest, most rugged, and most sublime of mountain scenery. A ram Klipspringer, small though it is—about the size of a well-grown lamb—is no mean reward of the stalker's skill,



KOODOO.  
(Photo: Rudland.)



BUSH-BUCK.  
(Photo: Rudland.)



REED-BUCK.  
(Photo: Rudland.)

patience, endurance, and accurate shooting. Its venison is most excellent, almost as good as that of the spring-buck, or Eland.

In vastly different country again, the dense, impenetrable bush-veldt of the maritime parts of South Africa, or the thick jungle of the river banks of the interior, is to be found, in slightly varying forms, the bush-buck—one of the handsomest, as it is the pluckiest, of all the smaller antelopes. Some of the members of this race, found in West, Central, and South Central Africa, exhibit the most lovely colouring and marking—the body colour, bright rufous, being white-striped down the sides, and conspicuously splashed with clear white spots upon the haunches, sides, and shoulders. For its height (about 30 inches), this magnificent little buck carries fine horns, strong, upright, slightly twisted, very sharp at the extremities, and measuring as much as 15 or 16 inches in length. Small though

it is in stature, a wounded or cornered ram bush-buck will charge savagely, and has been known even to inflict fatal wounds. The ewes of this species are, again, hornless.

From the nature of its habitat, the bush-buck is a difficult animal to stalk, and the hunter, creeping about the skirts of the dense jungles in which it loves to shelter, obtains a fair chance but now and again. In Cape Colony and elsewhere, driving is employed, and large tracts of bush are beaten by natives and the game driven towards the white hunters. Armed with shot guns, their weapons charged with buck-shot, or "loopers," as the colonists call them, the gunners, placed in suitable situations, await the approach of the beaters, and are usually rewarded by some exciting sport. In addition to bush-buck, numbers of the tiny blue-buck, the smallest of all African antelopes, are also bagged in these drives.



AFTER ANTELOPE IN MASHONALAND.

(Photo: J. E. Middlebrook, Durban.)



A WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP MATCH: LATHAM VERSUS STANDING, NEW YORK, 1899.

(Photo: J. C. Hemment, New York)

## THE GAME OF RACQUETS.

BY EUSTACE MILES, AMATEUR CHAMPION OF THE WORLD AT RACQUETS AND AT TENNIS.

THE games played with a ball and some implement fall into two classes. In the first class (including Golf, the ball is stationary when it is struck; in the second (including Cricket), the ball is, as a rule, moving. Racquets belongs to this latter class, with such games as Tennis, Lawn Tennis, Squash-Racquets, Fives, and Ping-pong. Racquets might be regarded as glorified and expensive Squash-Racquets, or as Fives played with a racket rather than with two hands and gloves.

Moving-ball games with the racket may again be sub-divided into games over a net (Tennis and Lawn Tennis), in which the players face one another, and games against a wall (Racquets, etc.), in which the players face in the same direction, as in the accompanying photograph of Latham and Standing.

These latter games are so natural that it is hard to derive them from the former. It seems more probable that Fives, Squash-Racquets, and Racquets all started independently of Tennis.

The modern game of Squash-Racquets may be seen at most large schools (*e.g.*, Harrow), and at Lord's, where it is played by artificial light at night—a great blessing to busy men. In America, Squash-Tennis, another variety of the game, with a Lawn Tennis ball, is played by hundreds of millionaires and others every evening. When I

was last at the Merion Club (the American "Lord's"), I left people waiting to play at 9 p.m. ! In Squash-Racquets one uses a long thin racket with a small head and a small soft ball, which makes the game almost absolutely safe. In Racquets one uses a slightly longer, thin racket, with a small head, and a small hard ball. This game is, unfortunately, gradually dying out in England, but is flourishing more and more in America. The club at Philadelphia (where the International Match was played, has its two courts in use nearly all day long. In contrast with most American clubs, the Racquet courts pay better than the bar. The architect, Mr. Walter Furness, lost one eye during a game, but, lest the accident might frighten off young players, it should be added that he has kept up his play most pluckily ever since. The Americans can afford this costly recreation to an unlimited extent, nor have they lost so many of their keenest players by a protracted war. Nevertheless, the standard in England and India is still far higher than in America. No American amateur comes anywhere near our first class.

In contrast with Tennis, the "Game of Kings"—the more complicated game with a heavy racket and heavy balls—Racquets, as it is now played, is of comparatively recent date. Strutt does not describe it. The game in the Fleet Debtors'



Prison had no back-wall and little or no side-wall play, and was in the open air. The wet and dirt of the open-air game—at which Smale, the veteran Racquet coach at Wellington College, was an expert—make the game less fast and less sure, and,

to give up active Racquets long before he need give up Cricket, though he may still be equal to a four-handed game after his Single days are over. In Racquets there is no rest, no boundary hit!

Good Racquets is most exciting to watch as well



"ROUGH OR SMOOTH?": SPINNING FOR SERVICE.

(THE MARKER IS IN THE CORNER OF THE GALLERY.)

(Photo: H. Mason, Cambridge.)

owing to the effect on the fine gut and balls, still more costly. The average covered court of to-day has beautifully smooth four walls, and floor, of a special composition, true, hard balls, and tightly-strung rackets. Hence much of the ruinous cost of the play. The Single game is probably among the very fastest forms of exercise, requiring wonderful alertness and promptitude, and no little endurance and "head." A player generally has

as to play, though it is one of the very worst games for indifferent players. Two distinguishing features of modern Racquets are the amount of volleying and half-volleying, and the severity of the service. The American Lawn Tennis Service is had enough to take, but nothing to compare with the case in which a player once served off 35 points (nearly  $2\frac{1}{2}$  games) almost without a single ball being touched by his opponent's

racket. There is no fun in either playing or watching that sort of thing. The heavy cut (a kind of slicing stroke, as in Tennis) makes the ball come incredibly fast off the back-wall.

But it is the back-wall which gives the game a good deal of its charm and beauty—the back-wall stroke and the half-volley. These are the most graceful strokes to be seen in any form of exercise. Peter Latham excels at them. He seems to be able to whip round the long racket within the space of

In England there should be many more matches between clubs, like those between the Queen's Club and the Manchester Club in 1901. In America there are plenty of matches, and especially exhibition matches. There should also be International matches. Teams should go over to America, where, at the three leading clubs (New York, Boston, and Philadelphia), they are sure of a hearty welcome and a keen, if not a first-class, match. And a first-class match can easily be



INTERNATIONAL DOUBLES AT PHILADELPHIA.  
PETER LATHAM AND MR. EUSTACE MILES (ENGLAND) BEAT GEORGE STANDING AND TOM PETTITT (AMERICA)  
BY 4 GAMES TO 3, JANUARY, 1900.

a foot or so by an almost incredibly fine and accurate twist of the wrist. In this, as in his cat-like rapidity and grace, he probably surpasses any other player past or present. A match between him and Mr. Percy Ashworth, who has the ideal style, is one of the prettiest sights possible. We can gather how fast the game is when we consider that a hard Racquet match may last only half an hour, whereas a hard Tennis match may last two hours, or even more. I believe that no important Racquet match has ever taken so long as, for example, the three hours during which the match for the Tennis Silver Prize at Lord's lasted in 1901. In Racquets there is simply incessant play, except for the brief intervals when a player runs to pick up a ball, or to serve, or to get a new racket instead of the one which he has just broken. Curiously enough, the American players are far more deliberate in their movements than we are. This applies to Lawn Tennis as well as to Racquets.

arranged, since the professionals, Standing, Pettitt, Moore, and Ellis, are always available.

In Racquets, as in Billiards, the professionals have nearly always been far ahead of the amateurs. The Grays and "Punch" Fairs were among the best of the earlier professionals. Joe Gray had a superb back-hand stroke, and "Punch" had a miraculously long "reach." Only once has an amateur won the Championship, and that was when Sir William Hart-Dyke beat Erwood in 1862. Peter Latham (the world's champion) is far ahead of any player to-day. He beat Standing, the American champion, in the famous Home-and-Home matches for a thousand pounds a side, a few years ago. Below Latham, who is also the Tennis champion of the world, comes a professional group including, among others, Brown and Fairs of Prince's, Hawes of Queen's, Crosby of Marlborough, Laker of Malvern, Ellis of Philadelphia, Moore of Tuxedo, Tom Pettitt of Boston, and perhaps several of the leading English amateurs.

Among the earlier amateur players are found the names of famous cricketers, such as Walker, Lyttelton, Eligh, Steel, and Studd. But there was no formal Amateur Championship till the Queen's Club started it a few years ago. After Butler, Buxton, Dames-Longworth, and Ashworth had won it, H. K. Foster held it for six years. Dames-Longworth won it in 1901. The Amateur Championship is no longer the exclusive property of first-class cricketers. Specialisation has come in, even here. No player, I believe, has ever stood in the first-class at Tennis, Racquets, and Lawn Tennis.

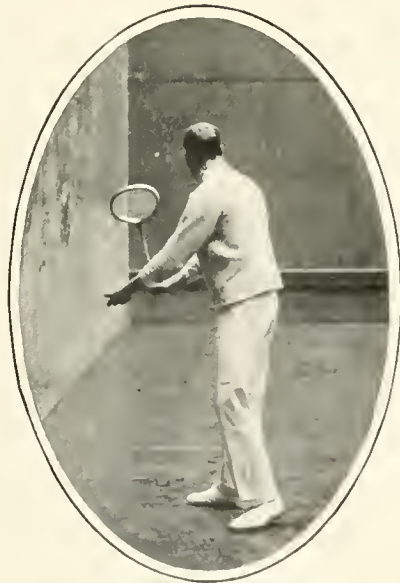
There are annual matches, both Singles and Doubles, between Oxford and Cambridge—the 'Varsities are about even in points—and there are Doubles championships for the Army (at Prince's),—among the best players are E. Crawley, Hedley, and Spens—and for the Public Schools. Harrow, partly owing to its Squash-Racquets and partly owing to such masters as E. M. Butler and M. C. Kemp, has on the whole been most successful. In India, also, there is a good deal of play.

But the game is far too expensive for most of us. We need a genius to invent an imperishable ball and racket; then we should see the play revived. Otherwise, we must expect it to become less and less popular, unless we can get the authorities to modify it in some way, and that seems unlikely. It is not easy to speak against that which one loves and to which one owes much health and happiness in the past. Yet it would be highly advantageous to have more Squash-Racquets at all schools and in all cities, if only as a preparation for, and change from, Racquets. And

a freer use of Handicaps in Racquets, and an alteration of the service rule, are also desiderata. It is most depressing to see a server serve off game after game. The player who is out should serve, or the Lawn Tennis scoring should be adopted. If we could then get our lasting ball and racket we should have hundreds or thousands more players of this game, which is the very nursery of alertness and prompt adaptation. But, alas! though the writer possesses a racket which is practically immortal—all the little life it has had is still there—yet it is not a good one; and as to the ball, though he got the Celluloid Company of America to make experiments, it did not succeed in producing a non-explosive sphere. Solid india-rubber balls might last nearly for ever, but they would also bounce nearly for ever, so as to allow of only a few strokes in a given number of hours.

The problems are still to be solved by some ingenious philanthropist.

In conclusion, a note may perhaps be permitted as to the spelling of the words denoting the implement and the game. The bat should perhaps be written "racket." As to the spelling of the game, in America and Canada it is invariably "Racquets," not "Rackets." The Fleet Prison game is thus spelt. But in England the preference is for "Rackets." Personally, the writer leans to the "qu," in order to agree with custom in America and in some English clubs, and in order to distinguish between the game and the implement. As to precedent, it would in all probability be found that neither "Rackets" nor "Racquets" had very much authority, which might rest with "Raquette" or "Raquettes," or some such abomination.



A BACKHAND SERVICE.

(Photo: H. Mason, Cambridge.)



## PHEASANT SHOOTING IN COVERTS.

BY NICHOLAS EVERITT.



SHOOTING WITH THREE GUNS IN A HOT CORNER.

(Photo: Mrs. Ricardo, Newbury.)

WHY such an authority as Mr. Daniel should ridicule the use of pointers with bells upon their collars as absurd, is rather beyond comprehension, as in forest-shooting on the Continent and elsewhere such a practice has always been adhered to, and found conducive to good results. In Scandinavia at the present day any good *Jäger* who possesses, or has the control of, pointers or setters would not think of hunting them in thick woods for blackgame or capercaillie, without first attaching the tinkling musical little bell, and the writer, who has many times participated in hunting so conducted, can give the best of testimony to the effectiveness and enhanced enjoyment thereby obtained.

In England, in the old days, our forbears were wont to sally forth in the early morning, before the autumnal dews had left the grass and undergrowth, accompanied by their favourite pointers, setters, or spaniels, to double the hedgerows and to hunt the commons and likely places for pheasants, when, if they obtained as many single birds as some of the modern school of sportsmen now require hundreds, they would return home contented with their bag and lot.

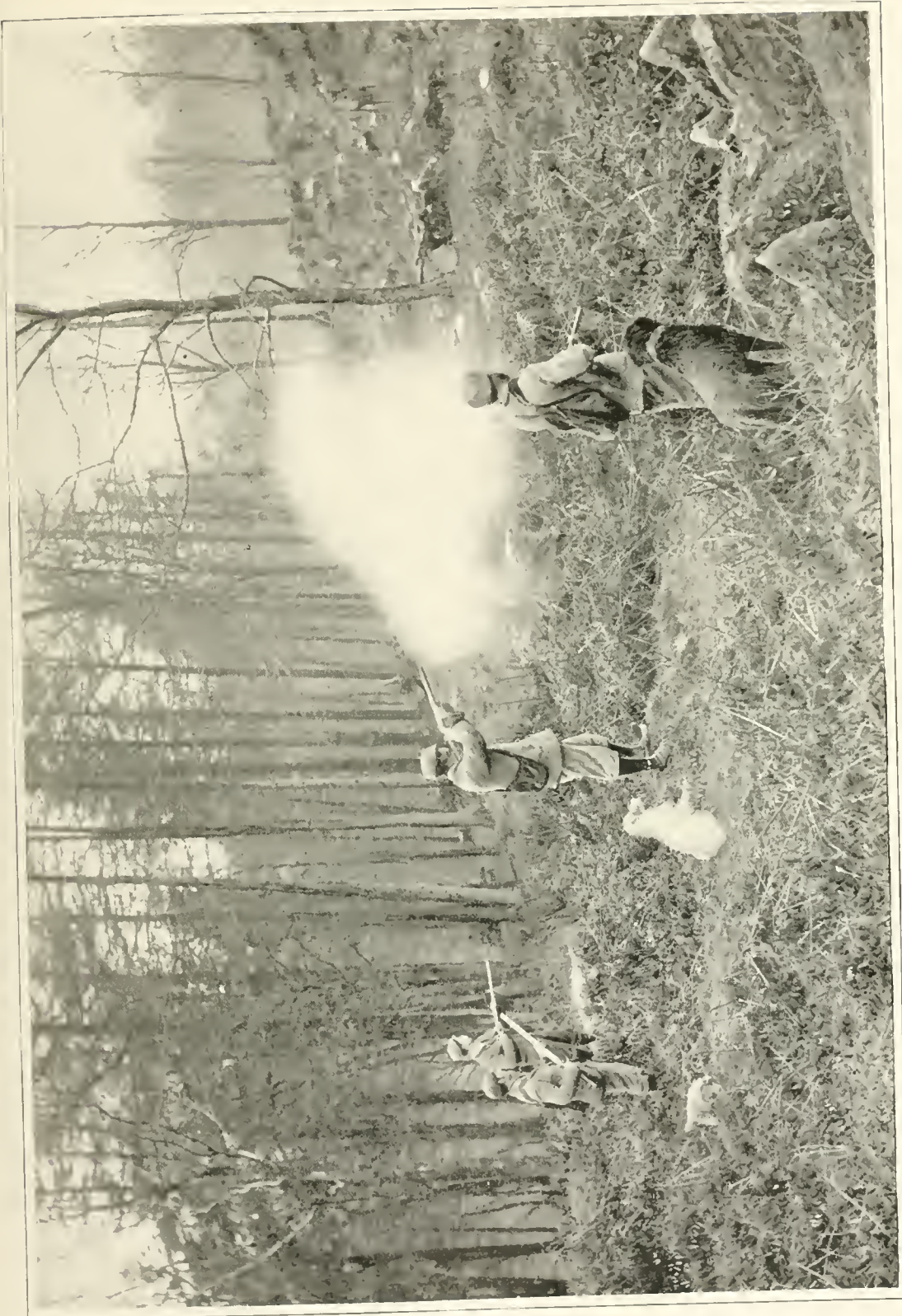
It is pleasant to read old books on shooting, the imprints of which are marked eighty, ninety, or even a hundred years back, and to discuss with white-haired venerable sportsmen the sport of a century gone by, to watch their eyes as they sparkle with delight at such recalling of their early exploits; to hear them praise the long single-barrelled muzzle-loaders; the working of the dog; the cover of sickle-reaped stubbles; and the hundred and one other joys which are ever green to their memory, and which with them will remain as life's delight until the grave claims its own.

But pleasant as was the sport in those days of yore, the times have changed, and we with them; and what was looked upon as the perfection of sport then has now become revolutionised by modern improvements.

To many, present-day pheasant-shooting is but an exhibition of skill in the handling and directing of a gun, but to those upon whom devolves the organisation of the sport it is a science that requires knowledge, skill, patience, and great thought. Beats must be mapped out, boundaries and elements taken into consideration, stops placed, beaters marshalled, keepers instructed, and the wants and requirements of the guests provided for. All this means a mass of detail, and often causes more care and worry to the generous host than any of those who participate could readily believe. It is an undisputed fact that unless the shooting owner is a good general, it is an utter impossibility for him to provide a successful *battue*.

If the writer were to enter into details and to reiterate the main principles of covert shooting, he would only be touching upon matters that have been dealt with in scores of books, magazines, newspapers, and other periodicals, especially during the past ten years. But an aspect of the subject which has, perhaps, not been so fully discussed is "the improvement of covert." After all, this is more important than anything else, for the better the beats the more favoured will they be by the birds.

In some parts of England one meets with dense forests of Scotch firs (near the R.M.C., Sandhurst, for example), which an ordinary individual might at first sight believe to be an ideal home for pheasants. This is not, however, the case. For many reasons pheasants will not remain in such country, nor will they frequent a wood composed entirely of these trees, although it may be an isolated clump surrounded by fair and open country. The woods they love are not too thickly



IN THE COVERTS.

(Photo : C. Reid, Wishaw.)



planted, having a variety of timber, a sprinkling of spruce, and plenty of openings in the undergrowth—allowing the sun to penetrate, so that the birds can sun, or dry, themselves at their pleasure without fear of observation or disturbance from poachers on either two or four legs. Douglas and silver firs are excellent for light-land soils, but they must not be planted in wet, boggy ground, where the surest, if the slowest, grower is the black spruce.

Common spruce fir will grow, after a fashion, anywhere, but they rarely last more than thirty years, and often blow down just as they have grown

feelings, however, should never be allowed to exist. The pheasant is a noble and a costly bird to bring to perfection, and its death should be worthy of its life and antecedents. Of course, there are cases where birds are shot on outside beats, rising, or possibly low shots, because they would otherwise be lost, or for other reasons, but they are rarely, if ever, killed in covert before they have mounted fairly to the tree-tops, except by a greedy, jealous shot, or one who has not, and never did have, any title to the name of sportsman. The target most desirable is a bird flying high,



OVER THE TREE-TOPS.

(Photo : C. Reid, Wishaw.)

large enough to become serviceable. A covert consisting entirely of ash trees, with the ordinary undergrowth, is generally shunned by pheasants, but if the ash trees are thinned out and an assortment of firs planted, a remarkable change will soon be effected. Rhododendrons form excellent cover for both winged and ground game, but this subject of cover planting is too large for the limits of an article.

Returning to the confines of the headline, the chief charm of pheasant-shooting in coverts is the variety and difficulty of the shot offered to the sportsman.

At some shoots all the party care about is the total of the bag, and the easier the shots the more they appreciate the so-called sport, because it ensures a big slaughter with few escapes. Such

strong and speedy, in all the glory of vigorous health and grandeur, with a full sense of the danger by which it is surrounded, so that it is a case of pitting one's skill and cunning against that of the quarry. A bird thus killed gives to the sportsman a sip from the cup of true happiness. How sweet to him to stop an old cock in all his glory, as he sails majestically along; sweeter still to hear his lifeless form crashing through the tree-tops and underwood, with the echoing thud when finally brought in contact with Mother Earth.

From the coverts on the hillsides of Surrey and Kent rocketters are obtained tall enough to test the best-built guns, and difficult enough to baffle the surest shot, and the same may be said of many other counties in England. In Norfolk, however—the best county, perhaps, of all for pheasants—one



of the greatest difficulties is so to organise the beats that real high rocketters are shown to the guns.

At Lord Leicester's shoot, Holkham, the beaters work hard from the beginning of the day until the middle of the afternoon before a twentieth part of the bag has been killed; and then, in a short half-hour, many hundreds of birds fall before the serried rows of guns and loaders, which stand three deep surrounding the "hot corner." This is a *battue* pure and simple, and it would not be classified as sport by a member of the old school, whose first and foremost objection to anything of the kind is the permission to use more than one gun.

Doubtless, at a *battue* the greatest skill in handling a gun is shown by the shooter, but can he honestly and conscientiously say from his heart of hearts that the enjoyment which this terrific and sudden fusillade brings him in any way equals that which he obtains where the bag amounts to, say, fifty head of game per gun, and the shooting is varied and evenly divided throughout all the beats, from the commencement to the finish of the day's sport?

From one of varied experience and who has tried both, an answer comes without hesitation—an emphatic negative.

The *parvenu* shooter understands not these finer feelings of the born sportsman. He shoots, hires shooting, rears, and picks and chooses his guns with but one object—to have it printed, or said, that He and His Party, on such and such days, killed so many hundred, or so many thousand, head of game. When such a shooter visits his friends he counts his



THOUGHTLESSNESS.

(Photo: Mrs. Ricardo, Newbury.)

cartridges and his kills, and his temperament is gloomy or buoyant in accordance with the number of shells he has ejected or the heaps of slain gathered at his respective stands. This is not sport; it is "swagger," or what in our school days we should have described as "side."

Then in covert shooting there is the jealous shot to contend with. The man who always edges into what he considers to be the best places, who cannot remain where he was originally placed, who is discontented, and shoots his neighbour's birds in preference to his own. Such a man is always a nuisance, always a worry, always an annoyance, and, when found out, is best forgotten.



SUICIDE.

(Photo: Mrs. Ricardo, Newbury.)

On some estates a sanctuary for the birds is religiously respected, while the coverts all round it are shot continuously. This is not a bad plan to adopt, in places, and in accordance with the coverts at command and how they are located. On the larger estates, which extend to some thousands of acres, not so much direct benefit can be derived from sanctuary, although its influence is always felt when it is in force.

Other shoots, and good ones too, do not possess an acre of covert, although some thousands of pheasants are yearly shot upon them. True it is they have small spinneys, many a thick hedgerow, perhaps, rough ground, and common lands where the bramble, the gorse, and the bracken flourish. From such cover as this sport is obtained in plenty, although the shots can scarcely ever be called difficult. The usual practice on such beats as these is to walk the birds up, in line, with plenty of beaters and dogs; the game runs on ahead, and, when cornered, the main portion of it turns back



CARELESSNESS.

(Photo: Mrs. Ricardo, Newbury.)

for home, and faces the thin, unbroken line with its death-dealing tubes. These overhead shots are pretty and well worth taking, but the same cannot be said of a bird which rises from furze bush, or bracken, about twenty yards ahead and goes sneaking off at a slow rate of speed about two feet above the ground level.

A ramble round these covertless covers should tell any observer that the secret in successfully holding pheasants therein lies in the utilisation of the waste grounds.

Accidents are more common in covert shooting than in other forms of sport with the gun. In almost every instance this is the fault of the shooter himself, and it may arise from gross carelessness, or, worse still, from wilfully jealous shooting. No true sportsman would ever dream of aiming at a low rising bird, or following on to a rabbit running among the beaters, or, in fact, at any game which was at the time in such a position that a ricochet shot might result. Loaded guns require the most scrupulously careful handling at all times, and particularly, if any distinction can be drawn, when in the woods in company with others. Proper caution comes instinctively as a second nature to some, and others never seem to acquire it. The careful man not only removes his cartridges before jumping a ditch, climbing a fence, or scrambling over a bank, but, although he then knows his gun to be empty, he continues to hold it with as much care as if it were loaded. In these days of hammerless guns so many are apt to think that because the triggers are locked no danger is possible. The writer, however, has used a hammerless gun for twenty years, and he knows the contrary, to his cost. When forcing a way

through thick undergrowth it is best to let the hand protect the triggers, bolts and hammers, and to keep the muzzle either well up or well down. No amount of words, however, will convey the teaching of a few hours of practical experience, but Mrs. Ricardo's photographs convey the general idea of the right and the wrong.

The allotted space of this article is drawing to a close, and, in conclusion, the writer would quote a former paragraph from his pen as the most appropriate ending to a somewhat rambling essay.

"On extensive grounds, where the beats are large and numerous, real business rarely commences before November 1st, nor, indeed, is a bird killed—except an occasional brace for presents or for the table, or extra wilful birds which persist in fancying a neighbour's acres in preference to their own comfortable and well-preserved home; and that aforesaid neighbour is known to be one of those objectionable gentlemen who sneak about at all hours of the day, or gloaming, gathering as his own 'all that may come to his net.'

"But when this business does commence, when these large tracts of wood, pasture, and moorland, dell and dale, wherein the echoing report of the death-dealing fire-iron has sounded only to knell the decease of some arch enemy, when those sacred precincts are at last invaded by that small and mirthful army of guns, loaders, keepers, and beaters, yea, even the all-inspiring petticoat at luncheon, then indeed 'tis a day to be ever remembered and looked back to with pleasurable sensations. 'Tis for ever deeply written on the happy pages of our past, never to be eradicated until—

"Death surprises us in the midst of our hopes."



THE RIGHT WAY.

(Photo: Mrs. Ricardo, Newbury.)

## STAG-HUNTING IN FRANCE.

By PAUL CAILLARD.



THE LIMIERS."

IF hunting generally is known as the "sport of kings," then surely is stag-hunting particularly associated with the memories of mediæval courts, and, although some might not perhaps expect it, modern France preserves above all other lands the traditions and even the outward forms of the ancient *chasse*. Stag-hunting in Britain is confined to the south-west portion of the island, and the carted deer is now no longer hunted at Windsor. The red deer of northern Scotland is stalked and shot. In many of our French forests, however, it would be as great a heresy to kill a deer otherwise than before the hounds as ever it would on Exmoor, and many visitors to our meets have expressed their pleasure at the survival of such picturesque sport, of the accessories of which the photographs which are reproduced by kind permission of the Duc de Lorge give an excellent idea.

It may, perhaps, be of interest to name a few of the forests in which the stag is thus hunted in the France of to-day; and it should be borne in mind that the range of the animal in that country is restricted to certain forests in the north, north-east, and west, as well as in isolated parts of Bur-

gundy. Elsewhere, the quarry is the roe deer, fox, or hare—the first-named in the south-west, the last in the south. The remaining deer forests of France, once royal domains, are now the property of the State, leased every nine years to the highest bidder, whether representing a private or subscription pack. The late Duc d'Aumale owned until his death one of the finest, the domain of Chantilly, but it passed by his will to the French Academy, though the hunting rights are vested in his heir, the Duc de Chartres, Master of the Chantilly staghounds. The death of the Prince de Joinville broke up the pack of boarhounds that he kept up in the Forest of Arc en Barrois; but this forest, as well as that of Amboise, remains, though leased to private individuals, royal property.

The chief packs of French staghounds meet in the neighbourhood of Paris, in such forests as those of Rambouillet Duchesse d'Uzès, Chantilly Duc de Chartres, Villers Cotterets Comte de Cuyelles, Fontainebleau Duc de Lorge, and others.

The pack owned by the Duc de Lorge, whose portrait is given herewith, is one of the finest in

France, and hunts red and roe deer alternately. Previous to the reign of Louis XV. the packs were composed of pure French hounds, but from the early



THE "TUFTERS."



years of the nineteenth century it became the custom to cross these with English foxhounds, the resulting packs being known as *bâtards*. The present pack has this mixed blood, for in the 'sixties the present writer turned into the then Duke's kennels twenty hounds that were a cross between a Toulon bitch and a fine foxhound out of the Pytchley kennels. He has hunted with the Exmoor hounds, and, except that sport is rather more difficult there, on account of the abundance

to be located, otherwise "harboured," and this is accomplished with the help of *limiers*, two chosen hounds of superior intelligence and wonderful powers of scent. The slot of the stag is the indication of its size, and the *limiers*, worked on a cord, show exactly where the animal is lying up, every care being taken not to disturb him. A leafy bough is then placed so as to indicate the spot, and next morning hounds meet, being kennelled near by in farm buildings if their kennels



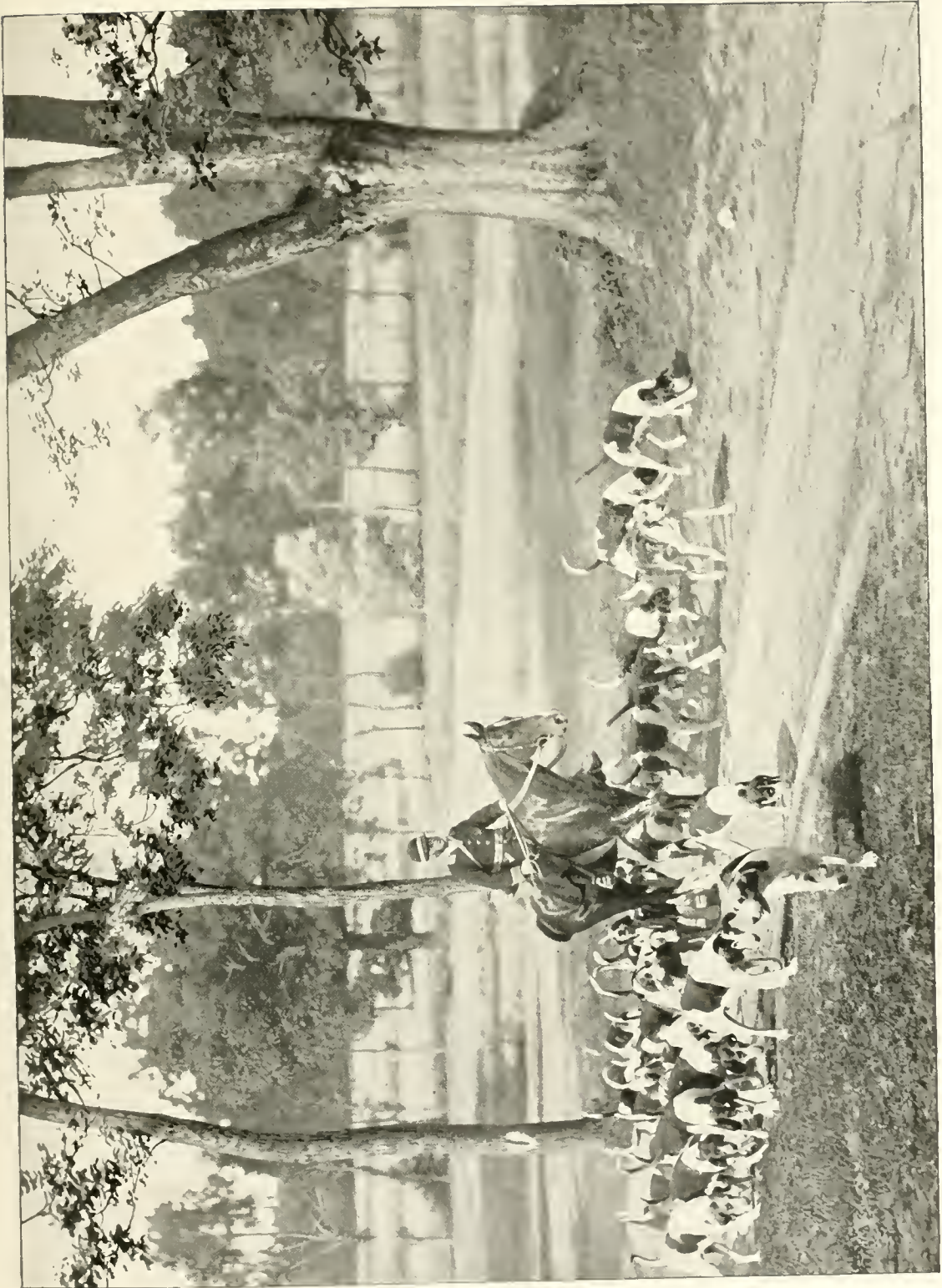
THE DUC DE LORGE.

of deer, and that the hounds are quieter and the huntsmen, if anything, less clever than in France—this is given only as an individual opinion—in correcting a false trail, there is no very marked difference in the conduct of the sport. Only in matters of detail, in the uniforms of the huntsmen, and in certain other rules and forms jealously preserved from other centuries, does the sport at Fontainebleau differ from the more modern, perhaps less picturesque, outings at Cloutsham and on the Quantocks.

The preliminaries of a meet may briefly be set forth. The day before, a warrantable stag has

are too far. Ordinary foxhounds are used for this work in Britain; but our hounds, as will be gathered from the photographs, are larger and more powerful animals, all with the same proportion of red, white, and black in their coats.

And now comes the business of separating the selected stag from the hinds and younger animals, otherwise "tufting," which is done by four or more experienced hounds, known as "tufters." These are led up to the tell-tale branch, and soon get on the trail. At a slow trot they enter the thicket, their waving tails showing that they have the scent. There is a period of



THE PACK.



waiting, while the first feeble yelps give place to a more business-like opening, and the chorus soon indicates that they have sighted their quarry. A blast from the horn encourages some, corrects others, and at last the stag is roused and goes bounding off between the trees. The "tufters" are now handed over to one of the kennel men, and the rest of the pack is laid on to the stag. That animal will sometimes keep to the forest for hours, during which he will try every ruse of putting the hounds off on younger stags or hinds, doubling on his tracks, or taking to the water, otherwise "soiling," to spoil the scent. The riding is not of the easiest, for fallen tree-trunks are numerous, and the banks of the many streams are steep and slippery. At length the noble beast shows signs of exhaustion: head and tongue hanging, eyes bloodshot, breath coming thick and slow. Yet his vitality and resources are marvellous and many a time the expected end is

for the moment averted by a desperate effort that once more outdistances the untiring pack. We have none of the somewhat tame ending in the sea, with hounds and boats together in pursuit, which is sometimes rendered necessary by the configuration of the Devon coast-line; but with us the stag always gets at bay against a tree or rock, and deals swift death or damage to the unrelenting foes that hang on his neck and flanks. The horns sound the *mort*, and the Master creeps behind the dying stag and with practised hand buries the hunting-knife to the hilt behind its shoulder.

It is all done now as it was in the vanished days of great pageantry. The Sologne is now, as then, the classic home of French venery. The procedure is the same; the vocabulary is the same; only the costumes have been slightly modernised, and the hounds have been strengthened with the aforementioned strain of English blood.



AT BAY.





A GLIDE ON THE KENNET, HUNGERFORD

(Photo: Freeman, Hungerford)

## DAYS WITH AUTUMN GRAYLING.

By H. A. ROLT

IT is remarkable what a peculiar fascination there is in connection with the capture of the grayling with the artificial fly. Some men who have killed hundreds of trout fall hopelessly in love with the sport the "grey lady of the stream" affords from the very first moment they enter the lists against it, and infinitely prefer the autumn and winter pastime it provides to any other branch of angling. The enthusiasm and all-absorbing interest it evokes in the angler is incomprehensible even to many disciples of the good and observant Walton himself, for to sally forth, fly-rod in hand, when the ground is hard with frost or the fields are white with snow, seems to them to savour somewhat of folly and madness.

In the soft, bright springtime it is delightful to wander by the rippling stream and stalk the spotted trout, to the accompaniment of the glorious melody of birds—to watch the budding foliage bursting into new life, and gaze upon the river shining like gold in the dancing sunlight. On quiet, restful summer evenings, too, the splash of the fish as they enjoy an abundant feast of Duns is the sweetest of music to the angler's ear, and he may perchance induce his quarry to look with favour upon the artistically dressed copy of the fly he offers them, and grass a brace or two of lovely specimens ere darkness compels him, as a thorough

sportsman, to leave the stream. But it is amid different and far less exhilarating surroundings that the grayling fisher's labours begin and are continued to the end. As autumn approaches, the rise of fly becomes sparse and erratic, and when September's days are out, the trout fisher finds his occupation gone. Thymallus steps in to fill what would otherwise be a great gap in his piscatorial life. But for the grayling, his rods would hang upon the wall during the long winter months, "a mournful, half accusing row," unused, and perhaps uncared for.

There are not wanting those who cry *à mort* when the very name "grayling" is breathed—those who would fain exterminate it, in view of some fanciful presumption of injury to the trout; but surely the sport derived from October until the end of February with this gamesome fish, far outweighs any objection which, rightly or wrongly, may be raised concerning the abstraction of the sustenance which should go for the trout or in connection with the charge which has been brought against the fair fish, but not proved, of hustling and bullying his more highly-prized relative. In regard, too, to the sport he gives, he has been treated after the manner of the proverb, "Give a dog a bad name and it will stick to him." He has been called "dead-hearted," is said to have little



THE "WINE CELLAR."

(Photo: Freeman, Hungerford)

fight in him, and to succumb quickly after having been hooked. But let him be angled for in his proper season with a microscopic ooo fly and slender tackle, and those who thus condemn him will be forced to own that in decrying and despising his prowess they have committed a great and grievous mistake and have done him scant justice.

In October's month, when the trees are tinged with autumn's ruddy glow and the leafage is still gorgeously tinted with dark rich brown, deep Indian yellow, and various shades of red and amber, that season of mists and mellow fruitfulness of which Keats writes so charmingly, the seeker after St. Ambrose's flower fish betakes himself to work in real earnest and pursues his recreation through inclement winters which

. . . vex the plain

With piercing frosts or thick descending rain in all sorts of weather, good, bad, and generally indifferent, until the time comes almost round again for him to renew his acquaintance with the trout.

Grayling resemble trout in two respects—they belong to the same family and partake to a great extent of similar diet, but here the likeness ends. When the beauties of the trout are distinctly waning, the fair and fragrant grayling is rapidly gaining lustiness and vigour; when again Thymallus is on the down-grade, his kinsman is acquiring robustness and strength in readiness for All Fools' Day when in most southern rivers he becomes fishable. While the grayling is a more delicate fish than the trout (for few rivers seem to suit his requirements), he is more fastidious, greedy, and

harmony will prevail.

The grayling fisher must be gifted with many virtues. He must have unbounded faith in the fly he affects—he must live on hope, for he may toil from early morn till within an hour of sunset, and catch nothing, but after all atone in the last lap for all disappointments and half fill his creel. Of patience he must possess a large modicum, for a more tantalising fish than Thymallus never swam. Truly, may he be said to be "uncertain, coy, and hard to please," and as variable as the shade. Though fly may hatch out in myriads, bringing every grayling on the feed, and though the most perfect imitation may be presented to the notice of the fish, the angler will often find that his efforts are almost unavailing, and he may only secure an odd example or two by employing something totally different as regards size and colour from the fly which they are gulping down with exasperating avidity. Energy and perseverance, too, are attributes which no grayling fisher can be without, and if to these be added tireless attention, a placid temperament and freedom from hastiness, it will



A STRETCH OF THE LAMBOURN.

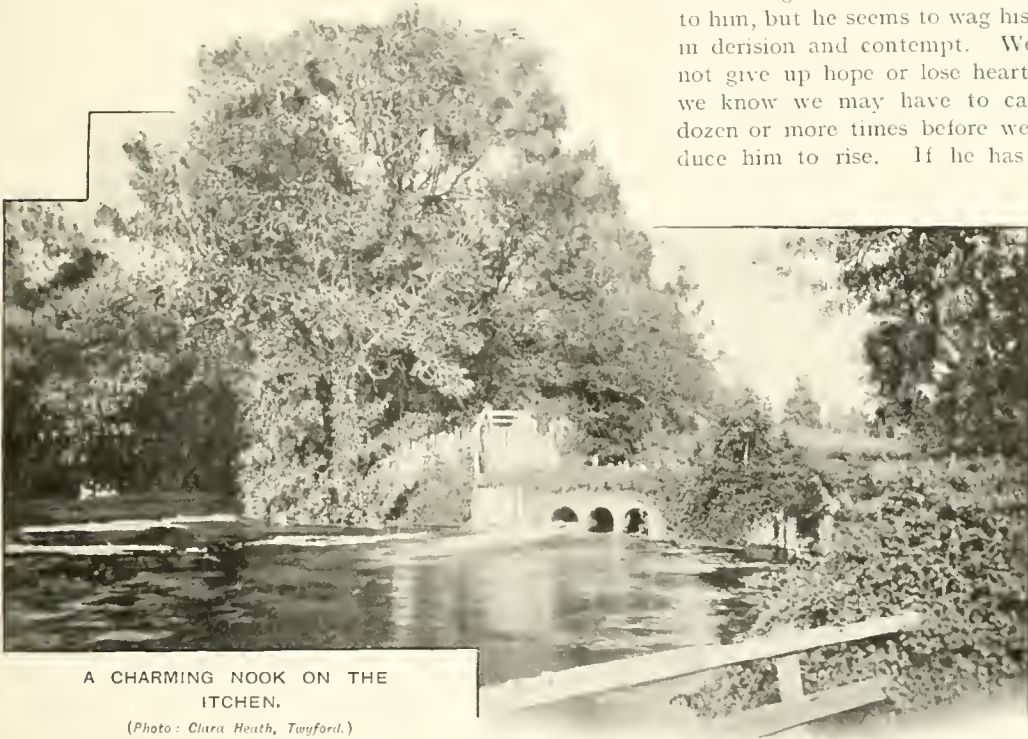
(Photo: A. H. Rolt.)



be at once apparent how serious an undertaking this branch of the piscatorial art really is.

Let us journey in thought to a South Country chalk stream, in which grayling are numerous, and of noble proportions. It is an October day, and we take an inspecting stroll along the bank up stream, keeping a sharp look-out for the object of our search. Some thirty yards below the hatches forming one of the boundaries of our fishery, we espy at the end of a long flat or shallow, a fairly deep hole with a gravelly bottom and

three feet in front of the feeding grayling. He lies at the bottom of the river, and comes up to the fly perpendicularly so that it is necessary to cast well above him to give him a better opportunity of taking. The fly cannot travel too slowly, for he seems to wait until the last moment before deciding to rise; he then darts suddenly up, and not infrequently misses his aim altogether in his haste. The first cast is only half a success. As the Wickham approaches the fish he moves upwards a little, but sinks down without making the fatal plunge. Again and again the red and gold confection is offered to him, but he seems to wag his tail in derision and contempt. We do not give up hope or lose heart, for we know we may have to cast a dozen or more times before we induce him to rise. If he has not



A CHARMING NOOK ON THE  
ITCHEN.

(Photo: Clara Heath, Tunford.)

fringed with an abundance of flowing weeds. Here we find *Thymallus* at home. Dame Fortune, too, smiles upon us, for one is rising steadily, denoting that he means business, at something, however, which cannot be discerned with the naked eye. The fly to select becomes an important question. It is a calm day, the sun is radiant in a clear sky, and it is needless to add that the water is as limpid as that beverage said to be specially affected by elderly spinsters. A small Wickham suggests the custodian of the preserve, and quickly the lure is attached to the extremely fine gut point. Our tackle is different from that recommended by good Dame Juliana Berners in her quaint book written towards the end of the fifteenth century. We do not employ "IX. heeres" to fish with, but rather a cast, in the words of a canny Scot, "o' gossamer, so that at a wee distance aff, you think he's fishing without any line ava." Our fly drops

caught sight of us, which he could not well do, seeing that we are ten yards below him, he will not be scared, and will stand throwing over continuously without being put down. We bide a wee, and in the meantime try what a change of fly will do. A small red tag is substituted for the Wickham, and as the fresh nondescript sails complacently above his very nose, he darts up, and we almost thought we had beaten him. But he hesitates at the last moment, and refuses it. Another short rest, and the red tag is again presented. This time there is no half-heartedness about him. The grayling shoots up as swift as lightning, and is securely hooked. We know by the resistance experienced that we have a good fish at the end of the line, and feel intuitively that, subject to the cup and lip contingency, he is ours. We trouble ourselves not a whit about the fragile mouth theory—an utter fallacy by the by—and





1. WICKHAM'S FANCY. 2. LITTLE CHAP. 3. RED TAG.  
(Photo: Truckle & Sons, Wimbledon)

fear little the sinuous weeds in the vicinity of our battle-ground, for seldom does our prey seek to escape by bolting into them after the manner affected by a trout. We feel first a dead pull on the part of our captive. He rolls over and over, and then rises towards the surface with his great wing-like dorsal fin extended so as to offer as much resistance as possible. The thin line is tested to the uttermost, for tug follows tug, reminding one of the way in which a dog worries a bone. He does not rush across or down stream, but relies upon lunges, borings, and twisting play to rid himself of the hook. But the hold is good. He soon appears played out, and we make ready the net for his reception. Carefully we pilot him towards the bank, but when within a few yards of us, he sees what is coming, and, like a chub, makes a final rush for liberty. This was anticipated, and was luckily circumvented, and we quickly land and gaze upon a two-pounder—a beautiful fish, with a back of deep purple colour, black spotted sides, a bril-



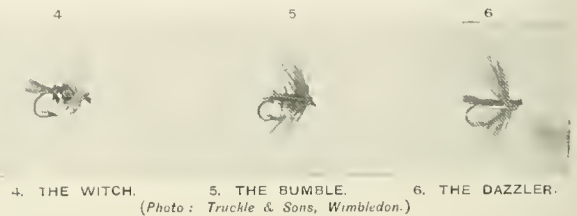
7. COOPER'S FANCY. 8. BRADSHAW'S FANCY. 9. DARK NEEDLE.  
(Photo: Truckle & Sons, Wimbledon)

liantly white stomach, and great dorsal fin covered with scarlet spots, and wavy lines, upon a dark ground of reddish-brown, not unlike the markings of tortoiseshell.

Let us call to mind another phase of grayling fishing. This time it was a winter's day. The ground was as hard as the proverbial rock for there had been a frost overnight. There was no fly on the water, and the grayling were lying motionless on the bottom. The floating fly was useless, and if the creel was not to remain empty, there would seem to be nothing for it but to have recourse to sunk flies. Purists we know amongst dry fly fishermen will, under no circumstances, cast except over a fish which has risen to a fly, and prefer to remain idle the entire day rather than attempt to persuade the

wary inhabitants of the stream to come at an artificial unless they have previously seen a natural one taken in the same position. Yet experience had proved to us that under certain circumstances wet fly fishing had an advantage over the dry method, and even in the stronghold of the dry fly we were visiting, we felt no qualms of

conscience in adopting the system we did. We could see the grayling in the clear chalk stream, so that the chuck-and-chance-it element did not obtain in our case. But a fly different from that which we used when we affected the "high art" had to be selected. We knew that Blue Hawks, Pout Bloas, Winter and Needle Browns, so killing on

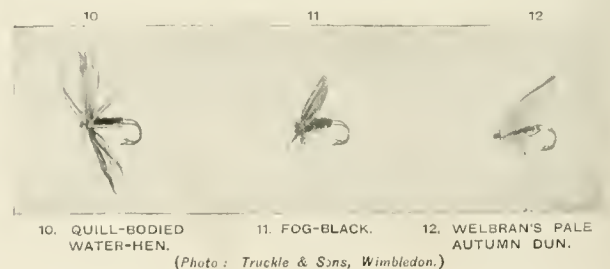


4. THE WITCH. 5. THE BUMBLE. 6. THE DAZZLER.  
(Photo: Truckle & Sons, Wimbledon.)

Yorkshire streams, were comparatively useless in the South. We were also aware of the partiality evinced by the grayling, following the lead of his noble relative the salmon, for the sheeny herl of the peacock, gold tinsel, and gaudy colours, and for flies in which green was the dominant hue. We therefore contented ourselves with one showy fly—a gorgeous arrangement in Ibis, gold, metallic green herl, and the pale blue feather of the tern wound on to simulate wings and legs.

The grayling had to be approached down stream by casting a long line and hiding oneself "behind a leaf," as a witty piscator once put it, so sharp-eyed are the fish. Big grayling take the lure so quietly under water that there is frequently no

indication of a rise. A momentary arrestation of the line as it swings slowly round with the current may be observable, which is all that is known of the fish coming at the angler. But this is ample for the practised hand, and a slight twitch in response may mean the hooking of a good grayling. In wet fly fishing there must be no unskilled efforts of the bungler. Every opportunity of rendering one-



10. QUILL-BODIED WATER-HEN. 11. FOG-BLACK. 12. WELBRAN'S PALE AUTUMN DUN.  
(Photo: Truckle & Sons, Wimbledon.)

self invisible to the quarry must be taken advantage of. Those who champion the cause of the wet fly *vis-à-vis* to the floating lure, contend, and reasonably so, that there is more scope for the exercise of skill and ingenuity than obtains with the dry fly. Granted that it is more artistic to use an imitation on the surface of the dun which may have hatched out, yet on many days in the dark months of the year, the dry fly man would stand no chance whatever against a capable exponent of the second branch of the art. With Green insects, Witches, and Red Tags we have in autumn and winter caught almost as many grayling as a certain American is said to have done, who first filled his creel to overflowing, then his pockets, and hat, and, finally, in the glorious extravagancy of the moment, was compelled to divest himself of his nether garments, tie a string round the lower part of the legs, fill them with fish, and walk home in his pants!

We are also bound to add that there have been times when gales of wind and rain have prevailed, when the capricious fish, try we never so assiduously and perseveringly, could not be induced to move at anything we offered them. Our only captures on some occasions have been such trifles as a

rustic bridge, a fishing hut hooked right in the centre of the inscription, "*Piscatoribus sacrum*" inscribed over its portals, an odd stump or two, branches of trees galore, our own garments of sorts, and a few other odds and ends thrown in. Too often, indeed, the angler's best endeavours, and the exercise of his utmost skill, will have proved unremunerative; for the grayling, like Achilles, may have sulked in their tents and have refused to be persuaded by Bumble, Tag, or Dun. Yet he can comfort himself somewhat with the thought that, in Dame Berners' words, "Atte the leest he hath his holsum walke and mery at his ease." If, on the contrary, his lines have fallen in pleasant places, and he sees reposing amongst the brown, weather-beaten sedges in his creel, a leash or more of handsome grayling in all the full beauty of their winter dress, he will recall to mind Walton's charming and simple words, that "no life is so happy and pleasant as that of a well-governed angler," and be tempted beyond power of resistance to admit the truth of this well-deserved eulogium on those whose piscatorial tastes and predilections lie in the direction of angling for the thyme-scented shadow fish in the short, fitful days of autumn and winter.



(From a Painting by A. W. Cooper, Esq.)

## LATE GROUSE SHOOTING.

BY G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL.

THERE is something more than a superstition that a grouse having taken to a corn diet loses his flavour, but if this is correct he still possesses enough of it to make him quite the equal of any game bird that can be placed upon the table except his younger relations, those that died early and before they had renounced heather dinners. In spite of the better quality of the early grouse, there has always been an anxiety to get a few in the last week in the shooting season, with the object of keeping them as long as possible, and one old sportsman I was acquainted with always had his April grouse, and boasted of the keeping powers of his larder, although this was not so wonderful as might have been supposed by anyone who was unaware that the Captain never troubled his head about the game laws, and always did his last shepherding of the "old cocks" in March. Cold storage has almost made such proceedings as these immoral in these days, for a grouse is one of those birds that freezing cannot spoil; but, at the same time, there are many reasons why an August grouse should not be preserved until the end of the following July if it is possible to put November or December birds into the refrigerator instead. These ice houses now exist in all the big towns, and their managers are always prepared, for a small charge, to preserve game in capital condition for any length of time. Men with large establishments are now, however, taking to having these freezing chambers made for private use, and I know of one which, for a prime cost of £250, has enabled its owner to do without the butcher entirely, and thereby to save £40 a year, besides the convenience of having all game at command throughout the season.

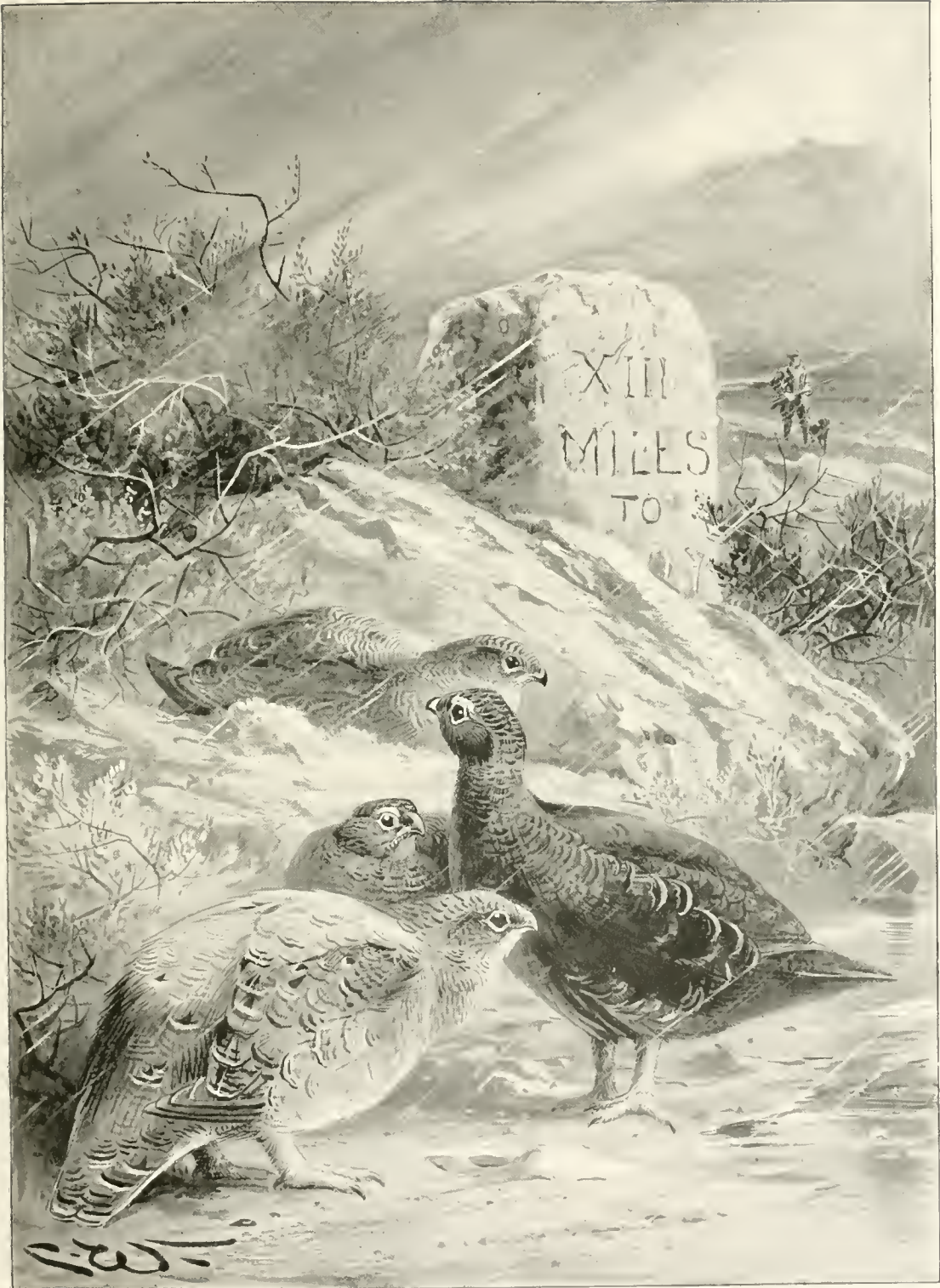
In the old days the ways of circumventing the late grouse were very various. Often in very cold weather the birds lose their autumn wildness, and will allow themselves, for want of watchfulness, to be stalked when sitting upon walls and on fields where they have arrived in search of the food that the snow-covered hills no longer afford. In such times of cold even the berries on the hedges have been eaten by the grouse, and the late Mr. Dunbar, of Brall Castle in Caithness, who knew more about grouse than anyone else in the North, assured me that he had known them take to the seashore and eat the seaweed. On one occasion, late in the autumn, I witnessed a singular attack upon grouse that shows how little they understand the true

meaning of the sound of a gun. A pack had taken up their post of observation upon a stone wall, the top of which was fairly lined with them, and the shooter, who was a proprietor of large moors in North Wales, had got within forty or fifty yards of them, and from this point he began the attack. I do not remember precisely how many shots were fired, but certainly between twenty and thirty. The birds must have been constantly hit, but at this time of year their feathers will turn shot or glance them very regularly, especially when the wings are closed. The result of all this shooting was one bird killed—whether there were any seriously wounded I do not know, but I saw none. Perhaps some portion of these negative results was the outcome of bad shooting at sitting marks, but the greatest protection is afforded when the full-feathered birds face the enemy. No doubt in grouse driving many a well-directed shot makes no difference to the bird hit, but the proportion is much less then, because the wings not only are a fatal target themselves, but, being extended, expose another.

Another way of getting late grouse is to roam the moors with no other company than a retriever; the grouse are not likely to lie if they see a man, but the shooter's object will be to surprise them round the "Knowies," as the little hills are called in the North. The grouse upon certain days will be found always lying out of the wind and in the sun; the shooter knows their habits, and each best position on every hillock is made the object of a stalk, in expectation of there being grouse upon it. Bags of a dozen brace often result in this way even now, when it would be lost labour to attempt to drive birds that, in the autumn, have learnt the deadly nature of the butts, and will no longer face them—no, not if all the country turned out to drive and flank them.

There are more ways of getting shots at grouse; some that have their origin in cultivating in the birds the tendency to misplaced confidence. At one time, before driving was invented in Yorkshire, grouse were so wild that very many more were left at the end of a good season than were likely to survive unattacked by disease, and the consequence of this was that all the above plans were resorted to in turn and others besides. The chief of these others was the use of a cart as a stalking horse. The birds are used to the sight of a cart on the tracks and roads, and they do not



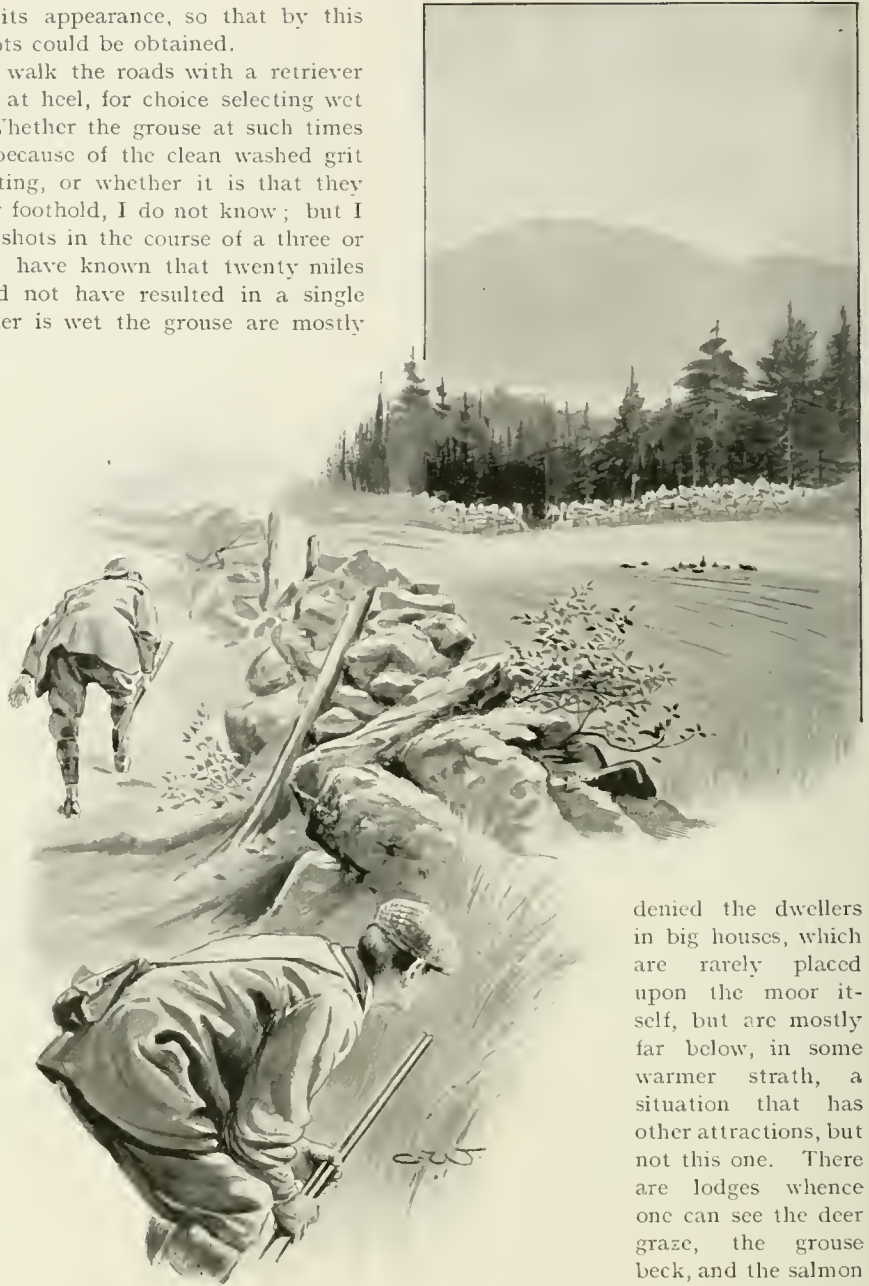


WHERE THEIR LEGS ARE DRY.

associate danger with its appearance, so that by this means a good many shots could be obtained.

Another plan was to walk the roads with a retriever or black and tan setter at heel, for choice selecting wet days to do this on. Whether the grouse at such times prefer the road edges because of the clean washed grit they are so fond of eating, or whether it is that they come for the sake of dry foothold, I do not know; but I have often got a dozen shots in the course of a three or four mile walk, when I have known that twenty miles over the heather would not have resulted in a single shot. When the weather is wet the grouse are mostly on some hillock looking out for danger, or they are on the wet flocs, whence they can see for long distances. It is natural to suppose that they would be sheltering under some bank when it is raining; but if such is their habit they must have some means, not present at other times, of detecting the approach of danger, for one hardly ever takes them unawares in such weather. I suppose when they see a passenger along the moorland road they do not take much notice, for they certainly allow a very much closer approach in such a manner than they would if the shooter only varied by twenty yards from the road-way.

Another of the deceptive plans is that of "becking." Becking is the flirtation of the grouse, but it is not only that, for it goes on in the autumn as well as in the period of love-making, and it might more properly, perhaps, be called the exercise of superfluous energy and the display of exuberant joy and pride of the noble bird. The cock bird rises vertically from fifteen to thirty feet in the air, with what sounds like an expression of delight addressed to his wife, as well as a challenge for all it may concern. To see this from the lodge windows as one is dressing in the morning is an added charm to the grouse shooter's life, and one that is



MOVING GROUSE

denied the dwellers in big houses, which are rarely placed upon the moor itself, but are mostly far below, in some warmer strath, a situation that has other attractions, but not this one. There are lodges whence one can see the deer graze, the grouse beck, and the salmon leap, but they are few indeed. To enable the shooter to

kill grouse by an imitation of their own calls—and this is the sport of "becking"—he must have studied them closely, and it may be said that not one in fifty amongst grouse-shooters ever saw the birds becking, and not one in five hundred could succeed in making a bag by calling them in the manner practised by beckerers.

I imagine that long before grouse driving was adopted, the art of moving grouse over the guns was well known. In districts where no butts exist this is a common practice late in the season. The



difference between it and driving is merely that in the regular sport all the grouse that happen to be upon a wide stretch of moorland are driven towards a line of guns hidden in butts, and this may require forty beaters, some to drive, others to turn the birds, the latter being termed flankers. In moving grouse over the guns few beaters are required, and one man is often enough. The plan of operation is as follows. A pack of grouse having been found feeding upon the oat stubble or elsewhere, the guns get between it and its moorland home; they then proceed to stalk the grouse, and get as near to them as possible without allowing the gunners' presence to be detected. Meantime, the assistant driver has gone round to the other side of the birds, and when the guns are in position he shows himself. It goes without saying that the nearer the guns can creep up to the grouse before they are moved the more certainly do they get shots, for the birds cannot be reckoned upon to make a bee line for any point on the moor, and even if they eventually settle at the spot expected they may circle round in a manner that is often very provoking. When a big pack comes over in ordinary driving, straggling formation is often the order of the day, so that it has been known that one gun has got in sixteen shots at a single big pack. Nothing of that sort is possible in moving grouse, for they are certain to come over in close formation; so close sometimes is it that they have occasionally tempted even experi-

enced sportsmen to fire into the brown of them. The odd thing is that this invariably leads to clean missing. I remember on one occasion attempting in this way with a double shot to make up for the fact that no other shot would probably be obtained that day. The grouse came over beautifully, and although I well knew the usual fate of a "brown-ing" shot, I was tempted and fell, but not a single grouse did so, although I have never yet been able to understand how my shot got between them. In days not so very long ago any method was sportsmanlike that obtained grouse at the back end. One proprietor, who was only expressing the then prevailing opinion that numbers brought disease, said to me, "Kill them, they are vermin; do it any way you like, so that you reduce them." Grouse are not very easy to drive in the end of the season, and although there may be many more than there ought to be upon a moor, it is difficult to get these strong, wilful birds near the butts in such quantities as to seem adequate to the employment of a regiment of shooters and a brigade of beaters. However, when the moor is big enough to prevent the boundaries being a source of danger, very pretty bags up to 150 to 200 brace have sometimes been made quite late in the season. On one moor in Wales, in 1901, one of the guns told me that in the last drive of the season the one big pack numbered at least 2,000 birds, and all the bag had to be made while this one pack was crossing the guns. About 200 brace were killed.



(Photo. Reid, Wishaw.)



## JAPANESE WRESTLING AND SLEIGHT OF BODY.

BY C. L. BROWNELL, MEMBER OF THE JAPAN SOCIETY.



PROFESSOR BURTON AND TAIHO (BIG GUN). TAIHO'S HEIGHT, 6 FT. 4 IN.; CHEST IN REPOSE, 48½ IN.; WEIGHT, 28 STONE 8 LBS.

characteristic of the old Japan that has been disappearing so rapidly during recent years. For this wrestling is the same to-day as it was twelve centuries ago—or twenty centuries ago, tradition says—and is of interest, therefore, not only to the lover of athletic sports and to globe-trotters in search of new sensations, but to the anthropologist as well.

Japanese wrestling differs distinctly from the wrestling of other countries. Perhaps it is indigenous, and to be classed, therefore, with the poetry and the hot baths which Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain says are the only things the Japanese have not appropriated from abroad. It is certainly more exciting than the styles of wrestling in vogue in England or on the Continent, and much more picturesque, while the spectators at the matches show little of the immobility of expression, the dignity, and the reserve we are accustomed to associate with the Japanese.

The wrestlers themselves are huge—of a size one would hardly expect to find among a people physically as small as the natives of the Land of the Rising Sun. The least bulky of the first-class men weighs over twenty stone, while the heaviest, as I remember him, weighed twenty-eight and eight, and likely enough he has put on several stone since I last saw him.

WHETHER is in Tokio, the capital of Japan, in January or in May, should go to Eko-in, the temple where the wrestlers meet for their national championship contests. Not only is the sight extraordinarily strange in itself, but it is characteristic to a degree—

Eko-in is the best place for seeing the wrestling, because it is there that the contestants receive their "marks," or grading, which they will hold until the next championship bouts—that is, during the provincial tours that always follow after the contests at Eko-in. The temple is partly dependent for its support upon the receipts of the wrestling exhibitions. It was built, I believe, about the middle of the seventeenth century, on the occasion of the burial of the remains of a great number of the inhabitants of Yedo (the former name of the metropolis), who had lost their lives in a conflagration of extraordinary extent. As it had no special god, or great spirit, of its own, whose worshippers might bring in contributions, it collected money from fairs and from the wrestling matches, and also from the worshippers of departed heroes whose images other temples had lent to Eko-in.

During the ten days of each of the tournaments there is a ring in the centre of the temple quadrangle. A roof, resting on four posts, is over this ring. This is the wrestling booth. The ring itself is somewhat higher than the ground about. It is sanded, and has a border of sixteen rice bags. A bag to the east and a bag to the west are removed when the contests are on. From the eaves of the roof hangs a black, or purple, curtain, two or three feet in width, on which are white, wave-like lines, and on the roof is a shrine to Nomi no Sukune, the patron saint of the wrestler's guild. Tradition says that 1,927 years ago Nomi no Sukune defeated the then champion Tayema in the presence of the Mikado Suinin, who is an ancestor of the present Emperor of Japan, Mutsu Hito. He is supposed to have formulated the rules which are in use to-day, and to have abolished kicking, which he used himself, however, against Tayema so energetically that his adversary died.

Like everything else in Japan and the Far East generally, each part of the wrestling booth has signification: The circular arena represents primeval chaos (very adequately sometimes when the "elephants" are frolicking there); the entrances to the circle, which are opposite to each other in the relative position of the two brush-dabs which constitute the Chinese character for "2," are "Yang" and "Yin," the male and female principles from which all things evolve; the posts supporting the roof represent the four seasons (the north post is black and represents winter, the east

post is blue and represents spring, the south post is red and represents summer, while the west post, in its turn, being white, represents autumn; the sixteen bags represent the Eight Diagrams, whatever those may be. The white waves on the black or purple curtain hanging from the eaves represent self-control and the subjection of passion. This is of small necessity among Japanese wrestlers, however, for their good nature is exceeded only by their size. The spectators for the most part at wrestling matches sit on the ground, where the attendants have spread mats; but at many of the booths there are platforms and tiers of seats and boxes. *Eko-in*, moreover, has cover overhead. Food and drink in considerable variety are on sale, and those who serve them are agile in getting about without mishap.

The wrestlers are commonly supposed to do their work with forty-eight "devices": twelve thrusts, twelve undergrasps, twelve grips, and twelve twists; but in reality there are about 170 points, or tricks, either of offence or of defence. Most of these are too fine for the ordinary observer to appreciate, however. He prefers the rough and tumble contests of the novices and the dance of the champions in their gorgeous aprons.

The champion comes out every other day.

There is always a great display of enthusiasm when he appears. The Japanese call his coming "*doyo-iri*." First appears the "dew remover," or advance guard of the champion. His title comes from ancient times when noblemen on a journey sent a man ahead to remove every obstacle, even the dew, from the path. The remover carries a bow large enough to strike terror to the heart of the most presumptuous dewdrop. Then comes the champion in a loin cloth, wearing a wonderful apron of silk and gold, embroidered with Chinese characters. He takes the bow from the remover, and does a sort of elephant dance, which must give earthquake recorders in the neighbourhood pretty much all they can attend to. There is the sword-bearer in attendance, in remembrance of the fact that the first of the Tokugawa Shoguns, over 250 years ago, presented a sword to the champion of that time. This was the highest military honour possible to confer.

A bout has quite a little ceremony attached to it. The enormous contestants (naked except for a breech cloth) enter the ring separately—one from the east, the other from the west—and the umpire makes announcement, pointing at each man with his war fan as he introduces him. This war fan is historical, too. A Mikado named

Gotoba gave it to a man named Yoshida in 1190, and it has remained in the Yoshida family ever since. The umpire is always of this family.

When the introduction is over, the wrestlers begin to get ready to go to work. Each takes a little water for a gargle, throws a pinch of salt over his shoulder for luck, kicks high sideways and rocks his body, bringing each foot down "ker-plunk" several times with the force of a pile-driver. This is to limber up. Then he goes towards the middle of the ring, plants his feet vehemently again five times, bends forward till his spine is horizontal, cocks up his head, and is face to face close up to his antagonist. The attitude of the two men suggests mammoth

barn-yard fowl ready for a "go." The umpire hovers over them, watching for the moment to give the word; the referees (retired wrestlers), squatting at the posts, are awake, and the bout is just to begin, when one of the wrestlers thinks he will throw a little more salt, and over he goes to his corner for a pinch; he does some more stretching, returns to the centre of the ring, drives down his feet once more, and again the spectators hold their breath, and one can hear one's neighbour's heart beat.



THE DANCE OF THE CHAMPION.

When the wrestlers are exactly on a par, even as to breathing, the umpire gives the word, and the two irresistible bodies come together. How either of them could possibly be defeated is not easy to understand, but the umpire has soon given a decision, probably just as the spectators are keenest with excitement. Though the bout has not been of more than two minutes' duration, the amount of energy in foot-pounds expended is tremendous. It has been expended in pushing for the most part, as there is little trying for leg holds as a rule, though there are some pretty falls from a leg hold, as the accompanying illustrations show.\* The chief desire in each wrestler's mind is to push his adversary over the edge of the fifteen-foot ring in which the contest takes place. A man does not have to be flat on his back before the umpire calls him "down." Even so little as one of the wrestlers' toes against the narrow ridge of soft earth that marks the border of the circle means defeat. To kneel, or even to touch the ground with the hand, is also a defeat. These rulings make for much shorter bouts than one sees in this country. They are as lively as boxing contests, and often tremendously exciting. The bronze image faces of the spectators turn red; they call out their favourite's name, and if he does well, they tear off their clothes and throw them into the space about the ring or into the ring itself. The attendant of the wrestler picks them up, identifies each owner in the crowd, and redeems each article for coin of the realm.

Eko-in is open for wrestling all day long during each of the ten-day periods. The young men who aspire to become wrestlers appear in the morning to earn their certificate before the officials of the wrestler's guild. The first-class men appear every other day, and between times come the men who are trying for first-class honours. There are about 600 professionals altogether, over 400 of whom belong to Tokio. They are divided into two groups—east and west—and each group has its champion. The best six on each side wear the gorgeous aprons, one of which is seen in the illustration on p. 93. The champion of champions is known as Yoko-zuna, and the champions of the east and west are known as O-zeki.

Japanese wrestlers train for bulk, and, so far as is known, abstinence does not enter into the regimen. If they do abstain from anything, that thing must be—as Mark Twain said—total abstinence itself. I remember some wrestlers dining aboard a man-of-war—an officer with much enthusiasm for athletics had invited them to "breakfast." The steward started to pass round a dish of chicken croquettes, but he did not go far with

them, as guest No. 1 took them all. Fourteen bowls of rice at a meal sounds large, but at a private banquet to a member of Parliament, at which wrestlers gave an exhibition, the champion took that quantity of rice to "top off" with. Rice always comes at the end of a Japanese feast. Sometimes globe-trotters have sought to ascertain the capacity of wrestlers in the way of "pegs" and that sort of thing, but though the globe-trotters exerted themselves strenuously and in relays, the wrestler's limit was never within hailing distance, while, as regards the experimenters, the results were disastrous.

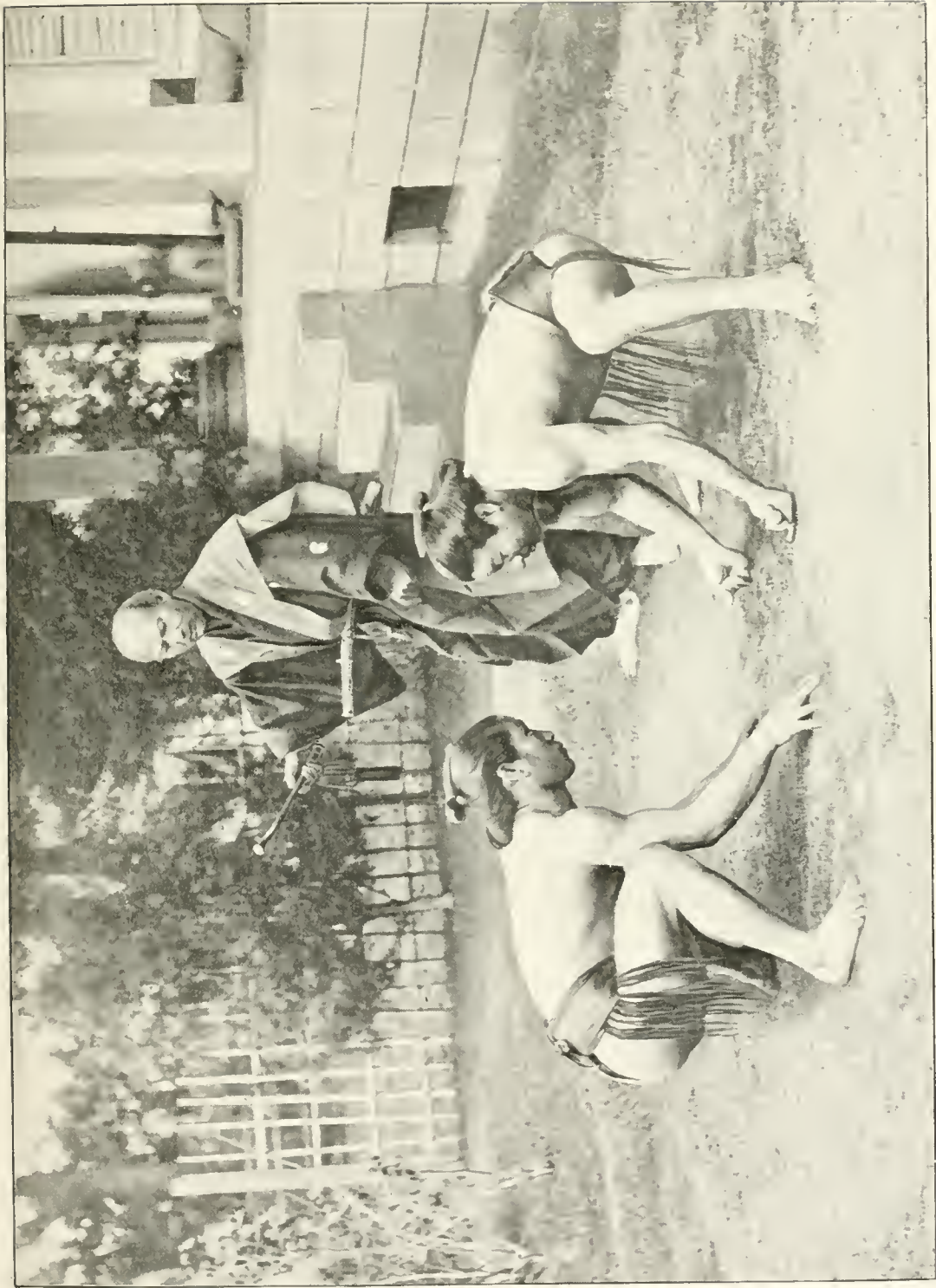
At one of the entertainments given in Tokio in 1899 in honour of Mr. Arthur Diósy, F.R.G.S., the founder of the Japan Society of London, and at present Chairman of its Council, one of the wrestlers raised a *goban*, or Japanese chequer-board, from the floor at arm's length, holding it on the palm of one hand. (A *goban* is some four or five inches thick and two feet square, and is of exceptionally heavy wood.) He then had one of the dancing girls stand on the *goban*, and repeated the performance. Then he grasped the guest of the evening firmly by the ankles, and lifted him perpendicularly. Finally, to show that the wrestler is strong all over, he hung a bit of twine over one ear, giving the ends of the twine to Mr. Diósy, whom certainly no one would characterise as in any way a weak man. Mr. Diósy pulled hard—so hard that he feared the ear might come off—but the man of muscle said, "Pull harder"; and then, "As hard as ever you can." When the wrestler saw that his distinguished opponent in the pulling match was straining to his utmost, he began to "side step," drawing the Chairman of the Council with him with little apparent effort.

The wrestlers are not of any particular clan, or tribe, or family, nor are they the outcome of a special breeding system, as some globe-trotters declare. They come, for the most part, from the sea-coast or from the mountains, which is not remarkable when one remembers that Japan is almost entirely one or the other. Few of them are city bred; they began as lusty lads eager to earn more than they could ever hope to by fishing for someone else on the treacherous island coast, or cultivating minute patches of ground which rest almost on edge on the mountain sides. With this desire for financial advancement they apprenticed themselves to members of the wrestling guild, and butted their way up, grade by grade, until they became *seki-tori* (place-holders).

Wages increase from nothing at all in the beginning of the apprenticeship up to about 12s. a day in tourney time for the first-class men. The management finds them in food and drink besides, and they receive many times their salary in the form of presents from their admirers. They are in demand at entertainments even among the

\* From photographs by my friend, the late Wm. Kinnimond Burton, Professor of Sanitary Engineering in the Imperial University in Tokio. The photographs were taken in Professor Burton's garden.





READY FOR A "GO"

aristocracy, when they dance in the ancient manner of their guild, and obliterate comestibles in a way that is ever marvellous. Taking it all in all the successful Japanese wrestler has what the Americans call a "cinch."

Another art of defence in Japan which is in high favour is *Jujutsu*, or *Judo* in Chinese (as the



A CRITICAL MOMENT.

Japanese pronounce it), or *Yawara*, in the native tongue. The word has received various translations. A man who lectured on it at the Japan Society in London some years ago called it "sleight of body," using sleight in the sense it has in the expression "sleight of hand." Captain Frank Brinkley, in his excellent Japanese-English dictionary, defines it as a kind of wrestling in which dexterity or trick plays a more important part than physical strength.

From what I have seen of it, on the east and the west coasts of Japan, on the Pacific slope in the States, where Japanese are numerous, at exhibitions given in England, and from what I have been able to gather in discussing it with the natives who have gone in for it hard, I should say it was a highly philosophic form of rough and tumble fighting. Certainly moral maxims abound in the schools where *jujutsu* is taught, and much ethical culture is imbibed along with instructions as to

how best to break a man's arm or wring his neck, or put his heart quite out of working order.

It is not what the Japanese call *sumo*, and translate into English as wrestling, for it contravenes nearly every *sumo* rule. *Sumo* calls for weight, whereas weight would only hamper the *judo* artist. *Sumo* also demands muscle, but the *judo* men say that muscle is almost as much a drawback as adipose tissue. In *sumo*, furthermore, if a man touches the ground with anything but his feet—even by his little finger—he is out; but in *judo* he may roll about or lie flat on his face or his back and not be "out," so long as he is capable of movement. He may kick, strike below the belt, bend joints the wrong way, throttle, and do many other things that the *sumo* laws forbid.

The really able *judo*-ist lets the other man do all the work. He does not attack, but by skilful yielding allows his opponent to bring about his own downfall. For instance, a certain noble, the story goes, was endeavouring, with a great assumption of innocence, to push a fellow-traveller to the edge of a narrow mountain road which was coincident with the brink of a precipice several hundred feet in height. The fellow-traveller was an instructor in *judo*, and quite as innocent in his manner as the noble. Just as the edge of the cliff was reached, the noble found himself hanging over it and the *judo* instructor clinging to the tail of his kimono, expostulating

the meanwhile that one should be careful at this point of the road, as the distance to the bottom of the cliff was too great for a noble to reach it head foremost without liability to discompose. The nobleman afterwards stated that it was dangerous to push against a man standing on the edge of a cliff if he was not there.

Captain Brinkley, in his "Japan—its History, Arts, and Literature," says: "A skilled wrestler of great thews fares worse than a simple tyro at the hands of a *jujutsu* expert. The science starts from the mathematical principle that the stability of a body is destroyed so soon as the vertical line passing through its centre of gravity falls outside its base. To achieve disturbance of equilibrium in accordance with that principle, the *jujutsu* player may throw himself on the ground by way of preliminary of throwing his opponent, a sequence of proceedings that would of course be suicidal in wrestling. In fact, to know how to fall is as

essential a part of his science as to know how to throw. Checking, disabling by blows delivered in special parts of the body, paralysing an opponent's limb by applying a 'breaking moment' to it—all these are branches of the science. These principles may be seen strikingly illustrated in any of the schools in Tokio, where weak striplings not yet out of their teens easily gain the mastery over stalwart men."

Professor Kano has two large free schools for *jujutsu* in Tokio, in both of which Mr. T. Shidachi, of the Bank of Japan in Tokio, and a *judo* enthusiast, studied the art. He says: "Respect and kindness, fidelity and sincerity, are essential points which *judo* students should particularly observe. We come by daily training to know that irritability is one of our weakest points, and that we have to try to avoid it in our life, as it facilitates our opponent's efforts to overcome us. Not to be

irritated by any emergency, but to be always calm and composed, is one of the first principles of *judo*. Prudence, precaution, temperance, perseverance, presence of mind, quick discernment, decision after deliberation, self-respect, and self-control—all these are moral qualities inculcated by the study of *judo*."

These remarks apply to athletic contests in general, but in Japan folk take them with more seriousness. Before entering one of the Kano schools, for instance, each pupil takes an oath to obey the rules implicitly. He then goes through their preliminary classes, when he is ready for the ten stages; the first six for physical development, and the remainder for moral discipline. The course occupies ten years.

In contests between *judo*-ists and *sumo*-ists the *judo*-ists have to conform to *sumo* rules to some extent, and so have no great advantage.



DOWN! AND UP GOES THE UMPIRE'S WAR FAN.





A ST. MORITZ TOBOGGANER, WITH HIS STEEL "SKELETON" [FIG. A.]



START OF THE LADIES' RACE. (Photo: Capt. F. A. Bligh.)



WAITING HIS TURN. (Photo: Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond.)

## TOBOGGANING.

BY THEODORE ANDREA COOK.



A FAST RIDER LEAPING INTO THE AIR WITH HIS TOBOGGAN AT THE BEND OF THE HILL AT THE FINISH OF THE CRESTA RUN. [FIG. B.] (Photo: Capt. F. A. Bligh)

IT is not often in winter that we have a sufficiently good snowfall in England to try tobogganing. But when we do we are invariably unprepared. This article is meant to show that with very little preparation a man may have a great deal of sport, if he only goes about it in the right way. The reader will briefly inherit the experience of the North American continent and

of Switzerland, and it must go hard with him if he does not find something as adaptable to English roads and English meadows as the writer has long ago enjoyed.

The machine has naturally gone through a lengthy period of development. A flat board is better than nothing if you must slide down a snow-slope in a sitting posture; and a flat, narrow board with its nose curled up is all that the Canadian toboggan is essentially to-day. The North American Indian used it even before he invented snow-shoes and lacrosse, but his pale-face conquerors were not wise enough to adapt it as skilfully as they did his other pastimes, so it has practically vanished out of civilised communities. To put a long board on the top of a long artificial slope coated with ice, to flash from

top to bottom, and to walk back with the sole intention of repeating the process is not exhilarating after the breathless novelty of the first descents has worn off. Even when ladies, garbed in the fascinating "cloud" and blanket-suit of female Canada, accompany the tobogganer, his chief delight is in the slow ascent. The "chute" was, in fact, a mere bank holiday attraction for an Earl's Court exhibition.

But in countries where wheeled vehicles were popular before ever a North American Indian had seen an axle-tree in his life, the natural transition in the deep snow was to the runners of a sleigh. In the streets of Toronto, New York, and Quebec, the sleigh, diminished to an eighth part of its size, became the coaster. The boys on Boston Common sat on wooden biscuit boxes, mounted on primæval runners, and gaily coasted down the snowy slopes feet first. By degrees the box grew shallower and shallower. At last a long and narrow wooden platform shod with iron was evolved, and the American very nearly got what he wanted. When, greatly daring, he changed his position right round, and put his head first, steering with his feet behind him as the American Indian had taught him on the flat machines of Canada, then he got very much nearer. It was from the high Alps of the Engadine that the finishing touch came.

For some years the Swiss postmen had carried their letters through the upland vales on a diminutive form of wood-sleigh—an exact reproduction, indeed, in miniature of the rough cart on runners that the hardy mountain ponies hauled up and

down the passes of the Grisons. When the English invalid first tried a winter some six thousand feet above the sea, he naturally grew so exhilarated that he began to race the village postman on his native "schlittli" down the village roads. The machine was almost as barbarous as its name; but it gave good sport, and John Addington Symonds presented a cup for the annual race that soon became a fixture on the post road between Davos and Klosters. All went well till an American came over and swept the board by riding head first on his new-fangled machine from the United

In course of time they found that the harder the snow was the faster they went; so they beat it firm and strong with shovels, sprayed the packed surface with a fire-hose, and created an iced toboggan run along the fields between St. Moritz and Cresta. But it was far from being straight, like its Canadian prototypes. Indeed, its chief attraction was its multitude of corners, and each corner was banked up with a high wall of ice to the left, if the direction turned to the right, and *vice versa*. In the illustrations on this page you may observe an example of



COMING OFF "CHARYBDIS"  
ST. MORITZ.



ON THE FIRST BANK OF "CHURCH LEAP," ST. MORITZ.

(Photos: Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond.)

States. This created much consternation. The tobogganing world of the Engadine split hastily into two camps. Some rode head first on the old machine—a fearsome spectacle—others made confusion worse confounded by sitting on the new machine. The next step in this interesting development came not from Davos but from St. Moritz.

In this little hamlet visitors from England seem to have been imbued with a hardy spirit of adventure from the very first. Mere racing on a post road would not suit them. They careered across the sloping hillsides, and made for themselves a "run" by heaping up the snow-banks,

both. The rider is on the first bank of the famous "Church leap" in the Cresta run at St. Moritz. He swings round it—not too high, or he would go up over the topmost edge;

not too low, or he would "skid," and fall hurtling to the bottom—but just at the right angle necessitated by his pace and by the change in his direction, and repeats the process when he reaches the next bank, which will swing him safely on to a bit of "straight" before the coming corner. It will be seen at once that this needs steering not to a yard or to a foot, but often to an inch; and that to ensure this you must be lying down with your head first, your eye watching the run of your machine, and your spiked boots ready behind to give a touch to right or left for change of line or a drag straight down the middle to slacken speed. These things necessitated the adoption of the head-first position, and the final evolution of the best toboggan took place when all the wood was removed except the padded platform on which the rider reclined, and when the runners became round polished bars of steel, that act like springs and could be steered to a hair's breadth. The machine is well illustrated, together with the costume appropriate to it, in Fig. A. It was made for a man of 5 feet 11½ inches, weighing 12 stone, and any English blacksmith could produce one after this model if he is careful how he does the welding. The pace possible on the Cresta run was measured in March, 1900, at 73 miles an

hour over a measured distance of 50 yards picked out at an appropriate place and ridden by twelve men, who did the whole course of three-quarters of a mile from top to bottom. In the great race of that year the entire distance was accomplished in 67 seconds, giving an average speed of 41½ miles an hour after negotiating several corners and banks as awkward as those here depicted; and some idea of what that speed means may be gathered from the rider who is shown in Fig. B at the top of the hill which finishes the Cresta run. His pace is still so great that he flies right up from the slope, and often goes as much as fifty feet through the air before he pitches in the soft snow again, breathless but triumphant.

A beginner in England should begin slowly, and learn to steer on easy gradients down a snowy road, lying head first on the steel "skeleton" I have described. A few labourers with spades and a good "eye for country" will have made a very fair run down the hillsides while he is learning his preliminary steps. A little artful banking up of corners, and a capacity for "taking a tumble" without too much exertion, will complete his novitiate, and he should soon be hard at it on a frosty morning, enjoying one of the most skilful and exciting forms of motion in the world.



A GOOD START.

(Photo: Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond.)





IN THE TERAI.

(Photo: P. B. Vanderbyl.)

## SPORT WITH TIGERS.

BY LIEUT.-GEN. SIR MONTAGU GILBERT GERARD, K.C.B., K.C.S.I.

**T**HOUGH at home one is prone to imagine that tigers abound in India, and that any keen sportsman sojourning there must necessarily have ample opportunities of pursuing one of the finest of all species of big game, a new arrival will soon learn that this form of sport is nowadays about as difficult of attainment by the average officer or visitor as a deer forest or grouse moor in this country is to the man of moderate means. Not only is big game now restricted to very limited areas, but these are either impracticable from physical conditions—*e.g.* the Soonderbunds—preserved by native chiefs, or in any case require so much local help to get elephants, supplies, and beaters, that scarce anyone unaided by local authorities has the possibility of doing more than potting an accidental tiger over the carcass of an opportunely killed village cow. It is a mistake to suppose that villagers welcome the advent of a British sportsman to rid them of the so-called pest of their jungles. On the contrary, not only in the more agricultural tracts in proximity to jungles do the village crops suffer so from the ravages of wild pig that they would rather prefer to have a couple of tigers to keep them down, but so many British sportsmen—particularly those ignorant of the language—leave all payments to native servants, who, as a matter of course, defraud their poorer brethren—that the advent of a camp of “sahibs” is regarded as a dire evil, accompanied only by worry, bullying, and positive loss to the inhabitants.

Where game, such as deer and pig, abound, tigers stick to these and do little harm to cattle. It is,

moreover, only the less valuable that are allowed to graze in tiger jungles, and usually the older and more infirm, straggling behind as they return at sunset to the village, that get picked up. The “Chumars” (Pariahs), who, in virtue of their low caste, can alone eat beef—in return for shepherding the village herds, receiving all carcasses as their perquisite—sally out, when apprised of a kill, even by torchlight, and a dozen of them, with a tom-tom or two and practically unarmed, drive the tiger off and annex the carcass themselves.

Some fine night, when the animal is extra hungry, or his opponents careless, he shows fight, kills a man, and finding this such an easy game, loses his instinctive dread, and this, I believe, is the beginning of the career of many a one as a man-eater, especially in the case of tigresses with cubs.

The Government reward of Rs. 50 per tiger in certain districts, such as the Central Provinces, makes the village shikarri regard this as his peculiar perquisite, and unless assured of the entire reward himself, he will, far from helping, thwart your men.

In the valley of the Ganges and Brahmaputra, where enormous marshy reed beds, 10 to 15 feet high, harbour countless hog, and a score of other species of wild animals, tigers abound; but without a line of pad elephants to beat, and half-a-dozen howdah ones for the guns, sport is impracticable, as man on foot is powerless. There is a maximum of comfort with a minimum of risk in this form of sport, which is as well adapted for a lady or a portly City merchant, if a good snap-shot, as for a Baker or a Selous.

In Assam, Burmah, and some of the southern forests, jungles are so vast and inhabitants scarce, that beating is out of the question, and it is only in Rajputana, Central India, the Central Provinces, the Deccan, and parts of Bombay that there is at the same time sufficient jungle—comprising all uncultivated land, however sparsely wooded—to hold tigers, and at the same time sufficiently isolated patches of good covert, that can be guarded by three or four guns, to make sure of the quarry, when once harboured. It is only during the three months of the hot weather—middle of March to that of June—when water is scarce, trees mostly leafless, and the waist-high grass burned or eaten down, that it is possible to undertake a regular expedition. During the rains—July—September—and cold weather, game is too scattered and on the move to offer ordinarily any reasonable chance of success. With the scarcity of water, covert, and shade, animal life becomes concentrated usually near rivers, and marking down tigers is easy. Woodcutters and cattle-herds so constantly pervade jungles in these districts that tigers are locally well known, and often rejoice in nicknames, such as the “langra bagh” (lame tiger, “kala moo” (black face), or the “dubla shere” (lean one), and they live on side by side on a footing if not of amity, at least of armed neutrality. As tigers in their wanderings are addicted to following the dusty cattle tracks, what between their “pug” (prints) on these or the sandy river beds, and their “kills” indicated by the encircling vultures, it is easy to locate their whereabouts. Young “Paras” (bull buffalo calves) can be bought anywhere for a few rupees, and a dozen of these are tied up at likely spots over five or six miles of ground, selecting water and a sufficiently thick, quiet patch of covert close by, to induce the tiger to lie up with his “gara” (kill). If not rendered cunning by having been previously missed, he will

generally break the rope and drag the calf into the handy refuge offered, where he will guard the remains from vultures and jackals. It is easy next morning to steal quietly up, ascertain whether the buffalo has been dragged, and by a cast or two round, or the various indications given by birds or monkeys, to make sure that he is safe within a couple of hundred yards. Occasionally one can stalk and shoot them on the kill. Wind is, unwisely enough, seldom taken into account when settling the direction of a beat, which is usually regulated by heading the tiger for his natural line of retreat, and as guns are commonly posted 10 or 12 feet from the ground in

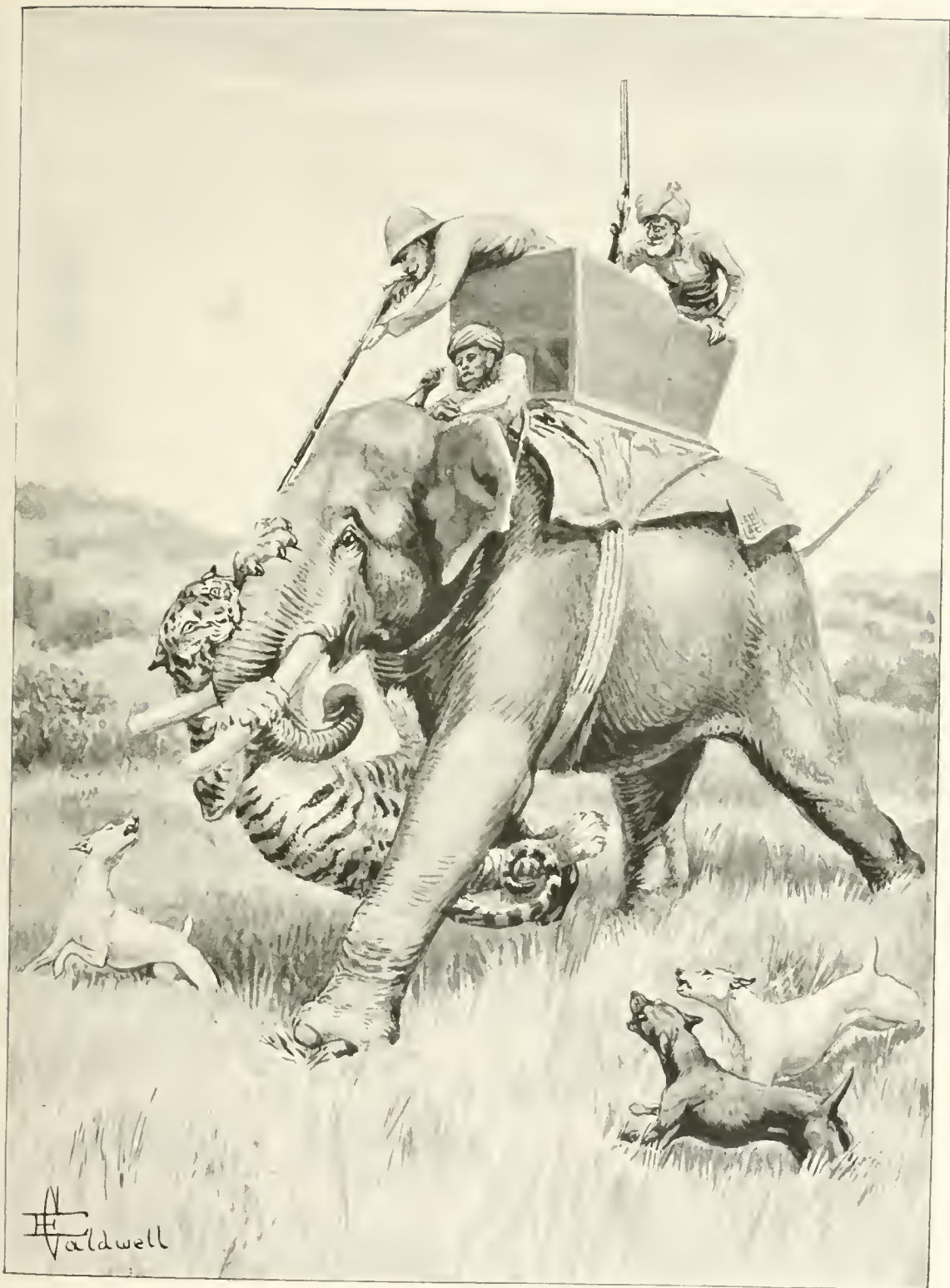


BENGALI HOWDAH

(Photo : P. B. Vanderbyl.)

a tree or on a rock, and the animal generally pretty well done by the heat, strolling along with tongue lolling out, they scent one far more rarely than a deerstalker would imagine possible. One should not beat until 10 or 11 a.m. As a rule, an unsophisticated tiger trots out a quarter of a mile ahead of the hundred or so beaters, who advance with all the “tom-toms” and other available instruments of discord, offering such an easy shot that it is entirely the sportsman's fault if he is not dropped

dead in his tracks. They practically never face an open in the full sun, but take readily to water, swimming strongly. In fact, an ordinary tiger is the easiest driven and easiest killed animal that walks the jungle, but once quicken his perceptions by muffling him, or tailor him by a badly-placed shot, and one finds him precisely the contrary in both respects. There is no danger to beaters from an unwounded tiger if they keep together, and the beat should invariably halt on the first shot being fired, nor advance again until, by whistle or otherwise, it is signalled that all is safe. Accidents usually occur from posting guns upon elephants instead of sending the latter with the beaters to cover them. The custom also in some places of having ladders and regular “mechauns” built to shoot from is most unsportsmanlike and



MISSFIRE!

(Drawn by E. C. Caldwell, from a sketch supplied by Sir Montagu Gerard.)



subversive of sport. A few yards of thin rope and a small saw, and a man should be able to post himself anywhere without further assistance and without noise, and go on from beat to beat till sunset it need be.

Two or three cubs is what one generally sees with a tigress in a wild state; occasionally I have

met with four, once with five, and on one occasion with six. Shikarris in the Central Provinces profess to age them by the number of lobes in

mistake—12 inches between the ears, and 24 inches round forearm. Tigresses average 8 feet 4 inches to 8 feet 7 inches, but I saw one of 9 feet 4 inches; their tail—longer than a tiger's—is 33 inches to 35 inches. I saw a stuffed tiger in Russia, from Corea, which measured 13 feet, but he was badly set up, and drawn out like a weasel. Skins pegged out to dry gain 18 to 24 inches in length. It is easy to distinguish a tiger's track from a tigress's, the latter being far more oval; that of a full-grown male can just be covered by the outstretched hand and fingers, about 9 inches across. Man-eaters are very rare indeed, and, as I said above, probably become so accidentally. The accepted belief that they are necessarily mangy is a myth: it may be the cause, not the effect. For whatever reason, they seem to acquire preternatural cunning, and natives believe that the soul of a man is imprisoned within them. I once spent a fortnight following one, who never during that

time killed within ten miles of her last victim. A small Thakoor (landlord) sat up alone one night for her, with his matchlock, sword, and shield, and next morning his half-eaten body, with the matchlock undischarged, was found at a considerable distance from the tree in which his "mechān" was made. A former colonel of the C. I.

Horse, the most celebrated tiger-slayer of thirty years back, killed an exceptionally mischievous one, which in a year had accounted for eighty-seven known victims. From some rocky plateaus surrounding the valley she haunted she could see anyone moving below, and had become so bold that she would pass through a herd of cattle to seize the herdsman beyond. Once when a buffalo had been tied up as bait, when it was visited by half a dozen armed men next day and found untouched, these sat down on the high bank whence they had looked, and sent a couple of "chumars" to unfasten it. As the foremost approached, the tigress, who was crouched near, carried him off like a flash before a shot could be fired. The country was terrorised, and the inhabitants scarce dared to stir out, save in small bodies, so all were ready to beat all day and every day without payment. After some blank days she eventually was turned out and was shot. The wildest delight was manifested, the "purdah" women coming out unveiled—as is the old custom—but the sportsman himself was far from convinced that the small, sleek



ON THE "PARA."

(Drawn by E. C. Caldwell, from a sketch supplied by Sir Montagu Gerard.)

the liver, of which seventeen is the most I ever saw, but tigers undoubtedly live to over 20; indeed, I have heard cases where one was known in the same locality for the latter period. As to the much discussed question of length, out of considerably more than 200 I have seen killed, 10 feet 1 inch was the longest, and 9 feet 2 inches to 9 feet 6 inches from nose to tip of tail is the average length of a full-grown male tiger, who should girth 50 inches to 54 inches, and 36 inches to 38 inches from heel to wither. I never succeeded in getting one weighed, but 450 lbs. I have heard quoted as an extreme weight. Sanderson, for the South of India where they run smaller, gives 25 stone. The heaviest I ever saw was killed in '71, in Central India, and he was 9 feet 6 inches, of which the tail was 2 feet 6 inches. He girthed 60 inches—my diary says 6 feet, presumably a

tigress bagged was really the scourge of the country side. As he sat, however, in front of his tent, an old woodcutter arrived, and after one glance at the head exclaimed, "That's her," with such an air of conviction that he asked him how he knew. The man replied that some weeks previously the tigress sprang out and seized his wife on a jungle path, and he had cut her over the face with his axe, and "There's the scar." The best proof was that all further deaths ceased from that day, and though I knew those jungles well for the next twenty-five years, I never heard of another man-eater in those parts. In fact, I have only killed four undoubted ones, whose victims ranged from thirty-three to about a dozen apiece; but I have known of several others, generally sulky males, who had killed cattleherds or woodcutters disturbing them.

In 1875, when marching back to my regiment with a friend, after our hot-weather shoot, we heard of a pair of tigers occupying a small oasis of about 1,000 acres of jungle in the midst of cultivation, who so resented all attempts to graze cattle on the very open, low hills they occupied, that they had killed seven or eight men, and remained in undisputed possession. As we could not reach the place in one march, we rode forwards after an early dinner with one gun, a rug, a pillow each, to sit up that night for them, as we had heard there were only three watering-places, and thought it might be risky to use beaters under the circumstances. We had a couple of "charpoys"—native bedsteads—and buffaloes tied up at the two best spots, and a big fire lighted

at dusk at the third. The post I drew was at a large dug-out water hole in the middle of an old "jowarri" (maize) field, in a hollow 300 yards across, between two gentle slopes covered with waist-high grass, and dotted with isolated "corrinda" bushes, in size and shape resembling rhododendrons in a shrubbery—in fact, it was quite rideable jungle. My "charpoy" was in a half blown-down mango tree, some ten feet from the ground, and within ten yards of the bait, and having my "chagul" (water-skin) and some biscuits, pillow, and rug, I was very snug for the night, and sent my orderly back to the village, directing him to ride out at daybreak for orders. The moon was due to set about 4 a.m., but, as often happens in May, a hot wind laden with dust was blowing, producing a copper-coloured haze—a very trying light indeed. Nothing occurred up to 2 a.m., and I was dozing off, when I caught the curious low moaning sound made by a tiger calling its mate, approaching me from the westwards. Thanks to the light, it was only at the last moment that I saw a dim, shadowy



HE HAD CUT HER OVER THE FACE WITH HIS AXE" (p. 105).



form glide up and sit down on the buffalo, who collapsed without a struggle. I had a 10-bore ball gun as best for snap-shooting at night, but strain my eyes as I did, I could not distinguish out of the vague, black mass before me which was tiger and which buffalo. After what seemed ten minutes the cry of a second tiger was heard about 200 yards off, and No. 1 stood up and faced in that direction, upon which I fired sharp, and saw him struggling on the ground. I tried a deliberate pot to finish him, but my second barrel missed fire—the first time that year—and before I could

pression, made sure it saw the tiger. My orderly now appeared, so taking his horse, I trotted down to a point 100 yards below, where the blood track entered the nulla, intending to canter up the bank, ready to wheel off full speed into the field if I found him there, capable of mischief. I was just settling myself in the stirrups, and gathering up the reins, when there was a roar almost under our feet, and I found I had ridden on to No. 2, squatted under the nulla bank, whom I had absolutely forgotten. The horse reared, and for some seconds it seemed a toss-up; but she swerved and



IN THE DOO-ARS.

(Photo: P. L. Vanderbyl.)

change cartridges he picked himself up and vanished in the gloom, pitching twice heavily on his head. I had reloaded, and fancying all over for the night, was preparing for a snooze, when up walked No. 2, though she must have heard the shot, to the very spot occupied by her mate a few seconds previously. As she put down her nose, and, sniffing the blood, dashed off, I fired a snapshot; and though this was answered with a "woof," I thought it was a miss. I awoke at dawn, and descending, found that many of the jowarri stalks were splashed with blood three feet from the ground, so saw that No. 1 was hit high up. Following the track towards the eastern slope, I carried the "pug" into a shallow "nulla" dry water-course, skirting it, and seeing a jackal trotting about beyond with a very puzzled ex-

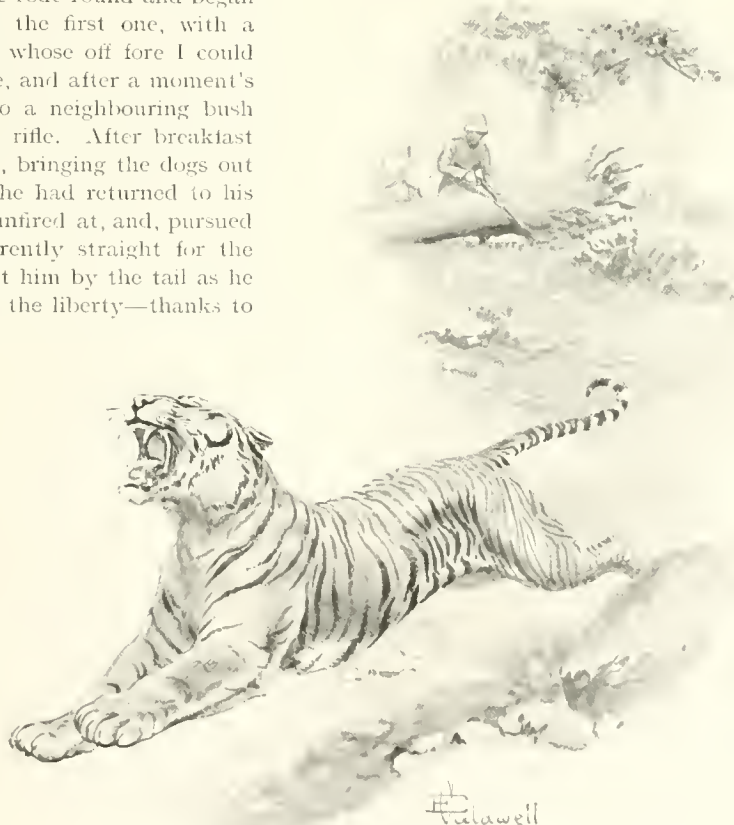
cantered off on three legs, with her off fore evidently badly broken above the elbow, lying down again about 100 yards away. Sitting down to watch her, I sent back for an elephant and some of my dogs, who had marched overnight to the neighbouring village, and on their arrival, finding the orderly had forgotten to bring my rifle, I took behind me in the howdah a Sikh Duffedar of ours, with an antiquated firearm, who came out from camp to see the fun. My "pack"—fox and bull terrier mongrels—soon got at the tigress, and I had a clear shot at her head, but, the elephant swerving, missed, and, as she broke, my second barrel caught her too far back in the ribs, when she turned and charged. As the gun I snatched from the old Sikh Duffedar fire, she was next moment on the elephant's trunk, whence she was finally dis-



lodged by a complicated kick from the assaulted one's hind foot, and limped off into a neighbouring bush. The elephant—whose trunk was badly bitten and who remained off his feed for some days—was too demoralised to face her again, but being now joined by my comrade, and getting my rifle, we walked her up and finished her. My first shot—a spherical shell—had made a sad mess of her forearm. We now tried for No. 1, but finally lost the decreasing blood track, whilst the dogs knocked up from the sun, so we returned to breakfast. Having only one timid pad elephant to fall back upon, we then collected the village buffaloes and spent the day driving them before us through the grass, but found no trace of the tiger. We watched all the water again that night, but as he never visited it, it was supposed he was lying dead in some corner. On the second morning we were out again at dawn, my friend on the pad elephant to the eastwards and I, with a couple of sowars, on an old Arab, off whom I had already shot a tiger, to a ravine in the plateau about a mile off, where a man had once been killed. A small village was close to the spur of the hill, and as, owing to its proximity, the grass was grazed down, it seemed a most unlikely spot. However, there were some corinda clumps in one corner, so picking up a few stones, we rode round and began to pelt these. At almost the first one, with a growl, out came the tiger, whose off fore I could see was broken at the knee, and after a moment's hesitation, he was off into a neighbouring bush before I could unslung my rifle. After breakfast we proceeded to draw him, bringing the dogs out in a covered cart, but as he had returned to his original bush, he got out unfired at, and, pursued by the pack, bolted apparently straight for the village. One terrier caught him by the tail as he went, and trying to resent the liberty—thanks to his broken paw and the slope they were on—he rolled clean over, to the great delight of the dogs. Within 200 yards he gained a cave, whence we failed to dislodge him. The water was again watched at night without result, whilst we left camp at 4 a.m. on the third day to catch him on his expected return to the cave, which we only just reached when there was a roar behind us as he returned across the hill to regain it. As it was still too dark to see a dozen paces

it was as lucky as inexplicable that he did not charge. At daylight, after blocking the entrance and placing a score of markers up trees, we began burning the likely patches of grass, eventually marking him into a bush, where we shot him at 70 yards as he got on his legs to charge. The first shot—a solid spherical—had passed clean through the neck, breaking the paw beyond at the knee. A shell in that place would have killed him dead.

Tigers are desperately afraid of dogs, and wild dogs certainly do, as I have seen from the tracks, drive them off a kill, and take it for themselves, but whether by simply badgering or, as "shikarris" say, by actually attacking them, seems hard to decide. In support of the latter possibility, two of my sowars who had been out prospecting, once told me that at a certain jungle village they heard that a few days previously a tiger had been seen surrounded during the whole day on a rock at the edge of the plateau above by a pack of wild dogs, and that a dreadful scrimmage had been heard the ensuing night. My men with some of the dogs visited the spot, and brought me back some scraps of tiger skin as big as a napkin which they found there; but it seems difficult to imagine how animals no larger than collies could achieve such



HIS DEATH RUSH (see page 108).

(From a sketch by Sir Montagu Gerard.)

a result. Anyhow, for many years I used a "bobbery" pack in Central India for wounded tigers with great success, and they are much used in the Neilgherries.

As an instance of how animals' perceptions become quickened, once, when beating on a "kill," posted across the mouth of a ravine with precipitous cliffs on either side, the tiger was missed by our right-hand gun. He "killed" again that night, and we beat the same place the second day when he broke out of shot up an almost inaccessible path to the left. He killed a third time, but the third day we beat blank. Another cunning old tiger in Rajputana killed as often as we "tied up," but never was seen in any beat. He inhabited a river gorge, which cut its way through a mountain chain, which here overhung the stream by 300 or 400 feet; but whilst the Northern plateau was covered with tree jungle, the opposite one, crowned by a ruined fort, was almost bare. He had dodged us more than once, so on the last occasion, after posting the other guns across the gorge, I walked up to near the fort to watch the opposite forest side. Almost at the first tap of the drums, I caught a glimpse of the tiger stealing up towards me, and had just time to duck down behind a fallen tree and let him pass, when I got a shot in

behind the shoulder, and, throwing up his head, he plunged downhill in what, as I could see, was his death rush.

As to the vexed question of a "battery," I certainly prefer the knock-down blow of a big charge to the handiest small-bore, and after a run, a heavy rifle steadies itself when one cannot aim rightly with a light one. For the first fifteen years I used a 10-bore with 7 drams powder and a 2½-ounce Calvert shell. I do not believe in solid bullets for tigers; as for the usual broadside shot, the bullet passes through and wastes half its energy on the ground beyond. Latterly I found a .577 Express with 200 grains powder and a 540 grain bullet preferable. It gives a force of 3,950 foot pounds, whereas a Lee-Metford has but 1,920. As an average tiger charging at 25 feet a second should only develop some 3,500 foot pounds, so far as mere theory goes, one should have the "stopping power" on one's side. For purely howdah work the handiest gun is the best.

In any case, and for all jungle work, sporting rifles should be without the usual standing back sight with its small nick, useful only for stalking or target practice. They should be absolutely flush sighted, and with the same bend and pull as one's shot guns, and we should always remember that the risky shots are those at close quarters.



PADDING THE TIGER.

(Photo : P. L. Vanderbyl.)



SPINNING FOR PIKE, WROXHAM BROAD.

(Photo: J. Temple, Richmond.)

## AUTUMN PIKE AND PERCH FISHING.

BY R. B. MARSTON.

THE pike and perch angler, whether of large or small experience, always looks forward with pleasure to what our American cousins call the "Fall." The "fall of the leaf" is not confined to those which grow in the air. With the advent of cool days and cold nights, the great forests of sub-aquatic vegetation begin to droop and decay, pike and perch are in the best of condition, and the first frost sharpens their appetites in a wonderful manner. I have never crossed a railway or other bridge from which one can look down on to the Bedfordshire Ouse, for instance, without thinking of my pike rod. Looking down on such a river, deep and dark in the middle, with banks of water plants rising from the depths on each side, makes one long to feel one's pike bait spinning a foot or two under water, past the little bays in the fringe of weeds, and see the swirl caused by a good fish and the gleam of its side as it turns after taking the bait.

In my opinion, the most interesting style of fishing for pike is with a natural or artificial spinning bait, but it certainly is not the most deadly way, at least as far as the capture of large fish is concerned; and one of its chief disadvantages is that if the water is weedy, it is impossible to spin with any comfort, as half your time is occupied in clearing the hooks. It is for this reason that the pike angler likes to see the first frosts of autumn make the thick water weeds sink and disappear, gradually leaving open water clear of obstructions—at any rate, near the surface, for in ponds and lakes weeds are found two or three feet under the surface nearly all the winter in places which suit them.

*Spinning for Pike.*—The best rod for this pur-

pose, to my way of thinking, is one of 10 to 12 feet in length, in three pieces, the butt and middle joint of good bamboo, with a greenheart top joint, fitted with large rings. For fishing from the bank of a river or lake, the longer rod is best, as it enables you to lift the line over bushes or rushes better than a shorter one. A good Nottingham reel, with check action and a hundred yards of fine silk line plaited and dressed with some good water-proof dressing, is an outfit which it is not easy to improve upon for spinning for pike, or for salmon either for that matter. With this tackle you can cast from the reel in the Nottingham style, or you can coil the line on the ground or into a basket fastened to your side, and cast out and draw in from the hand. This is not the place to discuss the merits of different styles of casting, but from personal and long experience of its many advantages I can strongly advise all who wish to fish with any kind of bait which requires to be cast any distance, to learn to use the Nottingham reel. It is not so easy as it appears to be at first sight, and I have known many good anglers who have given it up in despair. Many anglers who cannot use the free-running delicate Nottingham reel, find an excellent substitute in the Malloch casting reel, now so largely used in bait-fishing for salmon in Scotland, or Messrs. Hardy's new excellent "Silex" reel. As regards spinning baits, their name is legion, and if the pike are on the feed, one is almost as good as another; if they want tempting, then a natural bait is best, because you can spin it more slowly than an artificial, without raising the suspicions of the pike, but it is a curious fact that in some waters pike will take a brown phantom with golden belly better than a silvery bait of any



kind. This is generally the case where the pike are accustomed to hunt and feed on trout.

One often hears an angler complain of missing fish when spinning. I think this arises from two causes—viz. too many hooks on the bait and a top joint which is not stiff enough. We fish for salmon and trout with a fly on a single hook, and do not complain if we miss a fish or two—angling would be dull work if there were no misses and breaks and narrow escapes for the fish—but with six or nine hooks on a spinning bait we think it impossible to miss a fish which strikes. What we forget is that it is much more difficult to drive several hooks in beyond the barb than one, and one is quite enough. More trout are killed on one hook in a month than on three triangles in a year. For the same reason a stiffer top is required to drive several points in than is the case with one. Rank barbs and dull points are also to blame for half the missed fish—the hooks merely prick without penetrating, and the fish shakes the bait out. I have dwelt on this point because I know I have lost many a fish, from salmon down to roach, through overlooking it and not seeing that my hooks were really sharp. I believe that if an angler tested a spoon bait with a good sharp



PIKE.  
(Photo: Thiele.)

single hook against one with the ordinary treble he would find the single killed treble the number of fish. In salmon-fishing, when using very small flies, the double hook is safer. The weight of the fish sends the barbs home, and two well in are not so likely to tear out as one.

In spinning for pike, the best chance is to work it about mid-water as near to weed-beds as possible, and if the water is clear enough it is very exciting to see a ten or fifteen-pounder dash out and swallow the bait. I have often enough



PERCH FISHING NORFOLK BROADS.

(Photo: J. Temple, Richmond.)

had my bait taken the very instant it touched the water. A few years ago I was fishing on a small lake in Norfolk which was terribly weedy. As the boatman rowed me past one of those dark, deep open spaces, like a bay, not much larger than a fair-sized dining-room, I pitched my spinning-bait—a perfectly red rubber phantom—into the centre of it. I could see to the bottom of it before I cast, and there was not a fish in sight; and yet the instant my bait struck the water, and almost before I could begin to draw it towards me, a fourteen-pound pike had it in his jaws.

Putting the check on the reel, I held the fish hard on the spring of the rod, and by good luck succeeded in guilting his first rush, so that he came clear of a big bank of weeds into more open water. Then he made another rush, which made the reel sing. I never hear the "music of the reel" without thinking of old David Foster's story of the yokel, who was looking on when an angler was playing a good pike, and hearing the noise of the reel, cried, "Hark! how the beggar squeals!" meaning the fish. But my fish was well hooked and soon in the boat. Then I did a very silly thing. There was nothing in the boat to kill the fish with, and the keeper handed me his big pocket-knife, open. It was a heavy weapon, and, not thinking in the excitement of the moment I held it by the blade, I struck the fish with the handle. It stunned the fish, but it cut my finger to the bone—the very finger, too, that I had to use in winding in the line after making a cast. Of course, I ought to have

put the business end of the knife into the pike just behind the head, which kills instantly. A Hampshire keeper told me that kingfishers sometimes kill good-sized trout by stabbing them in this spot, but I am more inclined to think it the work of herons.

In spinning, spin slowly, and directly you feel a fish tighten hard on him. It should not be a

Fish hooked on a spinning bait are almost invariably hooked in the mouth, and give better sport than if hooked in the throat. I know nothing more enjoyable in the way of winter fishing than spinning for pike in a well-stocked water on a bright frosty day, preferably in a river, as then you get plenty of walking, and the



FAIRLY HOOKED.

*jerk*, but a *draw*, keeping as strong a pull on the fish as your tackle will bear; this will nearly always fasten the hook where a jerk may break the hook or line, or cut it on the pike's teeth. I have seen a good angler cut his gimp through striking with a jerk, and lose good fish time after time in this way. To jerk your gimp along a row of pike's teeth is like jerking it along a big-toothed saw.

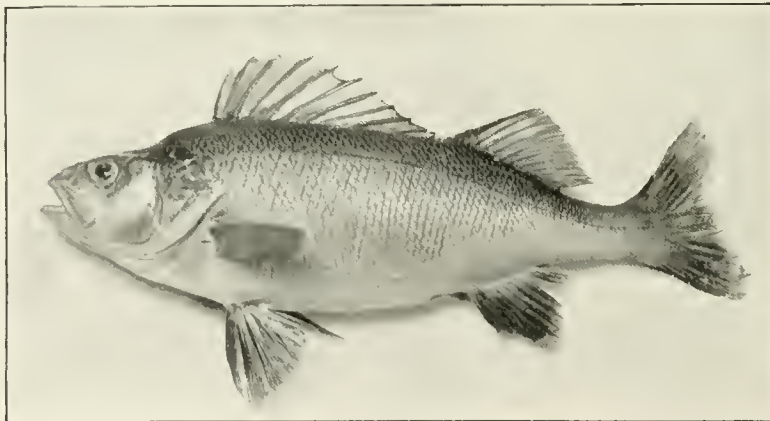
fish fight strongly in a good stream. If the bait you are using is not too large, and there are big perch in the water, your pike-spinning bait will often be taken by a perch, and an autumn or winter perch of 2 or 3 lbs. is a welcome addition to your bag.

*Live Baiting with Snap and Paternoster Tackle.*—Gorge-bait fishing for pike has, I am glad to say, gone almost out of fashion. Our grandfathers

used it chiefly, and all the old angling books will tell you how to give your pike plenty of time to pouch the bait before striking; but an angler should not be unnecessarily cruel, and to expect much play from a fish hooked in the gullet is unfair and cruel. A fish hooked in the mouth probably feels little more pain than a horse held by bit and bridle. Of course, you miss more fish when you strike directly, but you get more fish in a day's fishing, and far more sport out of those you get. Next to spinning for pike, I like paternostering with a single hook put through both lips of the bait. The lips of a dace are little more than gristle, and a single square bend hook allows it to breathe with but little restraint. All that is required with this tackle is a small pear-shaped plummet on a foot of fine gut to sink the bait. The plummet is fastened to the gut so that it hangs six inches or so below it; you cast the bait into openings in the weeds or out into the open water and let it sink, then draw it gently for a yard or two, and stop; then draw it in again, and in this way you are pretty sure to bring it to the notice of any pike in the neighbourhood. Presently you feel a sort of postman's knock, which means that a pike has taken it; putting the check on the winch, you carefully wind in the slack, and directly the fish begins to move off you tighten on him with the *draw* movement. Unless he has been merely playing with the bait, like a cat with a mouse—and on some days pike will do this time after time—the fish will be hooked, and give you good sport according to his size. No fish, however, fight so differently as pike, some coming in like logs, and others fighting to the last, often jumping out of the water time after time. The beauty of paternostering for pike is that you can search the water

so thoroughly, deep or shallow. With float and a jardine snap tackle—invented by my friend, Mr. Alfred Jardine, the most successful of pike anglers—you can fish any water where there is an opening between the weeds, and it is often the most deadly way of fishing. If the pike are not well on the feed, you can substitute a perch hook and a gudgeon or minnow, and fish for perch, and great sport it is when there are plenty of good fish about. Many anglers use tackle much too coarse for perch, because they have read that the perch is a bold biter. He is, but he is also often a very discriminating one, and some of the best fun I have ever had with perch has been with a fly rod and fly cast, and just one small shot sufficient to sink the worm or minnow very slowly. Perch will take a bait on fine tackle which drops down almost naturally, when they will often only come and gaze at one which plumps down and hangs on a big hook on stout gut, and the sport they give on a fly rod and fine tackle is much better than with tackle suitable for hand-line fishing at sea.

Fishing for pike and perch is delightful in the autumn, if you are fortunate enough to get a day or two on an English lake in some fine old park, when the trees are changing colour and a good breeze ripples the surface of the water; it is almost equally enjoyable all through the winter, and, as for the cold, you never notice it if sport is good, not even if the line almost freezes in the rings of the rod. At the end of such a day's fishing, to put up at a comfortable old-fashioned English inn with a pleasant angling companion, and compare notes and experiences over a smoke after dinner is not the least enjoyable part of an autumn or winter day after pike and perch.



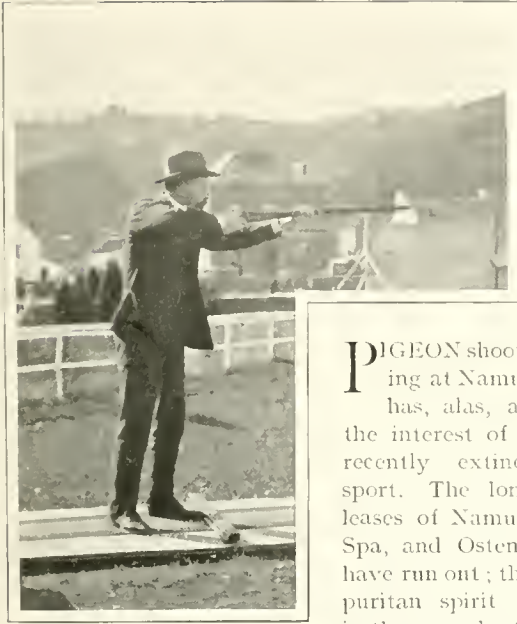
PERCH.

(Photo: Thiele.)



## PIGEON SHOOTING AT NAMUR.

BY HENRI QUERSIN.



DONALD McINTOSH (AUSTRALIA).

PIGEON shooting at Namur has, alas, all the interest of a recently extinct sport. The long leases of Namur, Spa, and Ostend have run out; the puritan spirit is in the ascendant; even His Majesty King Leopold,

though favourable to the greatest recreation for the greatest number, did not withhold his royal signature from the Gaming Bill, with the result that it is now law. Well, pigeon shooting may have been in great measure a gamble, but it was an amusing one, and, being conducted in the open air, was so much the more health-giving.

One great reason of its popularity with all classes of sportsmen, Belgian and foreign alike, unquestionably lay in the large sums voted for prizes and the disproportionately small entry fees. In this relation it compared very favourably, for instance, with Monte Carlo. Thus, while there were well-to-do casinos which did not hesitate to vote from 100,000 to 150,000 francs (£6,000) as prize money, an amount that would be supplemented by the municipality by perhaps another 30,000 or 40,000 francs (£1,200 to £1,600), this system of big prizes was undoubtedly combined with a system of small entries. At Monte Carlo, to take an example, a prize of from £20 to £40 involves an entry of £2; a prize of £120 costs £4 for entering; and the famous Grand Prix entails entry money of £8. Compare these figures with those that ruled at Namur, and we shall find that there a gigantic prize of £1,000 entailed only a modest

entry of a sovereign; a payment of sixteen shillings entitled you to enter for prizes of from £200 to £400, while the smaller prizes were competed for on payment of as little as eight or twelve shillings. It will be thought that this view of the matter reduces the "sport" of pigeon shooting to a mere gamble. Well, candour compels the view, and the reader must arrive at his own opinion. This liberty of opinion must also apply to the cruelty of pigeon shooting above that of other gun sports.

The general practice is too well known, perhaps, to need description, but it may be briefly stated thus. The pigeons, blue rocks for preference, are confined in collapsible traps, five of which are arranged in an arc, with some five yards between each, in front of the gun. The wires by which the traps are sprung communicate with an arrangement by which a man pulling a string at a given word (which comes from the man about to shoot) frees one or other of the birds; which bird, neither he or the gun knows until the trap is down. The gun has to drop his bird as near the trap as possible, for if it does not fall within a certain



HARRY ROBERTS (ENGLAND).



THE FERRY OVER THE MEUSE.

boundary (from twenty to thirty yards, according to local custom, from the centre trap), it does not count to his credit. When he has his gun in position, he then cries, "Pull!" and the man pulls. If, as sometimes it is known to do, the pigeon refuses to rise, but stands on the trap stupidly blinking at the scene before it, he may refuse the bird and have another in its place. He may not fire the first barrel at a sitting bird, but he may use the second to finish a runner and thus ensure securing it within bounds. A good deal has been written in ridicule of this privilege, but it is, in fact, one of the most merciful rules of the sport, being to the advantage of the suffering bird quite as much as to that of the marksman anxious to score.

Of the popularity, however, of the "small entry, large prize" system, more particularly with beginners, there can be no question; and, indeed, it is an amazing difference that separated the four Monte Carlo prizes with their £32 entry money and

the £14, approximately, that, at Namur, entitled the competitors of 1901 to compete for twenty-four prizes, thirteen of them at £200.

The surest proof of the growing popularity of the Namur Pigeon Club at the time of its demise was perhaps to be found in the increase of prizes voted for competition. Thus, in 1896 Namur gave away £600 in this manner; in 1897 this sum had increased to £3,000; in 1898 it was already £4,200; in 1900, £4,600; and in 1901, it exceeded £10,000.

Namur, as everyone can see for himself in Baedeker, is a picturesque town standing at the juncture of the Sambre and Meuse; and the Pigeon Club held its revels on an island that goes by a name so unpoetic that its translation is better ignored. The island in question is reached by way of a carriage from the station through the Parc de la Plante, and a final crossing in a small ferry boat. The Secretary of the Gun Club,



THE STANDS.

Baron de Lossy, was always most courteous in showing strangers over the various premises, which included a vast space capable of accommodating 100,000 birds. The view from the Club grounds, comprising both rivers and the pretty village of La Plante, is most attractive, and the Grand Stand presented on gala days a very animated scene.

Taking as an illustration the programme of 1901, when the Grand Prix was won by an Englishman, Mr. Harry Roberts—who had a thirty-three yards' handicap—we find that it was divided in two parts.

In the first series, which covered the period between April 8th and May 29th, there were in all thirty-eight prizes, including five of £400 each, two of £200, three of £100, five of £80, and twenty-three of £40. In the second series, lasting from

July 20th to August 31st, there was the Grand Prix of £1,000, as well as a prize of £800, two of £400, three of £200, two of £120, two of £100, three of £80, and twelve of £40. Besides Mr. Roberts (winner of the first prize), an Australian shot, Mr. Donald McIntosh, also distinguished himself.

One great charm of all these fixtures, equally characteristic, it must be admitted, of Monte Carlo, was their absolutely cosmopolitan character and the sporting welcome given to foreigners from all parts—a hospitality in no degree cooled when they carry away the highest prizes. There was an absence of favouritism that does not always make itself apparent in some other international sporting competitions that might without difficulty, but also perhaps without good taste, be named in this connection.



BARON DE VIRON (BELGIUM)





CAPT. H. HEYWOOD LONSDALE'S "IGHTFIELD GABY."

## SHOOTING DOGS AND FIELD TRIALS.

BY G. T. TEASDALE-BUCKELL

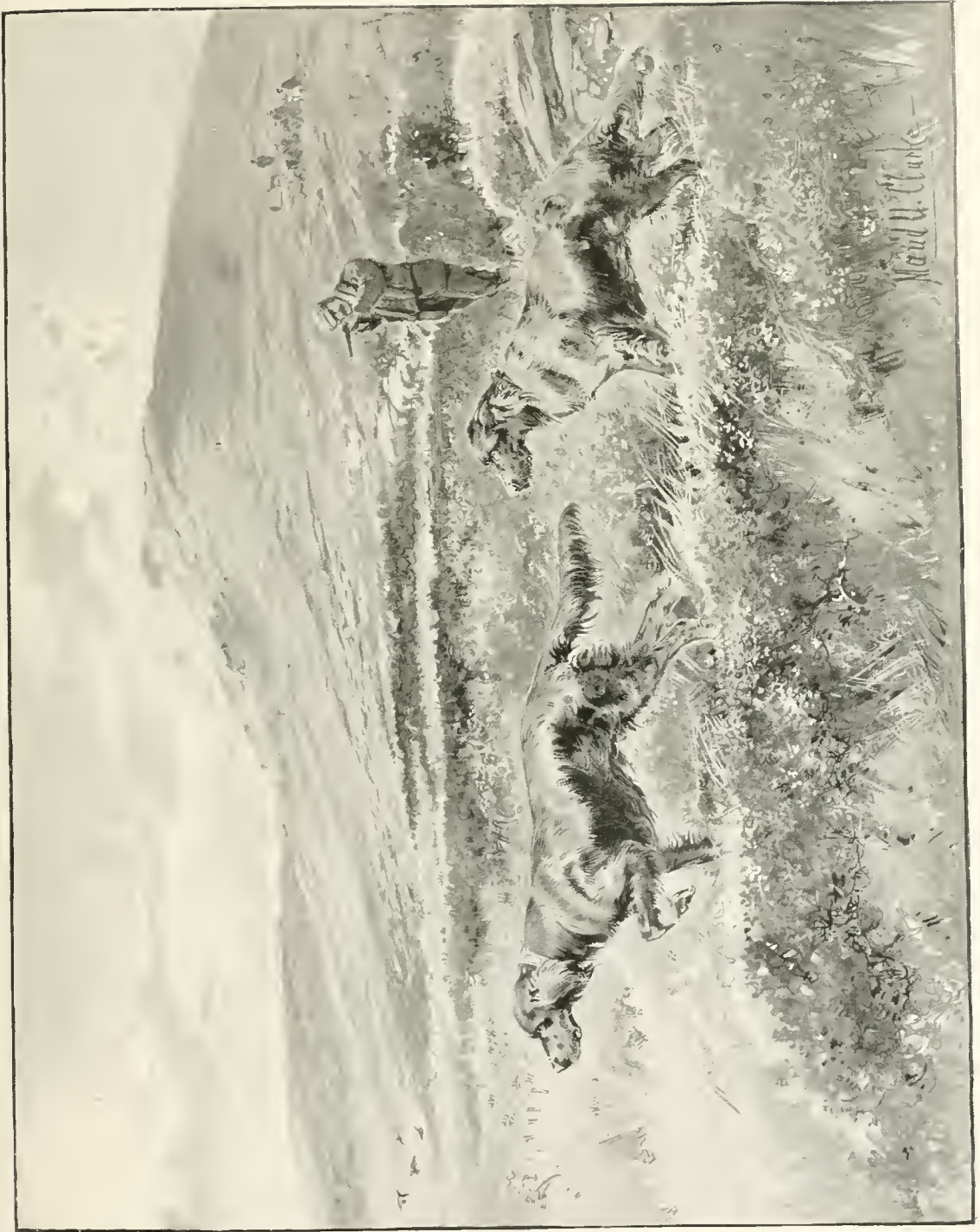
MUCH has been said and written on the conditions of agriculture having caused the decline of the pointer and setter; but it is far from certain that agriculture has anything to do with the wildness of partridges which has come about in the last thirty or forty years. This is a statement that annually does duty in so-called sporting articles which herald the 1st of September, and assume that partridges are, as they once were, raided upon that day. But a similar wildness has come over the grouse in a similar period, and who will say that agriculture has interfered with that bird? The fact is, more probably, to be explained in another way, and one which applies equally to grouse and partridges. The larger hawks have disappeared, and the greatest enemy of the birds having been placed upon the keeper's tree years and years ago, the instinct to crouch and hide from a foe that struck his game as it flew is being lost year by year. It does not seem now that any strange sight leads to crouching as once it did; it leads to instant flight, unless that strange thing is an imitation hawk of large proportions and at a great height in the air. Then the old instinct asserts itself for an instant. Besides these reasons, the writer happens to know where partridges lie as well now, or at least where they did lie as well twenty years ago, as anywhere forty years since, and the reason of this was probably that peregrine falcons were almost daily on view, and sometimes struck and carried off a shot snipe or partridge before it

struck the ground, so quickly that shooters stood amazed and stared, forgetful that they had a second barrel.

Of course, when there are no hawks, partridges lie better in good cover than in bad, but in most places they lie very badly even in the best of covert after they are once fully grown; not nearly as well as they would lie on bare fallow in November and December in the peregrine county referred to above, where it has not been unusual to count the covey on the ground before it rose, and as the dogs pointed it.

It is in several senses hardly correct to speak of the decline of the pointer and the setter, for if the English counties and the Scotch lowlands have abolished the dogs for grouse, the Highlands still employ them every year; and, in fact, a driving moor is not worth more than half as much *per grouse* as a dog moor is. Then the field trials have certainly prevented a decline of the pointer and setter in working merit. Never before the first year of the twentieth century have nineteen winners of stakes been collected to compete in the Champion stake at Shrewsbury, where the writer was judging with Mr. George Davies (of retriever fame) in April and May of that year. It may be that there are not now a few exceptional dogs, like there used to be, but that is quite as much because the average is higher and because the best now are inferior to the best in the 'seventies and 'eighties.

That which is most noticeable in pointers and



AT FIELD TRIALS: NOT A BACKER.





"CARL," COL. COTES'S POINTER.

setters, as compared with their ancestors, is loss of size. The bitches we used to call small for their sex in the 'seventies were bigger than the average-sized dogs now. In speaking of size, one should exclude lumber, for a lumbering dog, large or small, is not truly either a setter or a pointer, and could not do the work of either upon the moors. No doubt the quality in the best working dogs of old was as good as that of their smaller descendants; and quality in horse, or dog, that is meant to gallop might be defined as strength without lumber. If the pointers and setters have lost the English grouse and partridge shooting, they have gained the Continent and the whole of North America. In the latter they are quite indispensable, and are bred not in thousands but in tens of thousands; most of the setters from ancestors which the writer sent out there. They have, besides six or more open field trials every year, local trials in almost every State, and the possession of the best dogs is with them much more of a qualification for sportsmanship than in this country. There and here the same families of setters and pointers carry away most of the field trial prizes. They ought to breed the best because the whole country is stocked with the right blood; whereas in Scotland there are a good many old and decaying breeds, and in England there are a good many dog show breeds; and when, as often happens, the two varieties are crossed together, the produce are not high-class field dogs, and probably never have and never will win an important field trial.

Even forty years ago all the best pointers in the country were more or less related to each other, or at least they could all be traced back to a few celebrated kennels, of which Lord Derby's and Mr. Edge's, with Lord Henry Bentinck's and

the Duke of Portland's, were the most famous. Even Lang's lemon and whites were on one side of Mr. Edge's breed, although the latter's dogs were mostly liver and white. In the North of England there was also a good breed of all-black pointers, and the blood of some of these has been introduced into the Field Trial kennels. Of the celebrated pointers of the 'seventies, and some years earlier, Mr. Garth's Drake and Mr. Whitehouse's Hamlet were the most famous; but Mr. Statter's Major was more successful at the stud than either of them, and all the kennels that hold good pointers now trace to one, or probably to all, of these three dogs. Drake, afterwards purchased by Mr. Lloyd Price, of Rhiwlas, in North Wales, was by far the most wonderful of the three, and, indeed, his like has never since been seen at a field trial. He was not only faster than the fastest, but had a better nose than the slow dogs of his own time, and probably, if it could be proved, his powers would be still more unique to-day. Mr. Sam Price's dogs were of the Hamlet blood, but liver and white. Although excellent, they had neither the pointer character nor the ability of Drake, and they owe their celebrity to the fact that they happened to be the best when pointers were generally in a rather bad way. The best kennels of the present day are those of Mr. A. E. Butter, whose Syke of Bromfield is a most beautiful dog. He won the Champion stake in 1901, and followed it up by winning the all-aged stake at the grouse trials in July on Sir Watkin Wynn's moors, near Bala. Mr. Arkwright's, Sir Watkin Wynn's, and Col. Cotes' are also of the best.

The best breeds of setters are those which have the most crosses of a dog called Duke, without, at the same time, being too in-bred. Duke was purchased by the late Mr. Barclay Field from Edward Armstrong, and, although not particularly successful when he ran in the 'sixties, his descendants in the early 'seventies, and ever since, have carried all before them. A few other breeds have looked dangerous for a time, but they either died out or were fortified with Duke's blood, and thus survived. This was so with the Laverack setters, which, as a pure race, have long since been extinct—if, that is, they ever were a pure race, which is probably not the case.

Duke was bred by Edward Armstrong by a dog of his own, from a bitch of the breed belonging to the late Sir Vincent Corbet. It may, perhaps, be said now that every English setter that wins a field trial in England or America has a good deal of this blood; and yet it is little more than thirty years ago since this dog was whelped. In-breeding is to be feared with this race. The most successful setter of the past two years has had the most strains of Duke blood in him, but has also so many other families united in his pedigree that



it does not read as in-bred. The best field trial kennels of setters were, in the 'seventies, the late Mr. Statter's, of Stand, near Manchester, who bred largely from Duke. Then followed Mr. Purcell Llewellyn, who for twenty years had the best kennel and bred from Mr. Statter's Duke crosses and Laverack setters on the other side. Now, the best blood is found in the kennels of Col. Cotes, Capt. Heywood Lonsdale, whose Ightfield Gaby is the best of the period, and Mr. B. J. Warwick, whose dogs do his own as well as Mr. Elias Bishop's kennel much credit.

Irish setters have sometimes won at field trials in public competition, but breeding for show points and in-breeding to the Palmerston blood seemed to have disagreed with them, and few of them are very reliable. The best, in the 'seventies, was Plunkett, a dog said to have been bred by the Hon. David Plunkett.

For nearly thirty years no moderate black-and-tan setter was seen at field trials, until Mr. Isaac Sharp sent Stylish Ranger to the front in the field trial Derby, and also won with him in the all-aged stake at the English Setter Club's trials.

It is much less easy to write about retrievers. The flat-coated ones are the most beautiful dogs bred for shows, and it is consequently the off chance that makes a crack worker. The most celebrated at the dog shows is Wimpole Peter, whose owner, Mr. Reginald Cooke, gives a high

character of him in the field. Field trials for the breed have been renewed during the present century. They were started about 1870, run for two or three seasons, and then dropped. Those held in 1900 on Mr. Warwick's shooting looked very promising, and the three winners did very good work in spite of the fact that all the class, bar the winner of first prize, were quite fit for a dog show. Mr. Eley's handsome winner of second prize was very smart on a runner.

Field trials for spaniels are quite new too, and, as in the case of the retrievers, no regular field trial breed has been evolved, although Mr. Winton Smith, with a single Clumber bitch, has generally proved too strong for rivals. Still, no other of the sort has shown up with advantage. The time, therefore, to talk of special breeds for work is evidently not yet.

The illustrations show Col. Cotes's admirable field trial winner Carl, a pointer that has already become celebrated at the stud; and Mr. W. Arkwright's beautiful pointer bitch, dam of his best field trial winner, Shamrock, was figured in the Editor's Introduction in Part I. Then there is the beautiful Ightfield Gaby, Capt. Heywood Lonsdale's fine field trial winning setter, here shown as a puppy when he won the all-aged stakes on grouse at Bala in 1900; and, last, there is the retriever Wimpole Peter, almost unbeaten at a dog show, from a painting by Miss Maud Earl.



"WIMPOLE PETER."

(From a painting by Miss Maud Earl.)

## CYCLE RACING.

By H. GRAVES

OF the two great branches into which cycle racing naturally falls, road racing and path racing, the former is the more natural and the more obvious. It is competitive cycle racing conducted under the conditions which govern normal cycle riding, and undoubtedly affords the

sport from the conditions under which cycle riding is ordinarily practised.

Path racing, however, has not of late years presented to the public the attractions which it offered in its earlier days. This is not altogether the result of the artificial nature of the sport, which has not militated against its popularity, for there is an element of the uncommon in seeing cyclists flying round a banked track which has proved a distinct attraction to the public.

The great difficulty which faces the promoters of modern cycle racing lies in the scientific fact that of the obstacles to fast locomotion the resistance of the air is by far the greatest, and the higher the speed the greater this resistance becomes. An enterprising scientist has worked out a



A TYPICAL GRASS MEETING, HAVANT.

(Photo: H. Graves.)

highest proof of the physical and moral qualities of the competitors. But road racing to-day is a sport confined to a narrow circle of enthusiasts. The increasing pace and the danger caused by hordes of pace-makers have brought the sport into bad odour with the police, from which it has not, under improved conditions, wholly recovered; while the impossibility of following it within an area which can be commanded by the sight-seeing public has prevented it from acquiring any very widespread popularity.

From these two causes, then—the need of avoiding danger to traffic and of attracting the public—has arisen the modern sport of cycle path racing. But the difficulty of rent and of presenting to the spectators an arena which can be commanded by the eye, has resulted in the holding of cycle races in a confined space, and therefore upon a track which presents sharp curves. In order that cycles may be ridden with safety round these sharp curves, the track has to be banked, and this artificial manner of racing necessarily removes the

calculation that if we could carry on cycle racing in a vacuum a speed of several hundred miles an hour would be within the reach of a mere novice. It is evident, therefore, that if, by any means, such as sheltering oneself behind another cyclist, this resistance of the air can be in any way reduced, the gain in speed, or its correlative, ease of propulsion, will be very marked. Thus, let us suppose that two equally fast cyclists agree to race for a mile. The one rides for all he is worth; the other tucks himself in behind his back wheel and waits upon him. He will beat the front man by several yards at the finish, and will be perfectly fresh, whereas the front rider will not have another stroke left in him. This is almost entirely due to the physical fact that he has been breaking the resistance of the air for the hind man, though beyond this there is a further psychological fact that the mere act of setting the pace involves a good deal of nervous strain.

The man behind has one further advantage

The rider in front cannot see what his rival is doing, and is thus in constant fear that he may suddenly jump into a spurt and get away. The back man, on the other hand, can watch the other's every movement, and forestall the best attempt on his part to get away. It must also be remembered that far more depends upon the position which any given competitor is able to secure at the finish of a race than is the case in running. The fastest competitor may find himself at the finish hopelessly shut in, with the track in front of him blocked by other competitors riding abreast. In running this is not so likely to happen, because the risk of collision is much less. In passing another competitor on a cycle, a rider has to allow, not merely for the breadth of his handlebars, but for the length of his machine. The slightest contact with another machine would probably mean a hideous accident, whereas in running no danger of the kind is incurred. Seeing, therefore, that the race is not necessarily to the swift, a good deal of deeply calculated manœuvring is necessary in a cycle race, which, though it is intensely interesting to an expert spectator, is unintelligible to the ordinary sightseer, who puts it down to laziness, or, worse still, to previous arrangement with bookmakers.

Although the watching of such tactics in a short distance race affords keen pleasure, then, to the

experienced spectator, it is tiresome to the general public, and when it comes to long distance races (*i.e.* of twenty-five miles and over) even the former, if he were treated to 24½ miles of processional riding, with half a mile of final manœuvring, might echo Falstaff's complaint of an intolerable deal of bread and very little sack.

With a view to making cycle racing more interesting to the lay spectator three remedies have been tried: lap prizes, the introduction of pacemakers who are not themselves competitors, and the imposition of a time limit. The first of these has long been a most successful institution at middle distance races of, say, from three to twenty-five miles. At shorter distances the number of laps would not be sufficient to give scope for competition, while at long distances of over fifty miles any competitor good enough to try for the lap prize would be good enough to try for a win outright.

Pace-making is a much more doubtful expedient, though it was for a long time successful from a sporting standpoint, and for a still longer time from a spectacular point of view. In the beginning, as arranged by Mr. Lacy Hillier at Herne Hill for long distance races, a single pacemaker, who was replaced as he tired, piloted the leader in the race, who in his turn gave shelter to another competitor, and so forth. There were obvious drawbacks to



A FINISH ON THE WOOD GREEN TRACK.

(Photo: E. Scamell, Crouch Hill.)



this plan. It gave an unfair advantage to a competitor who started at a high speed and so secured the pacing over another who found a slower starting pace serve him best in the long run. This method had, therefore, to be abandoned in favour of a system by which each rider, or group of riders, were given pacemakers at the discretion of an official known as the pacemakers' marshal. This worked well for a time, but it made too severe demands upon the sportsmanship of the pacemakers, whose eagerness for a good race was not equal to their anxiety for the success of friends or fellow clubmen. This system accordingly also broke down, and the assignment of pacemakers to given competitors was frankly recognised, with a provision, afterwards added, limiting the number of pacemakers which each rider might employ. Thus it happened that some competitors had a monopoly of pacing while others had none, and this difficulty was accentuated by the discovery that multi-cycles were better pacing instruments than single machines. Multicycles are out of the reach of the average rider, so that pacing became restricted to members of large clubs or persons subsidised by the trade.

Long distance racing has thus fallen into evil case, from which it seems hardly likely to emerge. For short distance racing other remedies have been tried. A time limit is set for the race, and if the competitors exceed this the race is declared void and not re-run, or, if it be a heat, the competitors are disqualified for the final. This plan, though it secures a moderately fast-riden race, is open to the objection that the rider who most successfully avoids the task of making the pace is at an advantage, but no great injustice seems to have been caused by the arrangement in practice.

There has certainly been a marked revival of interest in cycle racing during the past year, even in London, though the public is still suffering from its late plethora of professional paced racing. This revival has been partly due to the growth of team racing, a most healthy development of the sport, and one likely to take a prominent place in future. In fact, a scheme of team racing, by which greater weight was given to the first two or three places than to the last, would go far towards the solution of the pacing difficulty; for the weaker men, whose placing would not greatly affect the result, would, naturally, as in the inter-university mile and three miles running races, become pacemakers. By the cultivation of team racing, the award of lap prizes for medium distances, and perhaps the imposition of time limits for distances between a quarter of a mile and three miles, much may be done to keep up the public interest in cycle racing. Even then the difficulty remains that, short of really long distance work, all cyclists with any pretensions to speed are found entering for the same distances. In a purely cycling meeting we have not the variety lent to a running meeting by the alternation of races at different distances, or by the addition of hurdle races. Tandem races break the monotony, and cycle polo may in the future prove itself a useful adjunct; but, even with these, a solid afternoon of cycling will rarely fail to weary the ordinary sightseer, and the judicious admixture of cycling with athletic events, which, in London at least, has not been sufficiently tried, should prove an alliance beneficial to both parties. Country grass meetings stand almost alone in maintaining their popularity, which they owe, in great measure, to an avoidance of undue specialising.



PACED RACING: A. A. CHASE AND J. W. STOCKS RIDING AT CATFORD.

(Photo: E. Scumell, Crouch Hill.)



CORTESIAS: ENTRY INTO THE ARENA OF THE "QUADRILHA," CIRCUS OF THE CAMPO PEQUENO, LISBON.

## A PORTUGUESE BULLFIGHT.

BY DR. H. ANACHORETA

THE origin of the bullfight, which is so severely criticised almost everywhere outside of the Peninsula, is obscure; but one fact remains, and that is its unimpaired popularity in the lands with which it is associated. Moreover, implanted in the Spanish and Portuguese colonies of other continents, the national pastime has there undergone modifications characteristic of the various tastes of those communities.

In the provinces, where the usages and customs are more primitive, perhaps, than in the more polished circles of Lisbon and Madrid, the bullfight still preserves much of its old simplicity; but in the capitals it is conducted with more of the pageantry of the age of chivalry, forming on important occasions a spectacle of the greatest splendour.

The bullfight of Portugal offers, however, wide differences from the same sport as practised across the frontier, for there is an absence of bloodshed that should go far to disarm the foreign criticism so lavishly offered.

The bullfight has its proper setting in vast circuses where the riders have room to display their horsemanship, and the bullfighters their dexterity, in an artistic engagement of arms that generally rouses great interest and not a little admiration.

In former times the bullfight was an indispensable feature of great festivities, such as royal weddings and baptisms, coronations, and the like, and the Court took a pride in sumptuous bullfights that then delighted the prince and the people in equal degree. To-day all this is changed. The bullfight is still, it is true, a public spectacle, but it is exploited by syndicates that cater for the general amusement. While, however, this is now the rule in both the old country and the colonies, there are still rare occasions on which some of the old pageantry is revived, and noblemen of the highest rank still take an active part in the performance, and, although such bullfights can be no more than a faint imitation of what they formerly were, they are necessarily

invested with much luxury and present an imposing spectacle.

The Royal box, as well as other boxes occupied by the Court, are hung with arras and silk and velvet, with the Royal Arms embroidered in relief in gold and silver. The bullfighters enter the arena in gala coaches by a door facing the Royal Box, and, having been driven

several times round, they retire on the arrival of the King. Then comes the band with its fanfare of trumpets and its roll of kettledrums. These bandmen wear the royal livery and are mounted on handsome white horses, and it is their business to proclaim the opening of the festival. After them comes an orderly, who has to convey the orders of the President and to invite the horsemen to take part. This official is, save in cases of extreme danger, forbidden to leave the arena. Dressed in satin and black velvet, wearing a sword by his side and a plume of feathers in his hat, he is a conspicuous figure on his charger, and he gener-



THE CLOAK-BEARER AT WORK.

ally rides with the gendarmes in their Louis XV. uniform. The gendarmes, once the obeisance is made to the Royal box, range themselves behind the President, the latter being a nobleman in favour at Court.

And now the proceedings open. At the sound of the clarion the dart-bearer, or *azemula*, enters the arena with the

boxes of darts covered with rich silks and velvets, and embroidered with gold and silver, and with him are the *moços de forcados*, or attendants on the horsemen.

As soon as these have retired, the orderly takes a dart in his hand, and brings his horse up close to the right hand of the President. All is now in readiness for the fight to commence.

At a signal from the President the large gates are thrown open, and all those about to engage in the spectacle enter the arena and make their obeisance. The horsemen are well mounted, and wear rich jackets of silk and velvet, with gold and



THE "CAVALLEIRO" ATTACKS THE BULL WITH A "FARPA."





THE BREAKING OF THE LANCE.

silver embroidery, vests of white satin, knee breeches, and white chamois gaiters. The horses, too, are magnificently caparisoned with trappings of velvet and gold, the harness being of silver or gilt, and often ornamented with filigree work of great value.

In the arena the performers are disposed in rows some little distance apart—the *toureiros*, *bandarilheiros*, and cloak-bearers and grooms from

The horseman charges gallantly, yet not recklessly, as his object is to avoid being injured by the bull. The bull itself may behave in various ways, according to circumstances or individual temperament. Sometimes it will charge direct from the pen; sometimes it charges the front of the horse, and sometimes the back. If the bull withstands the charge bravely, half a dozen darts are regarded as sufficient punishment. In Spain,



A BULLFIGHT "A CORDA" IN THE AZORES.

the stalls and pens; also the *picadores*, herdsmen, grooms with the fighting horses, and others, often in great numbers. The whole combines to make a scene of great magnificence, and the cheerful clangour of the clarions and the plaudits of an immense audience further fix the occasion in the memory of visitors.

Ten, or perhaps twelve, bulls may be fought in the course of an afternoon. When the saluting is over, the footmen and horsemen retire to their places. Then the clarions sound anew, and the oldest horseman present, riding a fighting charger, crosses the arena at a walk, and offers the "lots" for the King to draw. He then backs his horse to the left hand side of the ring and there awaits the bull's charge. The lance, with which he has to strike the bull in the shoulder, is of pine wood, and is previously cracked so that it may break. It is also armed with a small steel dart and is showily decked with silk ribbons or paper strips.

on the other hand, a fighting bull is valued according to the number of dead horses to its credit.

These darts being driven home, the horseman retires, and the cloak-bearer leaps down from the barrier, holding his cloak either in the hand or else twisted round a short stick. With this he makes certain passes before the bull, which so subdue that animal that it will sometimes lie down and allow itself to be caressed. Now is the time for the spearman to charge the bull, either before or behind, or on the flank, and thus complete its defeat.

All this play with the fiercest bulls seems to those ignorant of the game a wonderful exhibition of strength, but there is, in reality, far more skill and knack. All practised bullfighters know the one and only way in which a bull butts, and they are thus able to avoid the full force of the shock. If they did not know this, there would be fewer bullfighters!



DRIVING THE BULLS TO THE CIRCUS AT SANTAREM.

As each bull is vanquished, other trained oxen enter the arena and conduct it back to the pens, and the fight proceeds with another bull. Either the *bandarilheiros* or the horsemen deal with each bull, the former inserting two darts of smaller make than those used by the latter. Moreover, the darts used by the *bandarilheiros* do not break.

The bull is not killed, as in Spain, but, when its bravery has been subdued in many fights, it is trained to agricultural labour. Such bull-fights are generally accompanied by minor sports,

greatly appreciated by the populace, among which mention may be made of the branding of cattle, trials of bravery with the cows and heifers, and the separation of the bulls for use in the circus. Such is an outline of what may fairly be termed the national sport of Portugal. The bullfight is frequently spoken of in other countries as if there were only one form, but, as will be seen, the pastime here described differs materially from the form commonly practised in Spain and in some other places to which it has lately been introduced.



THE END OF THE FIGHT



## NEWFOUNDLAND CARIBOU.

By F. C. SELOUS.



CARIBOU STAG.  
(Photo: A. S. Rudland.)

WHEREAS all North American reindeer are known both to sportsmen and naturalists as caribou, two undoubted species exist: the Barren Ground caribou (*Rangifer tarandus arcticus*) and the Woodland caribou (*Rangifer tarandus caribou*). Each of these species

ranges right across the North American continent, the former within the arctic circle from the east coast of Greenland to the western extremity of Alaska, and the latter through the forest regions further south, from Newfoundland to the north-western districts of British Columbia. As might naturally be expected in animals inhabiting such vast areas of country, certain differences in coloration and the general type of their horns have been observed between both the Barren Ground and Woodland caribou inhabiting different portions of their range. These differences, which have been considered sufficient to justify American naturalists in recognising three distinct species of Woodland caribou, and at least as many of the Barren Ground or Arctic form, are looked upon as merely variations of, at most, sub-specific value by British zoologists, who consider that the caribou of Greenland and Alaska are nothing more than local races of *Rangifer tarandus arcticus*, whilst the Woodland varieties found in Newfoundland and British Columbia are also thought to be only local races of the type species inhabiting eastern and northern Canada. Personally, after having examined the heads of many Woodland caribou, shot in various parts of Eastern Canada, as well as a large number killed in Newfoundland, I should say that it would be quite impossible to distinguish the East Continental from the Island form by any constant or well-marked character in the horns of either. More-

over, I was told when in Newfoundland that from time to time caribou have been known to cross the Straits of Belle Isle in winter on the ice from Labrador to that country. No migration in a contrary direction from Newfoundland to Labrador would ever be likely to take place, as the caribou resident on the island entirely desert its northern extremity and move down south before the winter sets in. The fact that Canadian lynxes, which are now numerous in Newfoundland, are universally believed in that country to be the descendants of animals which, in quite recent times, came over the Straits of Belle Isle on the ice, seems to me to be an argument in favour of caribou having preceded them, for I should scarcely think it likely that a lynx would leave the coast of Labrador and travel for miles over a frozen sea to an unknown land unless he were following on the track of some animal that occasionally furnished him with food, and although the North American lynx preys principally upon hares and willow grouse, it occasionally succeeds in killing a caribou fawn.

My own personal experience of the Woodland caribou has been gained entirely in Newfoundland, where, although large numbers of these animals are annually shot, they are still very numerous. During the past year, 1901, nearly six thousand caribou are believed to have been killed in all parts of the island. Of this number about seven hundred were shot during the autumnal migration southwards, principally by sportsmen from the United States of America, and the remainder during the winter months by the inhabitants of Newfoundland. The heaviest slaughter is said to take place in the months of January and February when the caribou, then collected in large herds, approach the fishing villages on the south coast. At such times whole herds are sometimes surrounded and shot down indiscriminately without regard for age or sex. The fact that, in spite of this heavy annual toll, caribou are declared by old residents in Newfoundland to be not perceptibly diminishing in numbers, shows that these animals are still very numerous in the island; but I think, nevertheless, that the Government would do well to take steps to check the wasteful and unnecessary slaughter, which, it is alleged, sometimes takes place.\*

\* Since these lines were written the game laws of Newfoundland have been altered, with a view to the more efficient preservation and protection of the caribou on the island.—F. C. S.



TROPHIES

(Photo. F. C. Selous.)

In the spring of the year, when the snow is beginning to melt from the ground, the greater part of the caribou in Newfoundland commence their annual migration towards the wind-swept barrens in the northern part of the island, where the calves are born, and where they remain until the following autumn, when they again travel southwards during September and October. A considerable number of caribou, however, remain in the southern half of Newfoundland all the year round. These latter pass the summer in the thick spruce and juniper woods that clothe the banks of the rivers and the shores of the lakes, which everywhere abound in that region. At that time of year, and in this part of the country, they do not live in herds, but are usually met with alone or in pairs. In the early part of September, 1901, every caribou stag I saw, with one exception, was alone, and every doe was also alone, or only accompanied by her fawn. In the case of the only exception to this rule which I met with, a stag and a doe were together.

On the 20th of September I came across a stag with a doe, followed by two fawns, one of the previous year, and one only a few months old. The rutting season was then approaching, though I believe that it had not commenced, as all the old stags I had met with up to this time were alone, and those which I killed were excessively fat. When the rut comes on they wander about continually, and eat very little. Each old stag collects as many does as he can find for himself or take from a weaker rival, and thus all the animals which have passed the summer alone become formed into small herds, each one of which is ruled over by a master stag, followed at a respectful distance

by two or three younger males. As the winter advances these small herds collect together, and sometimes form large droves. Like the males of all other species of deer, Woodland caribou stags fight fiercely for the possession of the does, so much so that the antlers of old stags shot in October are often found to be more or less damaged. Sometimes the horns of two contending caribou stags get interlocked in such a way that they cannot be separated, and the two combatants die a



UNNAMED WATERFALL ON THE TERRA NOVA.

(Photo. F. C. Selous.)



CARIBOU SWIMMING.

(Photo : J. H. Beveridge.)

slow and miserable death from starvation. The antlers of the Woodland caribou grow to a large size and make a very handsome trophy. The finest specimens known have, I believe, been obtained in the northern part of British Columbia ; but I have seen very fine heads from the northern parts of Ontario and Quebec, and also from Newfoundland. The antlers of the Woodland caribou of Eastern Canada and Newfoundland are shorter than in either the Barren Ground species or the reindeer of Europe ; but, on the other hand, they are much more palmated. Some heads carry over fifty points, but anything over forty points is considered very fine. At the same time, a large, symmetrical head carrying only thirty points might be a finer trophy than one with a much greater number of small points.

Woodland caribou are very strong swimmers, and think nothing of crossing any lake or river they may encounter during migration. They swim higher in the water than any other animal I have encountered, and I believe this is owing to the fact that the long hairs in their coats (for there is an undergrowth of fine wool, are hollow, and must contain a certain amount of air, so that they carry on their bodies a very portable form of life-

belt. Much of the country inhabited by the Woodland caribou is soft, spongy marsh, in which a horse or an ox would at once become hopelessly bogged ; but the caribou walks and trots over such treacherous ground apparently with the greatest ease. An examination of its feet at once shows one the reason of this, for the hoofs of the caribou are not only very broad and round, but can be splayed out to a much greater extent than the hoofs of an ox, whilst the dew-claws are prolonged into two spikes which can also be extended wide apart, so that altogether the four wide-spread hoofs, each supplemented by its long and specially formed dew-claws, form a large bearing surface capable of supporting a heavy weight on soft ground. The weight of caribou stags in high condition in Newfoundland is said to range from 400 lbs. to 500 lbs. as they stand, and certain men have "guessed" that certain stags weighed as much as 600 lbs. The Barren Ground caribou is a very much smaller animal, and its weight is said to be less than half that of its Woodland cousin.

It is rather strange that whereas, according to the universal testimony of the many well-known sportsmen who have hunted it, the European reindeer is an extremely keen-sighted and wary animal, which can only be approached by careful stalking, its near relatives, the caribou of North America, appear to be, as a general rule, very dull-sighted\* and less wary than any other wild

\* There is, however, a considerable conflict of opinion on this subject, the caribou of Eastern Canada having been described by some authors as wary and keen-sighted animals.



FALLS ON THE TERRA NOVA RIVER.

(Photo : F. C. Selous)



animal which has been hunted by man for a long period of time. I have been told by members of the Canadian Geological Survey, who have met with large numbers of Barren Ground caribou in the desolate wastes of Arctic America, that these animals are so tame and stupid that once they are found they can be approached and shot with the greatest ease; in fact, one gentleman told me that there was no more sport in shooting them than there would be in killing sheep in an English meadow. I presume, however, that it would be necessary to approach them against the wind. This was the one point that I found it necessary to study when hunting Woodland caribou in Newfoundland. These animals appeared to me to be fairly keen-scented, and all I saw which

got the wind of human beings at once took alarm. But their sense of hearing did not appear to me to be at all well-developed, and their eyesight I put on a level with that of the African elephant and the white rhinoceros, the two dullest-sighted animals, with the exception of the caribou, that I have ever met with. In addition to this dulness of sense, they appeared to me to be singularly unsuspecting of danger, and altogether, from what I have myself seen of Woodland caribou hunting in Newfoundland, and from what I have heard from friends who have hunted the Barren Ground species, I consider that, speaking generally, both forms of North American reindeer are amongst the most unwary of all wild animals, and, therefore, also amongst the easiest to stalk and kill.



A GOOD SPECIMEN.

(Photo F. C. Selous.)



ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR THE SHOALS.

## SEA-FISHING AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

By ARDERN G HULME-BEAMAN.

SEA-FISHING in the Marmora and the Bosphorus differs from that form of angling as practised on the British coasts in many particulars. There is no tide, and, as a rule, operations are conducted in still water. There is also no pier-fishing, and the angler must work at night, or early dawn, for most of the larger fish caught by lines. Rods have not yet been introduced, and though attempts have been made to catch the *leverak*, or bass, with the fly and minnow, they have not succeeded. The hand lines are invariably made of twisted horsehair, with a long collar, or trace, of fine gut. Leads are very seldom required or used, the hooks being themselves cast into a piece of lead, about the shape of an almond nut, as shown in the accompanying photographs. If a second hook is wanted, it is simply snooded on to the gut by a piece of gut a foot long. The lead part of the *sokka*, as the Turkish hook is called, is kept polished with mercury when fishing by daylight, and the gut is also preserved smooth and shiny by rubbing with chamois leather. Occasionally the fishermen stain their gut with ink or tea, but

most prefer it naturally clear and transparent. The two most sporting fish are the *leverak* and the *merdjian*, or "king-bream." Three baits are used at different seasons for the former, the most common being the prawn. The line need only be about sixty feet in length, of fifteen strands, with at least twenty feet of the finest gut as a trace. Two or three prawns are attached, the first being threaded up the shank, and the last one being merely pierced through the back, and left hanging over the barb. The boat is rowed slowly over the most likely spots, in about three to five fathoms of water, and the angler keeps the bait spinning some thirty or forty feet behind by a somewhat fatiguing pendulum swing of his arm. The instant a bass bites the rower should back water, and if the fish is a large one, it depends as much on the man who holds the oars as on the one who plays the line which way the issue turns. The *leverak* is very game, and struggles to the last with all the grit of a salmon. Any specimen weighing over three *okes*, or about eight pounds, is considered a fair fish, though they run up to twenty-five or



LUFER.

more. Besides the prawn, the bass of these waters are fond of a small fish called the *hamsi*, and when these are about he will look at nothing else. Lastly, *leverak* are often taken in the autumn with the livers of mackerel, simply thrown out from the shore, and allowed to lie on the bottom. There is, however, little sport in this method of catching them.

The large *merdjian* is rarely

caught except over a baited rock. The lie of these rocks is kept jealously secret by those who know of them, and as they are generally a mile or two out at sea, and at the bottom of thirty fathoms of water, it requires a very nice knowledge of the marks to find them. The bait consists of green crabs pounded into a shapeless mass, and let down in a slip-net to the bottom, two or three hundred of them every evening, for at least a month before a line is wetted. A bright moon is essential to success, in order that the phosphorescence round the line may not be visible. The line is of twenty to twenty-five strands, and the trace some fifteen feet of double gut of the finest compatible with strength. The hook is large enough to admit of the bodies of six or seven crabs, denuded of their claws and back-plates, being threaded on it. The boat must not be moored, but kept in position over the baited rock by perpetual gentle paddling. A buoy of some sort is usually put down a few yards off the spot, as a guide when the marks are no longer to be seen. An empty tin tied to a chunk of wood makes the best buoy, as the sound can be heard if it is lost sight of by accident, or in fighting a fish.

The best hours are the first and second after sunset, and the second after midnight. The catching of one fish will generally scare away all others for about an hour. The hook is allowed to rest exactly on the bottom, and no more, and care must be taken to avoid imparting any motion to it. The first symptom of a bite is a vicious tug, which will take out a foot of line, and

of which no notice must be taken. This will be followed by the line running slowly out directly afterwards, and then is the time to strike, and to strike hard, for the *merdjian* has a prodigiously tough mouth. A big fish will keep both the angler and the boatman very lively for ten minutes or so, after which he generally tires, and I have noticed that, when brought to within ten fathoms of the surface, the *merdjian* appears to lose all fight, as if he was drowned, from there not being the pressure of water above him to which he is accustomed. The great diffi-

culty is to get his nose off the bottom, and to play his first mad rushes. The largest *merdjian* I have seen I was lucky enough to catch myself, and he weighed nearly twenty-four pounds; but I once lost another which must certainly have been over thirty. It was impossible to prevent this fish from reaching a submarine rock, where the fisherman declared there was a tunnel with sharp projecting edges. After twenty minutes of hard fighting he dragged the caique to the spot, and the line at once came back, clean cut some

four feet above the hook. Needless to say, there are few amateurs, or even professionals, who will go to the trouble and expense of baiting a rock. It practically means the loss of a month in catching crabs and putting them down every day.

Crabs are taken

by a long line laid down in shallow water, with pieces of tripe tied along it. After an hour or two the fisherman strips to the waist, and collects them with a landing net. The *palamid*, a kind of large mackerel, is another fish which affords occasional sport in the Bosphorus. It is caught on an endless line, some sixty yards long, with a *sokka* at either end, to which is whipped a cock's feather. As one half of the line is drawn in, the

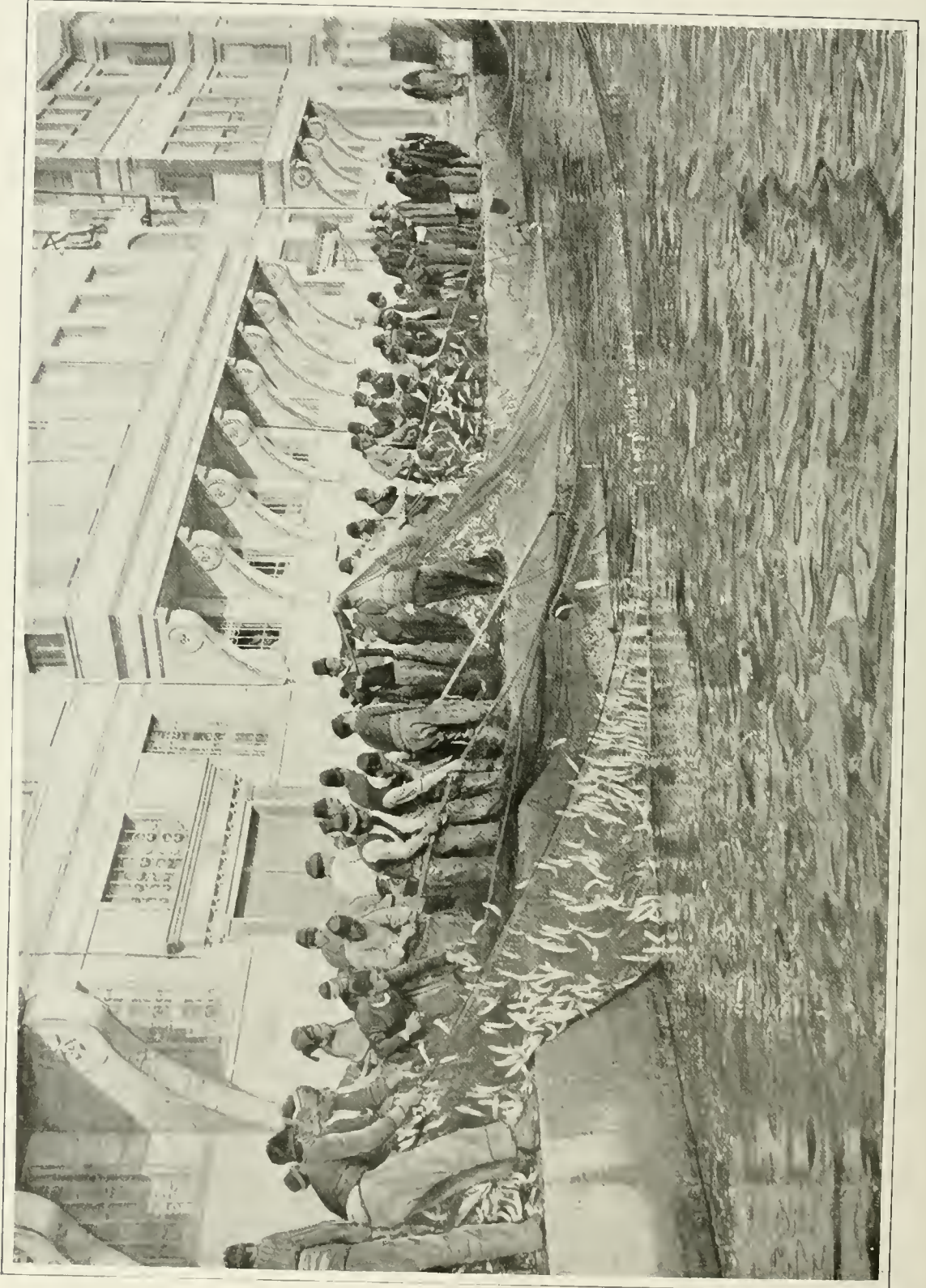


TURKISH FISHING-HOOKS BAITED WITH SHRIMPS.



MERDJIAN 20 LBS.





HAULING IN A "GRIPPO" OF 15,000 FISH AT EMIRGHIAN ON THE BOSPHORUS.

other is paid out. The *palamid* come down from the Black Sea in myriads in the autumn, making the surface of the current off Therapia, and other villages, seem literally to boil before them at times. Little skill is needed at such moments, and it is rather a question of muscular endurance as to how many a man can catch. They are also taken in immense numbers in the '*talians*, or corral-nets, and in big seines. When the passage is taking place the *palamid* are followed by tunnies, dozens of which themselves get caught in the '*talians* together with the smaller fish. The tunnies might easily be taken by a line baited with a *palamid* outside the '*talian*, if proper tackle were used as in American "Tuna" clubs. Three were so captured in an hour or so by an Armenian amateur, fishing with a clothes-line attached to his boat; but the fourth one he hooked was larger, and so frightened him by its rushes, that he cut loose the line.

The fish most popular, perhaps, amongst local anglers is the *lufer*, a species of horse-mackerel peculiar, I believe, to Turkish waters. Fishing begins at sunset, and may be kept up all night. Comparatively fine tackle is used, and the best bait is *scombri*, or small mackerel, sliced. Other small fish may also be used; but I have seen an angler with *scombri* catch fifty *lufer*, whilst another twenty yards off only took half a dozen with inferior bait. The *lufer* is very game, and very cunning. If not hauled in smartly, he is apt to outswim the angler's hauling, and cut the line further up with his razor-like teeth.

To these may be added the *karageos*, a kind of silver bream; the *khani*, a red rock-perch; and the *eurdek*, a finely coloured sea-tench or wrasse. *Scombri* are caught in a particular manner with a leger of fifteen to twenty-five hooks. A heron's feather is tied to each one, and no further bait is used. An expert will keep on catching full lines, or nearly so, of over a dozen at a time. It requires great practice and no small skill to keep the *chappar* free and unhook the *scombri* quickly. Red mullet are plentiful, but are caught only in nets; and grey mullet, which attain to a great size, are usually trapped in artificial ponds and netted. The staple supply of fish comes from the '*talians* or fixed, staked, corral-nets, and from the large seines worked by five or six caïques with crews of ten men in each. Sword-fish are usually caught at night, when steamer traffic is suspended, by stretching strong nets across the runs in the Bosphorus. Constantinople fishermen are almost all Greeks, with a few Armenians, as Turks do not appear to take kindly to the trade. The foregoing is necessarily but the briefest sketch of fishing in Turkish seas; but it may be sufficient to show that plenty of sport is to be had there, and generally under the most pleasant conditions. The beauty of the moonlit summer seas, which is revealed to the *merdjian* fisherman, and the tender glories of the dawn as they break over him who spins for *leverak*, are never to be forgotten by any nature-loving angler who has once enjoyed them.



A "CHAPPAR" FULL OF MACKEREL



## HOCKEY FOR MEN AND WOMEN.

BY PHILIP A. ROBSON AND ETHEL M. ROBSON.



THE COMMENCEMENT OF  
THE 'MOW.'

riculum, for which there may be a special fee, and there is a definite time set apart with skilled instruction. During the holidays, at the family reunions, the occupations of a decade since do not obtain; there must be the active exercise of one's physical powers in the fresh air. Many a backward or delicate boy is thus led to follow his nimble sister's lead and indulge in some health-giving game, which, without this requisite spur, he would not have troubled to initiate. Doubtless this applies rather to those boys who have not had the advantage of a public school education, where athletics are properly enforced (except under medical certificate). But even these do not scorn nowadays to play their sisters at tennis or croquet, or to take part in a game of hockey. Moreover, elder brothers, and even parents, who would otherwise be sitting indoors with their papers and tobacco, now enjoy a good game in the open, or perhaps assist by coaching the juniors.

The result is a decided improvement in general physique and appearance. Who has not noted the increased average height and the greater equality of the sexes? This, surely, is in a large measure due to the more advanced civilisation by which, both physically and intellectually, men and women are able to meet and compete on more nearly level ground than heretofore. And let it not be thought that the prominence given to athletics

THE ex-ceptional strides of athleticism among women during the last few years are now beginning to show results of a most satisfactory nature in both sexes. A large girls' school has now little chance of success if hockey and other games have no place as a regular part of the school cur-

tends to make exercise and pleasure the main pursuit in life, for it is quite usual to find that the men or women who are first in sport excel also in their other duties.

No outdoor game has claimed the attention of both men and women more surely, immediately, and lastingly during the last ten years than hockey. Both lawn-tennis and golf are much played, and have had a great vogue, but they hardly command the same sustained enthusiasm.

To the uninitiated bystander the popularity of hockey may seem of mushroom growth. This, however, is far from the case. Its genesis is, of course, obscure, but the steady progress made during the second half of the nineteenth century can be clearly traced. Briefly, the Hockey Association dates from 1886, when the game was reorganised on more scientific lines than had hitherto existed under the old National Union, and it still is the M.C.C. of hockey. Encouraged by the great success of the men's associations (there are several branches—*e.g.* Northern, Midlands, Western, and recently Southern), the All England Women's Hockey Association came into being in 1895. In its turn this, too, has several



HOCKEY FOOTGEAR (see p. 140).

affiliated branches, and there are numerically more women's than men's clubs. Nearly all the counties are now running county teams. The Irish Ladies' Hockey Union is a year or two senior to her English sister, while both Wales and

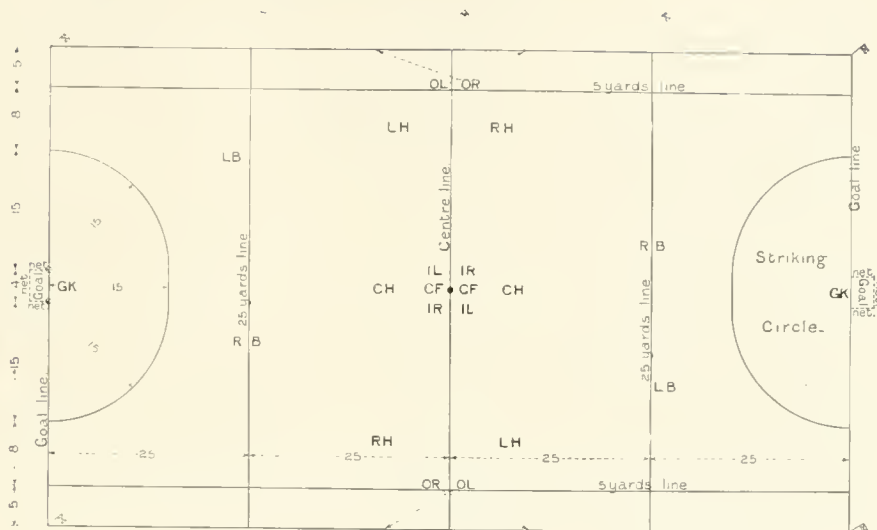


Scotland are now strongholds of organised ladies' hockey. The contagion has also spread to America, Berlin, Brussels, South Africa, and other unlikely quarters of the world.

But beyond all these "recognised" associations and clubs there are numbers of "mixed" clubs and teams of whose doings little is heard. A mixed team is one in which both sexes take part, and in hockey politics the pros and cons of such teams and their effect on the game and the players have been much discussed.

Although mixed hockey is treated rather contemptuously by regular players, it should be borne in mind that mixed hockey is better than none, and that in many country districts it is almost impossible to get together sufficient men or women to enjoy good practice games without joining forces with some other club or by mixed hockey. But as hockey the mixed game cannot be seriously considered. The men do not play up to their full strength, and the women have a tendency to pass too much to the men. Also, the pace of the men being greater than that of the women, another serious source of incompatibility is evident—more particularly towards the end of the game.

In a brief article many little points connected with the game must necessarily be omitted, but they will be found fully treated in the Isthmian Library, "Hockey." However, a plan of the



PLAN OF A HOCKEY GROUND (100 X 60 YARDS).

- |                 |                      |                     |                   |
|-----------------|----------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| GK. GOALKEEPER  | LH. LEFT HALF-BACK   | OL. OUTSIDE LEFT    | IR. INSIDE RIGHT. |
| LB. LEFT BACK   | CH. CENTRE HALF-BACK | IL. INSIDE LEFT     | OR. OUTSIDE RIGHT |
| RB. RIGHT BACK. | RH. RIGHT HALF-BACK. | CF. CENTRE FORWARD. |                   |

ground is essential. A full-sized ground is 100 by 60 yards wide, and the lines should be marked in whitening with a tennis marker. Accuracy in setting out is important, as most grounds marked by novices are rhomboids, and do not contain right angles. The simplest method of testing is to measure two corners of the proposed ground thus:—



Three yards along the goal-line, four yards along the touch-line, and the diagonal joining these points should measure 5 yards if the angle is a true one—i.e. a right angle. The "circle" is composed of two quarter circles struck from centres 12 feet apart and joined by a straight line. It is, however, frequently marked in the roughest manner, leaving a long, irregular curve.



NORTH v. SOUTH, RICHMOND, 1898: A CORNER TO THE SOUTH.



LADIES' COUNTY HOCKEY MATCH SURREY v. SUSSEX, AT SURBITON:  
SURREY RIGHT WING TAKE THE BALL AWAY.

Before leaving the question of grounds, it may be well to add that with due care hockey does not spoil tennis, cricket, or croquet grounds, but games (especially women's) should not be permitted in very wet weather. Also, to play hockey scientifically, as it should be played, the better the ground the better the chance of a good game. Nearly every accident has arisen either through bad, uneven grounds or through lack of knowledge of the rules.

There is no excuse for any hockey player ignoring the rules. Although they may seem a little ambiguous and involved at first sight, a game or two soon explains the intention of the framers. An amusing incident occurred last year between players belonging to two leading London clubs arising from one or two being imperfectly acquainted with the rules. O.R. (outside right), "You should not come in from the left like that" (to L.H.). L.H. (left half): "I always touched the ball before I touched you, which is quite correct according to the rules." O.R. (angrily): "No, it isn't; I knew the rules before you were born." L.H. (suavely): "Unfortunately, they've been changed since then." Left-half was, of course, quite within the rules both in letter and in spirit, but outside-right thought that because he was frequently sent spinning *after* L.H. had touched the ball it was foul play, and appealed and argued accordingly. It was not until L.H.'s above neat retort that the discussion ceased. Cases could be cited without number where hot-headed parties—the

Hockey Association, and as the little official book only costs twopence it would be well if it were a rule in every club to supply annually *with the match-card* one copy to each member.

It would take up too much space, particularly in view of the slight cost at which a copy can be obtained, to give the rules in full, but a few notes on such as have lately been subjected to alteration may not be out of place in this article.

In Rule 13, touching general details, it is no longer insisted that the captain shall name the goal-keeper "before the commencement of the game"; and the goal-keeper may now "be changed during the game, in which case the new goal-keeper shall be allowed to kick the ball," as already mentioned in the rule.

In Rule 14 the prohibition as to the stick rising above the shoulder is now specifically applied to "no part of the stick."

In Rule 17, touching penalty bully, the following words are



SURREY v. SUSSEX, SURBITON: SURREY GETTING INTO  
THE SUSSEX CIRCLE.

loudest to argue—have interpreted the rules in their own erroneous way, and so put a blight on an otherwise enjoyable game. Much conversation, and all arguing, on the field is greatly to be deprecated, and should be stopped by the captains. We give, from the rules for the season 1902-3, the alterations passed this year in quotation marks as fixed by the

now added at the end: "A penalty bully should only be given for a wilful infringement of a rule, or when a goal would most probably have been scored."

In Rule 18, touching penalty goal, the following words are added at the end: "A penalty goal shall be of the same value as an ordinary goal."

To Rule 21, which deals with corner, there are two additions. The first few lines now read: "If the ball is hit behind the goal line by the at-

an addition at the end of the rule, thus: "In the event of the respective captains so agreeing before the match, it shall be proper for the umpires to give decisions without appeal."

The alterations for this season are certainly in the right direction, as they mainly consist of embodiments from the "notes" to the "rules." It would be well if the notes could be entirely incorporated in the rules, as the fact of their existence admits bad draughtsmanship; to those



ENGLAND v. IRELAND, DUBLIN, 1898: AN IRISH ATTACK REPULSED.

(Photo: Robinson & Sons, Dublin.)

tacking side, or glance off, or be unintentionally in the umpire's opinion hit behind the goal line by one of the defending side who is further away from his own goal than the 25 yards line, it shall be brought out 25 yards," etc. etc.

The other addition to this rule comes immediately after the first sentence (full stop), and runs thus: "Provided that no goal can be scored from such free hit by the attacking side until the ball has been stopped motionless on the ground by one of the attacking side, or has touched the person or stick of one of the defending side before the last stroke of the attacking side. No player shall stand within five yards of the striker at the moment the free hit is taken."

To Rule 22, which deals with umpires, there is

who love haggling over minutiae these notes have given endless opportunities. However, all right-minded players have long since regarded the notes as to all intents and purposes rules, and therefore the sooner they can be embodied in the latter the better.

The alterations to Rule 21 have a great air of importance, but do not actually resolve themselves into very much, the principal change being that what was negatively implied before, and held by players, is now a rule. The most vital alteration, however, is that to Rule 13 *re* the goal-keeper. In men's clubs this maligned person, if good, is very scarce, and consequently this rule will now enable many clubs to secure two men who will each take goal for half the game. But it should



surely have been also noted how many times during a game the goal-keeper *may* be changed. It should also be clearly stated that before any player takes up his position as goal-keeper the captain of his side *must* inform the other captain, the umpires and referee. This is sometimes ignored in practice, or perhaps the captain is told,

the other hand, too often say, "Oh, it's good enough for hockey!" and either disregard their appearance by being untidy or else pay too much attention to their *tout ensemble* to be suitably arrayed for running and hitting the ball during a space of seventy minutes. The A.E.W.H.A. rules say that the skirt *must* be at least six inches



ENGLAND v. IRELAND: A THROW IN.

and not the umpire; hence when the new goal-keeper kicks the ball there is an appeal, and likely as not the game stopped by the whistle!

It should be the business of every player to master the rules and to play the game according to their true spirit. No artificial stimulus is needed in the shape of shields or caps to make a game keenly contested, and such trophies are strongly condemned, except for university colleges and such like, by the authorities. The game is purely amateur. Let it so remain.

The formation of a team is usually five forwards, three half-backs, two backs, and a goal-keeper. These numbers are sometimes varied to four half-backs and two backs, or to three backs, but very rarely to six forwards. Occasionally, however, when having a lead in goals, a forward is brought back to help the defence in the second half of the game. The five forwards are disposed in two pairs and a centre-forward. The wing half-backs mark their *outside* wing opponents, the centre half the centre-forward, and the backs their *inside* wing opponents. By playing a few games, and watching some good ones, the exceptions to the above general combination will be readily noted.

Now a word as to costume. Men are much more practical at present in this matter than women. They minimise the amount worn, but see that it is just where it is needed. Women, on

off the ground all round—some clubs make it eight—for the three cogent reasons (1) that it is greatly in the way if longer, (2) on a wet day it gets filthy, (3) the foot, hand, or stick, and not the skirt, should be used to stop the ball. Washable woollens, which do not shrink, spot, or cockle, are the best materials for skirts. Tight-fitting garments should obviously be avoided, but untidy looseness is quite unnecessary. Petticoats are soon discarded for knickers fastened at the knee, which do not impede the pace or sap the strength of the players. As to headgear, the hair should be firmly secured. Hard-brimmed hats and hatpins are rigidly excluded (during the game) by all who value safety. But the most difficult problem in women's attire is a light, practical "understanding." Perhaps the best arrangement is a good pair of brown boots—shoes do not support the ankles—with a couple of bars on the soles and a circular stud on the heel. Then, to protect the instep and side of the feet, use ordinary good spats, with rubber tubing specially sewn on where the ball is most usually met (*see illustration, p. 136*).

Men's costume being much the same as at Association football, does not need a detailed description, but gloves and shin-guards should be worn. In mixed games, however, these are generally dispensed with.

The main equipment is the stick, the varieties of which are legion. Broadly, the further forward in the game you play the lighter and shorter the stick you use. For a forward a short stick weighing 21 or 22 ounces is sufficient, and the head should be almost at right angles to the handle, to enable a fast shot to be made accurately *close to the feet* of the striker. For a back a greater reach is required, and consequently the angle of the head should be relatively more obtuse, and the weight may be 23 or 24 ounces. Heavy sticks handicap the players, as quickness and skill are all-important. It is wasting money to buy a stick at less than 5s. 6d., because a proper cane-handled article cannot be made at less than that figure, and the best sticks are sold at about 7s. 6d. In choosing a stick the balance and general "feel" are of great importance to each individual player. Indeed, a comparatively poor-looking stick may be more satisfactory than some of the very "patent" and "faddy" articles now on the market. The points to note are (1) grain—this should follow the shape of the stick, and be neither very coarse nor very fine; (2) workmanship—the joint of the cane handle with the head of the string binding; (3) weight and balance.

Hockey, though in the main a serious thing, is by no means without its humours. These are often unintelligible to the outsider, but the following anecdotes are perhaps worth quoting.

At half-time, after a sharp contest between two well-known Southern clubs, the ground-man was handing round cut lemons in a flat basket. A little girl ran to her mother, and said, "Oh, mother, give me a penny! They are bringing round the tambourine to collect for those poor hot peoples what have been whacking one another about so!"

Two small village boys were looking on at a match the other day, and one was overheard saying, "Wish I could play golf like them." "Golf!" said the other contemptuously. "That ain't golf; it's croquet!"

*In fine*, the great inherent qualities which have made hockey deservedly popular with men, women, boys, and girls are:—

1. The salutary discipline of cheerfully obeying orders and the knowledge that the individual is only one-eleventh of a working machine.
2. The stimulation of competition.
3. The triumph of science and skill over brute force.
4. The necessity of forming rapid decisions and acting on them immediately.

None of these can be properly attained without keeping the body fit, and therefore under restraint.

Let those who would condemn hockey weigh these points well and think of the training to character gained. Let those who play learn the rules, and bless the unknown inventor of "the circle," for he has made our game.



ENGLAND v. IRELAND: SOME CLEVER PASSING.



HEADING HIM OFF.

(From a painting by Edward Neale.)

## ELK HUNTING IN SWEDEN.

BY HUGO SAMZELIUS.

NORTHERN Scandinavia has always been noted for its abundance of big game, and although, of course, the more accessible districts are apt to be shot out in course of time, even to-day the sportsman may there find much to exercise and attract him, and the famous Llewellyn Lloyd is not the only Briton who has remained after his first visit.

Sweden offers variety of shooting to the sportsman. In the more northern districts, among the majestic fjelds and the dense pine forests, there are bears, wolves, and gluttons, and further south there are lynx and deer, the stalking of the last-named having been a favourite sport with the German Emperor and the Crown Prince of Sweden. Elk, known popularly as the "Crown of the Swedish Forests," are found almost all over the land. Bears, it is said, have steadily decreased in numbers during the past few years, but wolves, on the other hand, are on the increase. Glutton and lynx maintain their numbers without sensible change, but both elk and deer have, thanks to protective legislation, increased. King Edward the Seventh has shot in the royal forest of Hunneberg, where as many as fifty or sixty elk have been bagged in a single day; and he is a member of King Oscar's hunting club.

Such a bag of elk as that above mentioned is, of course, the exception, but as many as ten have been shot in a day on some country places not far out of Stockholm. Not only, in such a day's sport, do those who participate enjoy such beautiful scenery and such bracing air as to compensate for the long and otherwise trying tramps, but they may return home with a trophy of perhaps ten points. As the native saying goes, the elk is a royal beast and therefore crowned.

So much store do sportsmen set by their trophies that I have known officers of the German Guards, returning from a successful outing, forget their personal luggage but retain most carefully their elk heads, and yet the Prussian guardsman is generally supposed to be so particular about his kit that he would rather miss his dinner than fail to see his baggage properly registered.

Only during a single fortnight in the year—1st to 15th of September—may elk now be shot. The animal is, perhaps, most plentiful in the county of Oribro, not far from Stockholm, and in the northern districts of Sweden. The recorded bag during the season of 1900 was 249 head for the Oribro district and 257 for the northern region, and when it is added that in the whole of Sweden only 1,812 were shot, the importance of these two





A BATTLE ROYAL.  
(From a painting by Axel Berger.)



"TSOKOJT."

localities will be appreciated. Speaking generally, the distribution of the elk elsewhere in Sweden is fairly even, but the animal naturally prefers the vast and undisturbed forest tracts where it can live in peace and quiet.

Elk hunting has been a favourite sport with the natives in the north from time immemorial. Formerly they tracked the great animal on "ski," and shot it with bow and arrow. This mode is still in vogue among the peasants in the backwoods, where they are allowed by law to kill elk after the expiration of the ordinary hunting season. In early spring the crust of snow is no longer strong enough to bear an elk, but a man on "ski" can traverse it without risk, and it is at this time that the elk is pursued until tired out, and then shot or else slain with an axe.

There are two modes of elk hunting during the first fortnight in September. In the first, the elk hound is used in a slip; in the second, the dog is loose. When the dog is used in a slip, it is led into the forest against the wind. Under favourable conditions a good dog will scent the elk three miles away, and all the hunter then has to do is to follow up his game. Great care is then necessary, especially if the elk is near, which must be guessed from the dog's behaviour. The dog must remain absolutely quiet, and, indeed, the sportsman must make as little noise as possible. Only by dint

of such precautions is it possible to approach within range. When the elk is hit, the dog is loosed, and it then occupies the wounded beast's attention so as to afford the hunter another shot.

Elk dogs are a special breed, and have compelled the admiration of more than one well-known English sportsman visiting the country. The true Scandinavian pointer, as it may be called, is a very ancient breed, its history taking us back to the time of the Vikings. Intelligence, courage, and endurance are all noticeable in a high degree in these animals, and of all these and other qualities

they have constant need. There are in Scandinavia two different breeds—the Nordland Pointer and the long-haired lapp-dog. The Nordland Pointer, also called the grey dog or Norway elk-hound, may be either grey or black, but is always of strong build, and has a thick, rough coat and the tail curled well over the back. The accompanying photograph of "Young Bamse" (*Bamse* means Bear) shows the type. "Young Bamse" has long since won his spurs at elk hunting. Another photograph shows "Tsokojt," a smaller, long-haired white pointer from



"YOUNG BAMSE."

the Jamtland county. His owner has used him in shooting martens in the woods in winter, tracking them on "ski." "Tsjappas" is a black, long-haired lapp-dog, but white, red, or brown individuals are equally common. They have a short, stumpy nose with a straight



"TSJAPPAS" (A LONG-HAIRED LAPP).



break from the forehead; a broad head, pointed ears, long, soft coat, and a short and bushy tail. Such dogs are used not only for such larger game as elk and bear, but also in the big woods away in the north for blackcock. In work of this kind, the dog finds the bird perched on a tree, and there the dog stands barking until its master comes up and shoots the bird. This is a popular form of sport among the peasantry in northern Sweden. The only other Scandinavian dog that need here be mentioned is the pure Greenland or Eskimo breed. The preservation of the race is in great measure due to Mr. R. Mullers, of Copenhagen, who has presented some examples to the Skansen Zoological Museum at Stockholm. In their native land, as is well known, these dogs pull the small boat-like sledges over the ice—a team numbering twelve—but they are also used for hunting bears and wolves.

After this, it is hoped pardonable, digression on the subject of Swedish sporting dogs, let me return to the other mode of hunting elk in September—viz. with a loose hound. This method has greater fascinations for the true sportsman, because it gives the animal a better chance for its life. Moreover, it is often more convenient, for the supply of first-class trained elk hounds is very limited. The animal is walked up with a lapp-

dog or setter. Once the spoor is marked down the dog is slipped and it starts off in pursuit. The quarry is not long in getting away, and the hunter follows at his best pace. Now is the time for him to be on the alert. Much necessarily depends on the extent of his local knowledge. If he is sure of the track which the elk will make from that wood to the next, he, of course, makes for that spot with all despatch by a short cut, so as to be there before the game. If not, all he can do is to follow up the elk, which is greatly hampered by the dog biting its legs. The elk retaliates by kicking the dog and slashing at it with his horns, but its movements are thereby so impeded that the hunter is generally able to come within range. Aiming behind the shoulder, he then drops the huge elk like a log, though a second shot may often be necessary to put an end to its sufferings.

At the Royal Hunt, and on large estates where a big bag is aimed at, the elk are driven by beaters. The guns are placed at equal distances in either a half circle or straight line, and the beaters, numbering perhaps a hundred and acting under the orders of a headman, drive up towards them, tapping on the trees to start the elk from covert. Then ever the vast Swedish forests, where the elk lives, dense with pine trees, mountainous in the extreme, seem almost to be alive. From such a hunt one may win trophies to last a lifetime!



A TYPICAL SCENE.

(From a painting by Captain Ferrand.)





"PRINCELL" AND "LAKE ERIE."

(Photo: W. W. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)

## TROTTERS AND TROTTING IN ENGLAND.

By WALTER WINANS.

THE British public is conservative in its amusements as in its conduct of more serious matters, and trotting and trotters can only very gradually win their way to general favour in this country. Some of the chief reasons for the scanty recognition vouchsafed to this breed of horse in England are set forth in the present article. They admit of remedy, and in time, no doubt, trotters will occupy their own place in the English stable. Meanwhile, the widespread ignorance relating to all matters connected with this sport is often amusing to those who know. When, for instance, I first began showing trotters in England at the various horse shows, I worded the entries, in sending them to the secretary, as follows: "Lake Erie: record, 2: 13 $\frac{1}{4}$ "; and this came out in the catalogue thus: "Lake Erie: height, 13 $\frac{1}{4}$  hands"! One of the leading sporting papers, in its description of the show, made reference to the extraordinary speed of a pony under 14 hands. Now, as Lake Erie stands over 16 hands, the discrepancy was rather noticeable.

As a yet more singular instance of confusion in the matter of the printed record, I may relate the following anecdote told me by that noted American driver of trotting horses, John Splan. When he was in this country with Barnum's, he had painted, in the usual American way, the name and mile

record of the horse on each stall. This would read thus: "Star, 2: 30." This, he told me, was a constant puzzle to English visitors, and one lady asked him if it meant that Star was shown in the ring at 2.30! Splan never corrected ladies, but on this occasion it might have been kinder to do so.

It might at first sight seem strange that trotting should have so small a following in a horse-loving country like England, and this in spite of its increasing popularity in most Continental centres. The Russians have always, of course, patronised the sport, and even in other capitals racing with American trotters is more and more fashionable, while native-bred French and Italian horses are now showing quite respectable speeds.

The reason of the disfavour in which trotting is held in England is, however, sufficiently clear. It is apparent that trotting was, in the first instance, confined in this country to a class of the population that encouraged prize-fights. And now modern trotting is seriously prejudiced, even at those trotting meetings which are admirably conducted, by the English system of handicapping.

The old-fashioned style of English trotting was a match in which two horses trotted long distances on the high road. This test led to cruelty and over-driving. The modern English plan is to run mile-and-a-half heats on half-mile

tracks. The start is a standing one, and horses are handicapped by starting from different points on the track. Winners of heats, and the two fastest seconds, start in the final.

That is the English plan, and it seems to me—though I do not expect the conviction to be freely shared by readers in this country—that the American system is the better one, particularly with the object of popularising the sport. American trotting races are run in mile heats, and the start is a flying one. The horses “score up” at speed to the starting post, and, if level, are despatched by the starter. The handicapping in this case is effected by dividing the horses in “classes,” these being regulated by the speed the horses have shown. Such classes consist of, say, the “two-forty,” which would include horses with a record not faster than 2 minutes and 40 seconds for the mile. Some little margin, fractions of seconds, is allowed in this classification. Thus, whereas a record of 2 minutes 39½ seconds counts in the two-forty class, another of 2 minutes 39 seconds would go in the two-thirty-five.

All the horses in the race trot in each heat, and

horse that fails to win one heat in five likewise has to retire.

My reasons for regarding this American system as superior to the English are primarily two. In the first place, no trotter should be driven hard over a greater distance than a mile. The extra half-mile of the English racing is prejudicial to the development of extreme speed. In the second place, a much more interesting and spectacular race is provided by all the horses starting together instead of being strung all over the course. In the latter case the spectators may have to watch a fast horse labouring hundreds of yards behind a slow pony that keeps in front only by reason of its long start.

That the American system also does more to encourage breeding for stamina may, I think, be demonstrated without difficulty. It requires more staying power in a horse to win a race in which he has trotted seven or eight heats of a mile each than to win, as in the English method, two heats, each a mile and a half. When it is added that some races have been protracted up to seventeen heats, the contention is still more apparent.



JOE W., 2:20: THE BIGGEST TROTTER IN EUROPE.

(Photo: W. W. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)

the horse which first wins three heats is declared the winner. Any horse that is “distanced”—that is to say, that finishes more than a certain distance behind the winner of the heat—is not allowed to start in subsequent heats; and any

The above-mentioned condition, that a horse is not allowed to start again if it finishes more than a certain distance behind the winner of a heat, may perhaps require explanation. A little reflection will, however, show that, were this allowed,

the driver might easily "lay up" heats—that is to say, take it easy in several heats so as to get longer odds on his horse in the betting. He would thus let the leaders tire themselves out in winning the early heats, and then come on and win the last three. The judges have also power, if they suspect a driver of laying up heats, to substitute another driver for the rest.

The faster classes are generally the 2:20, 2:15, 2:12, 2:10, and "Free for All." Occasionally a 2:8 or, in the case of pacers, even a 2:3, class is added.

Mention of pacers reminds me of another most fatal objection to the English method of conducting trotting races, and that is allowing pacers to compete in them.

The pace and the trot are two entirely distinct gaits. In the trot the horse moves the diagonal legs in unison. In the pace the legs of a side move together. The accompanying photographs show my pacer Chiquita (record, 2:16) and my trotter Blackstone (record, 2:20). The pace is, in fact,



"SURRENDEN." TWO YEARS OLD.

(Photo: W. W. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)

what early writers call "ambling." Now, a pacer is much faster than a trotter, and although a very fast pacer would be an expensive animal, it is also, speed for speed, much cheaper. The trotting record is 2 minutes 2¼ seconds, which is held for the mile by Crescens. The pacing record is 1 minute 59¼ seconds by Star Pointer; Dan Patch and some six pacers are, at the time of writing, faster than 2:2. Whereas very few trotters have done a mile faster than 2 minutes 5 seconds, it is quite common for a pacer to do it in that time; indeed, a pacer that

could not do it in 2 minutes 4 seconds would not take a front place. It must, therefore, surely be clear that to allow pacers to compete against trotters, as is done in England, is so unfair on the trotter that most of the so-called "trotters" that compete in this country are in reality pacers. The owner of an expensive trotter is consequently, as may readily be imagined, discouraged from entering his favourite when he knows that it is



"BLACKSTONE" AT RANELAGH

(Photo: W. W. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)



certain to be beaten by some cheap pacing screw. Indeed, before any advance in encouraging fast trotters is made in England, trotters and pacers must be divided in their races.

There are numbers of Driving Clubs in America, on the lines of Hurlingham or Ranelagh, the members of which drive races against each other for the sport of the thing, a ribbon constituting the sole prize. Only amateurs are allowed to compete, and racing sulkies are barred, competitors being limited to the use of four-wheeled "speed-wagons," such as their owners would use in ordinary driving on the "Speedways." The organisation of such clubs in England would do more towards the encouragement of trotting than any amount of professional racing. Englishmen would not be long in finding out that a good trotter is far more pleasant driving than a hackney, which is too slow for anyone in a hurry, and which, moreover, knocks its legs to pieces after a very short career of usefulness. A good trotter, on the other hand, lasts for years and does the work of two ordinary horses, in addition to which it moves in a style of which no other horse is capable. This is obvious when one considers the way in which American trotters win in all the harness

classes at horse shows. The American trotter is also particularly useful in driving to cover when hunting, and, being very well bred, it can go distances at a speed that would kill ordinary horses.

Up to the present there is no English breed of trotters. No horse can be registered as a trotter in the States unless it has a record for the mile of 2:30, or is descended from a sire and dam in the "Book," they having qualified in the same way. Now there is not, I believe, any authentic case of a genuine English-bred horse—I do not mean, of course, one bred from imported American or Russian trotters—trotting the mile in that time. I am experimenting in crossing the English thoroughbred and American trotter, but the foals are as yet too young to admit any decided opinion as to the prospects of success. If the foal should inherit the trotting instinct with its American blood, it should have still greater speed than the pure trotter-bred. Surrenden, a bay stallion foaled in 1901 by Medio, record, 2:14; dam Chiquita, trial in 2:16, bred by myself, is pure American bred, though foaled in this country. With it I hope to start a breed of English trotters.



"CHIQUITA," WITH FOAL

(Photo: Penfold, Ashford.)

## FERRETS, RABBITS, AND DOGS.

BY ALEX. INNES SHAND.

EDWARD JESSE, in his "Gleanings in Natural History"—and very delightful they are—sees the wisdom of Providence in the beneficent provision that multiplies useful animals out of all proportion to the noxious. Remembering rats, locusts, and mosquitoes, we are inclined to dissent, but rabbits are in a category by themselves. It is all a question of the side from which you see them. The farmer regards them as unmitigated pests, and their importation has been a curse to the Australian colonies, though even there the vagrant swagsman is thankful for the dinner that jumps into his arms. But the sportsman has no doubt about the matter. The fertility of the irrepressible rabbit is gratefully recognised by all classes. Few owners of a gun are so poor or so friendless as not to get an occasional day with the bunnies. They swarm in protected covers, and swell the returns at the battues ;

tridges or pheasants, and never is that so much the case as in ferreting. It is what pigeon-shooting would be with a score of traps, some of them concealed, and with no law allowed to the birds. But with the cool hand who does not get flurried ferreting is splendid discipline for nerve and eye ; and with enjoyable days in all weathers, and in every diversity of scenery, he lays up a rich treasure of bright reminiscences.

In the summer I had the pleasure of welcoming an old keeper who had come from the North to be disappointed of the Coronation. We had not met for years, and in the course of the evening we had many a "crack" over old times and joint adventures. He reminded me of not a few incidents I had forgotten, but though we had been together in field and forest, in coverts and on salmon streams, what struck me was the way in which days with the ferrets had riveted themselves in a remarkably tenacious memory. On second thoughts I was not surprised. One day's covert shooting or partridge shooting is very like another, but in ferreting you have every diversity in scenes and circumstances, and the unexpected is always happening. You can follow the sport under all sorts of conditions and in any kind of weather, though some are decidedly disadvantageous. In Landseer's "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time" there is a youthful figure in the background, carrying a cast of hawks. Hawking may be a more aristocratic sport than ferreting, but in a day's rough shooting a boy with a ferret box on his shoulder is a pleasant and useful appendage to the party. Birds will be shy and wild ; the woodcock have not come in as we had hoped, the snipe have risen from the rushy meadow in a wisp, and scarce a solitary straggler has come back. No matter: the



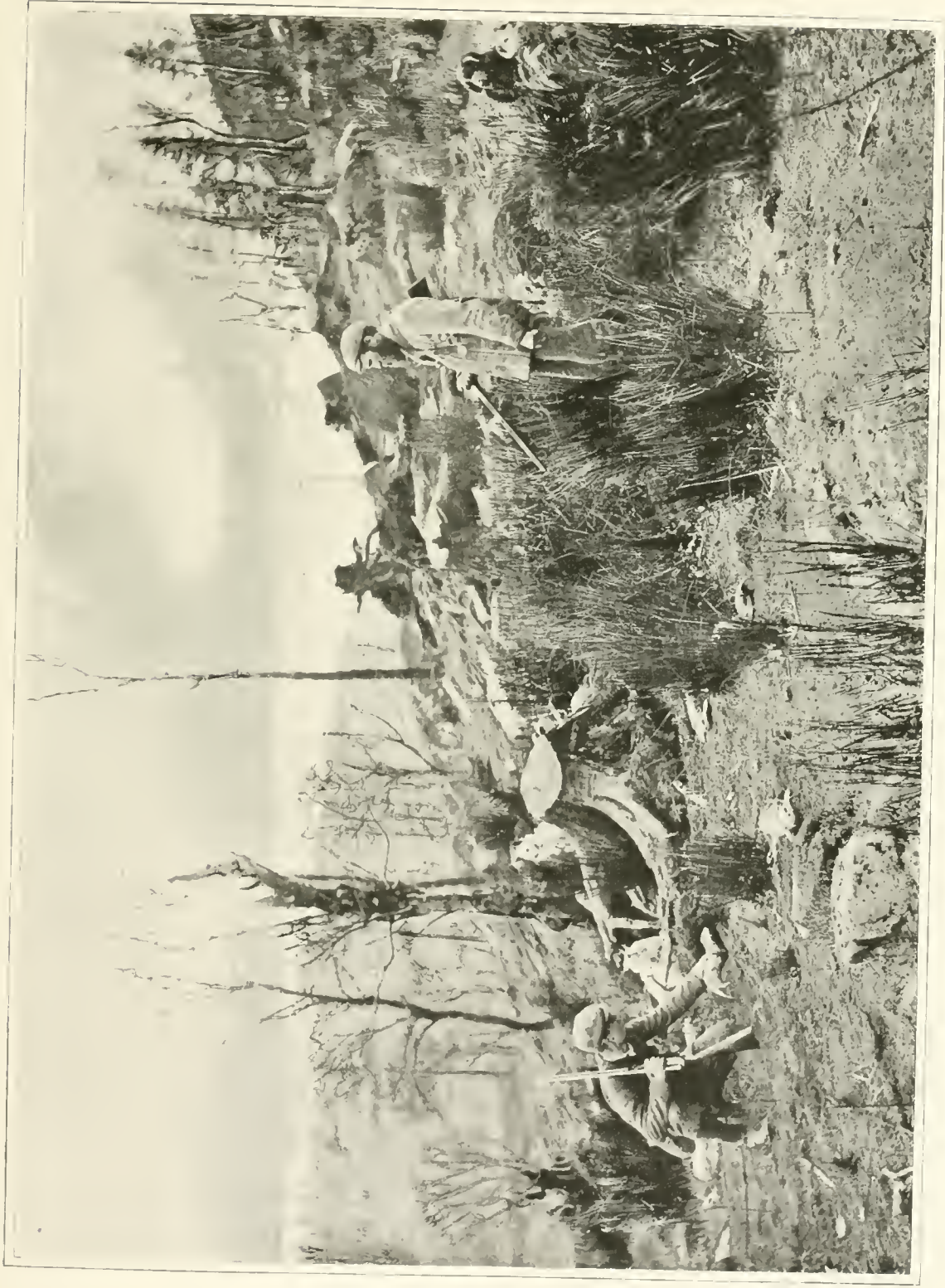
READY !

(Photo : C. Reid, Wishaw )

they breed in the desolate sand-hills like fleas, fattening upon grasses where a goat would starve ; and in woodland or pasture, in furze brake or in osier-bed, they give an endless variety of exciting shots. Perhaps the blemish of rabbit-shooting as a part of education is that it is apt to demoralise the novice. He gets into a habit of shooting at sight which does not pay with par-

rabbits are always there—in the gravelly bank, in the dyke of loose stones, in the immemorial mounds round the roots of those secular oaks, carpeted thickly with broken bracken and skirted with bramble. "Let the ferrets have a run through the burrows" is the word, and forthwith there is no lack of excitement, with considerable expenditure of cartridges.





PUTTING IN THE FERRET  
(Photo - C. Ford, Wishaw.)



Ferrets are not exactly companionable, but they are interesting pets, far more intelligent than is generally believed, and they well repay attention. Too often they are carelessly kept and shamefully knocked about. Housed in filthy hutches, they are fed on carrion and the entrails of rabbits, which not only spoils their noses but strengthens the blood-thirsty instincts which should be tempered. They become savage, mistrustful, and inclined to sulk. Release from the prison-house for a day in the fields is rather a change for the worse. A ferret has his feelings, and we can fancy how they must be aggravated when he is flung into a bag and thrown over a keeper's shoulder with a couple of iron traps to bump against the spade or the gun. Loving to curl himself up

head and tail in the straw, in a bitter frost he is chilled to the bone, and when turned into a burrow his natural impulse is to congratulate himself on comfortable quarters and go soundly to sleep.

On the other hand, in clean hutches (and it is all the better if he has the means of exercise in an open courtyard), he learns to respect himself. Long Lenten days on a diet of bread and milk or porridge, with occasional indulgence in fresh animal food, keep him in health, and make him keen upon hunting. Legs and scent are in good condition, and, though never over-amiable, his temper is sweetened. Carried out in a box pierced with air-holes and padded with soft hay, he is as eager for the sport as the dogs or the guns. It is true that, however well treated, he is never to be trusted, and nature will assert itself. I remember a grim tragedy which carried mourning into a happy home. A keeper divided his affections pretty equally between his dogs, his ferrets, his Dorkings, and his ducks. One summer morning he went out to find that the door of the ferret yard had been left unfastened and the captives had escaped. There was not the slightest difficulty in tracing them. The poultry-coops were full of slaughtered chickens, and the banks of the little mill dam beyond were strewn with callow ducklings. The corpses were

seldom mangled, but they were sucked, and the over-gorged marauders were easily recovered. Suspicion attached to an under-keeper, who had been reprimanded, and, justly or unjustly, he promptly got the sack.

You must take the ferret as you find him. He is not amiable, but is amenable to kindness. The leader in that bloody raid was an old polecat, a veteran who had been death on rabbits for many a season. I am sure he knew me well, and I flatter myself that he liked me, although vicious to strangers. A ferret must be grasped firmly, like a nettle, and the secret is to take him quietly over the shoulders. That old fellow used to depend from your hand like the badge of the Golden Fleece, and if he did not purr like a cat



COLD SPORT.

(Photo: C. Reid, Wishaw.)

when you stroked him he enjoyed it nearly as much. Most ferrets have strong homing instincts, like carrier pigeons, but he was a marvel. Carried out in the blackness of his box, how he could find his way home through miles of field and covert was simply inexplicable. It is true he took his time about it, and would sometimes spend days on the road, clearing out burrows incidentally as he passed them. Generally he hunted well, without lingering; but when he did "lay up" it was no use waiting. There was a sharp boy specially told off for his service, who would do sentry-go till dark with the patience of a Red Indian. Afterwards he would try to track his charge, and not infrequently succeeded by seeing disturbances among the rabbits. But the wary old sportsman could seldom be caught till found waiting of a morning at the door of his quarters.

He was a well-bred one, and there is a deal in judicious breeding, for ferrets in their small way are as much worth attending to as the spaniels or terriers, their companions of the chase. Some experts hold to the brown, or polecats; others are all for the white—and both have their qualities. The white are sweeter in temper, the brown are keener and more seldom "lay up." The logical

conclusion is that it is best to cross them, but, for myself, I have a partiality for the polecats. There is no greater nuisance than to have to wait for your valued friends on a bitter or blustering day. At the best of times, standing about on some bleak common or on storm-swept sand-hills is a trial of temper and a test of endurance. When the shades of night are falling fast, when you are, perhaps, half a dozen miles from your house, and your very best ferrets won't come out, it becomes a question of leaving and losing. You have tried firing powder down the holes; digging is worse than useless, for the sand falls in before the spade; and there is nothing for it but to go back ferretless. It is small satisfaction to know that your favourites will revel in good living and free quarters. But as for muzzling, I agree with Mr. Harting, who is a sound authority, and I don't hold with it. Rabbits will bolt far more freely from the ferret that goes free.

All sporting dogs get excited at the sight of a gun, but there is nothing the terrier or the spaniel or the beagle delights in so much as ferreting. It is a question whether spaniels or terriers are the more useful; but for fun, apart from results, I give it in favour of the terrier. Spaniels are the most biddable, and the Clumber is most obedient and dependable, but the Clumber hunts mute. As one loves the music of the pack in a fox-chase, so one likes the cheery discord of the canine *aides* in ferreting. The Sussex throws his tongue joyously enough, but he is a model of sobriety compared to the terrier. The terrier seems actually possessed with the devilry of the sport, and, to my mind, his very failings are virtues. When he follows a bolted rabbit hot-foot, neither whistling nor objurgation will bring him back till he has run himself breathless or seen his quarry to ground. He will strike away, parenthetically, on the scent of a hare, and turn up when you have moved on to another burrow, apparently conscience-stricken, but really quite *impenitent*. Nay, more, he will go to ground as if he had the slimness of the ferret, burrowing and tearing savagely at intervening roots. He has slipped in before you could stop him; you hear him scratching and whining and sobbing, and no sort of soft sawder

will fetch him out. Yet you forgive him these enormities in consideration of his zeal. See him on the honeycombed bank when three or four ferrets have been turned down. He is dancing in wild distraction between half a dozen of tempting holes. Then he recollects himself and his long experiences and settles down to business. With one ear pricked and the other depressed, with head on one side, he stands and listens. He shifts stealthily about, as if his footfall could make mischief, following the subterraneous rumblings. There is a spring when a rabbit cautiously shows his head, and a wheel and rush when another has made a bolt between his hind paws. Dog and rabbit are so jumbled up when they tumble into the ditch bottom, that you dare hardly risk the snapshot. If you can shoot and if you only wound, he sticks to the chase with the nose and tenacity of the sleuth-hound. Crashing through bramble, tearing through furze, you trace the chase by the sharp, staccato yelping till there is the note of triumph or the silence of disgust, for the rabbit has the vitality of deer or antelope, and will scuttle along for any reasonable distance after a clean shot through the body.

These keen dogs have sometimes marvellous escapes, as occasionally they come to tragical grief. One veteran was a fast friend of my youth—an old, one-eyed Aberdeenshire, Rory by name. He had lost that eye by the stroke of a cat's claw. He was an all-round sportsman, with a catholic taste for foxes and otters, cats and rats; but ferreting was his passion. One winter day he had been paying special attention to a big burrow, originally a badger's earth, and in the dusk, when the shooters mustered in the gunroom, he was missing. That



A PROMISING LOT.  
(Photo: C. Reid, Wishaw.)



was nothing unusual, for his habits were erratic. When he had not turned up next day we were uneasy, for though he often dispensed with supper he was always ready for breakfast; and a search party was organised. Naturally, it went straight to that badger-hole, hoping he might be haunting the neighbourhood. Nothing was to be seen of him, but fresh earth had been thrown out since we left the place, and there were footprints tending downwards.

"By G—d, sir, I believe he's here!" said the keeper, and, throwing himself down on his chest, he listened, and called and whistled. Now, these great holes tapering inwards are so many acoustic tubes through which the slightest sounds on the surface are transmitted through vibrations to the rabbits; and they work, telephone-like, in the opposite direction, though less sensitively. The faintest possible whimper was the answer to the whistling. The keeper sprang up and seized a spade. There was an eager expectation in the

anxious group, as when miners are working for the extrication of comrades. At last the tip of Rory's tail was visible, without a wag in it, and, finally, we got to his neck. The old dog was half-garrotted. He had bitten his way through some tough oak roots, and been caught tight in the elastic grip of another. It was a very near thing, for his eyes were starting, and his neck was excoriated and bleeding, and he lay stretched on the grass without sense or motion. But, as the keeper hopefully remarked, "It takes a deal to kill a terrier," and Rory rallied to be none the worse.

In rabbiting, and more especially in ferreting, when flurried gunners are shooting fast at sight,

the excited dogs must take their chance of being peppered. As they are wrapped in coats—which shivering sportsmen envy in sharp frosts—and as often at the shortest ranges there are only half-charges in the cartridges, there is seldom much damage done. Yet tragedies will occur, and two in special I remember. In each case an old favourite was mortally wounded by his devoted master, and it was piteous to see the love in the

fading eyes, as the dogs licked the hands that had so often caressed them. The moral is that, rather than risk a valuable life, it is better to let slip any number of chances.

Keen frosts and searching winds make one shiver, and you kick your heels to keep some feeling in the extremities, but, nevertheless, winter ferreting is most enjoyable. Not a breath of air is stirring, you can almost hear the fall of a leaf as it flutters to the ground, for I never could subscribe to the doctrine that the sport is most successful when



A LINE FERRET.

(Photo: R. B. Lodge.)

the wind is high. There may be more rabbits below ground, but what you want is to know what is passing there. There is a rare charm in the perfect stillness and purity of the clear winter day amid the banks and leafless hedges of the wooded Lowlands. Overhead, the oaks or the beeches stretch their skeleton boughs against the sky of steely blue. The bank swells here and there into earthen mounds, and sinks into deep ditches, matted with bramble and withered bracken. It is a fair match between the rabbits and the guns, with the betting slightly in favour of the rabbits. The bank, if you could lay it bare, would show a labyrinth of passages, and the bolting holes are innumerable, many of them



at long distances apart and in unsuspected places. It may be well to net some of the outlets, but it is impossible to establish a strict blockade. A couple of guns are back to back in a commanding position in the centre ; two others are picketed in the fields on either side. The terriers are dancing about like globules of mercury, cocking an ear to listen now and again, though all, as yet, is silent below. The retrievers, half-crouching at their masters' heels, are not a whit less interested, but they are broken to patience. Their emotion is only shown by heaving of the flanks and long-drawn sighs. Two or three keepers, prone on their faces, have turned as many ferrets down, and there is a scramble behind the stems of the trees to be out of the way of the shooting. Profound silence still for a brief space ; then there are subterranean rumblings, which shift and swell into the convulsions of earthquakes in miniature. It needs no very lively fancy to imagine what is passing. The rabbits are slow to bolt, for they have been trembling at the footfalls, and know there is danger above. The unwelcome intruders waken them up, and they are in a strait between two terrors. Their bloodthirsty enemies are hunting them hard, following them through turns and windings with relentless ferocity. Here a lively young rabbit, scuttling for dear life, jumps into the arms of a second ferret at a cross passage and, springing backward, is saved by agility and instinct, for his nerve is gone. There a tough old buck, brought to

bay in a *cul-de-sac*, is making a gallant fight with his fore-paws. The riot increases, the panic grows ; they prefer to face the unknown danger ; heads are timidly popped out, to be jerked back again ; there is a flying leap, followed by a header down another hole. But the place is become untenable, and there is a *saute qui peut*. At the first rush these dogs, tumbling over each other in frantic rivalry, *will* get in the way, so that you may lose what should have been easy shots. But now they are gone in hot pursuit of the game, yelping and tearing their jackets in the ditch-jungle, scattering a spray of icicles and showers of frosted twigs. The next rabbits that come are rolled over, and then the carpeting of matted grass and leaves is rent asunder, and you shoot below a flying Jack-in-the-box, who, with a single bound, is among the brambles in the ditch. For the space of a few minutes your friends in the fields are having a tolerably lively time of it. Then the shooting slackens, but does not cease ; the ferrets, showing on the surface from time to time, have been steadily working the burrows in both directions, every now and then starting a lingerer who had been holding on to the last. Feeling that the work below is done, they come forth, with dazed eyes and nose to the ground, following some trail over the grass like stoat or weasel ; the terriers turn up panting and blown and bleeding from unheeded scratches ; the keepers come to pick up their ferrets, and the retrievers have been gathering up the game.



(Photo : R. B. Lodge.)



BLACK BREAM FISHING IN A CREEK.

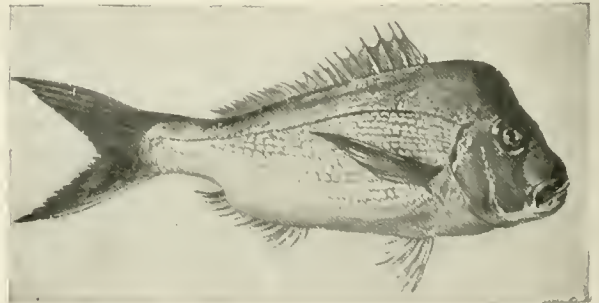
## SEA-FISHING IN AUSTRALIA.

By F. G. AFLALO.

SKILL in the arts of sea-fishing seems to be the birthright of those who inhabit Australia, for now that the black fellow is all but gone, the white man appears to have inherited his cunning, though he uses his knowledge in sportsmanlike methods of capture and not in the construction of fish traps for which the Murray Black was so famous.

That sea-fishing as a sport should, though gaining only tardy recognition at home, have hitherto been the chief angling recreation of Australians is not to be wondered at. Opportunity makes the man, and not only do those seasteem with such sporting fish as the snapper, trumpeter, mullet, groper, black bream, and many others, but all the great cities lie either on or close to the sea-coast. Future engineering enterprise may, perhaps, open up that dry and dread interior, but life in Australia means for all the inhabitants of cities life at the seaside. Pisciculture may in time achieve something in Australia, as it has, under more favourable conditions, achieved much in New Zealand. Already trout leap in rivers that knew only the "Murray cod." Yet when the Sydney man of to-day promises himself a day's

fishing, his thoughts most probably go to one of three spots—the open sea outside the Heads, the sheltered inlets of the Harbour, or the slippery ledges on the rocks along the coast. In the first-named, fishing with heavily-weighted handlines from a drifting steamboat, he will catch great snapper, morwong, sergeant baker, and sharks; in the bays and harbours, using the finest of tackle and cunningly-prepared ground-baits, he looks for black bream, flatheads, and yellowtails; and, again, with coarser gear, from the swirling pools beneath the cliff he hauls groper, jewfish, and leather-jackets. If it were not for the sharks, fishing in



SNAPPER.

Australian waters would be a pastime of almost monotonous delight. But the sharks certainly supply a qualification. Those who angle in our Cornish seas at home are occasionally robbed of a little tackle by puny blue and porbeagle sharks, as



NANNYGAI.

well as by the larger dogfish so nearly related to them, and they are wont to think themselves ill-used. They should try a day or two off the coast of Australia, particularly on the anchorages of the big steamers that send passengers ashore to Adelaide. I have lost, near the Semaphore, half a dozen thick lines—lines that would hold the largest conger at home—in a few minutes, the shark simply running out all the line at a pace so terrific that the hand forbears to check it, and then proceeding on its course. Cousins of the sharks are the flattened rays, and mighty stingrays have also swum off with more of my tackle than I shall ever see again.

Whether it is the presence of these large sharks that precludes the more general use of the rod, or some other determining condition, the fact remains that up to a few years ago at least handlines were practically used by everyone. I took an English sea-rod out on my first snapper day, but used it



RED ROCK COD.

for about five minutes only. The uselessness of a rod in this fishing will perhaps be better appreciated if a brief description is given of an hour's sport. As the snapper, which is a large red bream, is nowadays found in numbers only on the outer reefs in the open Pacific, though large examples were formerly taken close to the city, angling for

this fish has to be conducted from a steam-tug, which is usually hired by a party for the time required. The nearer snapper grounds can be reached by leaving Melbourne or Sydney in the early morning and returning late in the evening, but to get to the further, and therefore better, grounds, it is usual to leave port overnight, so as to be on the spot at dawn, as deadly a time in fishing for snapper off the Macquarie Lighthouse, Port Jackson, as for whiting off the Eddystone, within sight of Plymouth.

Australians usually wear gaiters when snapper fishing. They wear gaiters on every possible occasion, and I have even seen colonials dancing in them. Personally, I dispensed with them in my fishing excursions, and never missed them. We may imagine that the tug, with perhaps eight fishermen and a crew of three, besides the skipper, is steaming down Sydney Harbour. It is a beautiful harbour, as someone has remarked before, but fishermen have, even by day, small thought



FLATHEAD.

for its beauties. Those who are new to the job are full of anticipation, stretching their eighty yards of new line behind the boat, and those who know what is to come prevaricate peacefully concerning what has been. At length the fishing-grounds are reached, and by this time the members of the expedition have drawn for places, and each stands beside his little pile of assorted bait—pieces of mullet, yellowtail, squid, and other animals—and with his hook baited and his lead poised, ready to fling it over the side at the signal from the whistle. The boat is not anchored, but drifts broadside over the rocky ground with a terrific list, caused by the fact that all have to fish from the same quarter, so that the current shall carry the lines away from the vessel's side.

It is not, as a rule, long before someone catches a fish. If it is a snapper, there is general rejoicing and girding up of loins to do likewise. If a shark, execration is the order, and it may even be necessary to steam away to other grounds if the sharks are too numerous in the vicinity. If it is some fish neither shark nor snapper such as the crimson nannygai, the silvery morwong, the black sweep, or the many-coloured sergeant baker—there is little expression of feeling, though the fish is



generally greeted as "wrong colour." Of all this and other miscellany taken on the snapper grounds the nannygai is the least unwelcome, because it is supposed to feed in company with the snapper and at the same time. Fortune is kinder on some days than on others, but whether the heap of crimson slain grows rapidly or whether the fish are few and far between, there is a pleasure in this fishing off that rugged coast which closely resembles that enjoyed off Cornwall, and there are only the presence of great mollymauks soaring around the boat and the variety of strange fish to remind one of the difference.

Of the salt-water fishing under more peaceful conditions, fishing for black bream is the most characteristic. The black bream is a small relative of the snapper, and is found in the calm inlets of Port Jackson, Botany Bay, and other similar land-locked stretches of water. The chief feature of this black bream fishing is the "berley," or ground-bait, which is made of cheese and fish, mostly *condemned* tinned salmon, well incorporated with bran. The line is a very fine silk twist, and it is usually kept wound on an ordinary wine cork, in which the point of the single small

hook is thrust. A black bream fisher will carry three or four such lines in his pockets, and he gets to work as soon after daybreak as possible. A single fragment of sheet lead is pinched on the line some little way above the hook, and on this he sticks a lump of the groundbait, which gradually loosens



BLUE GROPER.

and crumbles around the line, the hook itself being baited with a small live prawn. An occasional shake of the line ensures this crumbling of the bait on the lead, and as soon as the angler feels the

delicate bite of the fish he strikes. The greatest skill is required in striking the larger fish, and it is even said—though whether in jest or earnest, I was never able to ascertain—that experts sensitise



WIRRAH.

their thumb and forefinger by rubbing them with wet pumice-stone, so that the tender skin responds more promptly to the finest bite. Whether they manage it by such means or not, Australians certainly contrive to hook three black bream to the

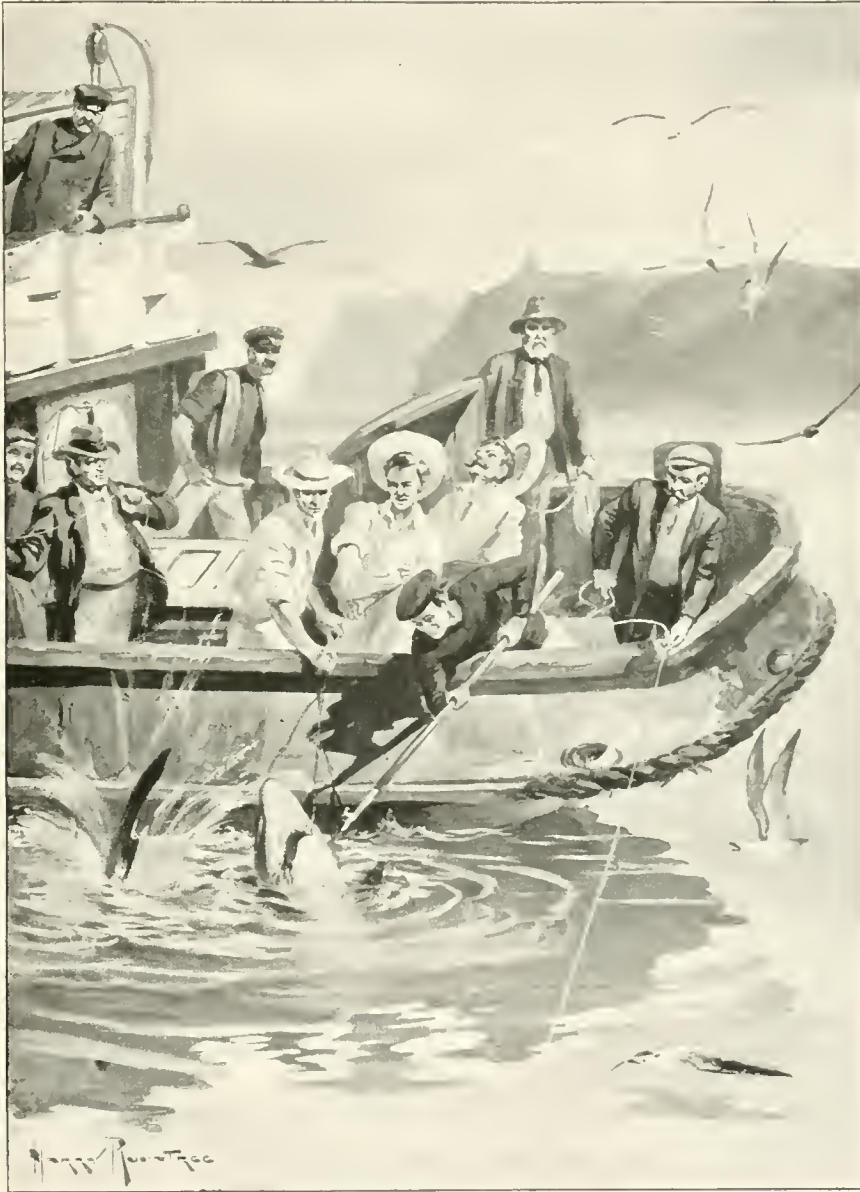
newcomer's one. As in so many other kinds of fishing, if you cannot be on the spot at sunrise, the next best thing is to stay there till sunset, when, as a rule, the larger black bream

(Australians, by the way, pronounce this last word "brim") commence to feed. The peaceful, mournful silence of an Australian creek, with its setting of gaunt gum-trees and its weird bird cries, will sadden or rejoice the visitor according to his temperament, but, in any case, he will long carry the memory of it when he leaves the land for good and all.

Rock-fishing in the neighbourhood of Sydney Harbour is a sport at which Mr. Cherry Kearton should win laurels if the opportunity arose. Once or twice I was persuaded to glide down goat tracks overhanging seething pools known to be full of sharks, but the novelty soon waned, and I found a great contentment in going forth in the evening to meet the returning rock-fishers and learn what they had done. To crawl like a snake, but like a snake encumbered with heavy leads and catching hooks, along narrow ledges, may delight Sydney lads who hold life cheaply, but the maturer intellect will vote such pastime something less than satisfying. Soft crab and "congevoi" (a curious animal not unlike a sea-urchin) are the baits for

this rock-fishing, and the fish ostensibly sought is the blue groper, a gigantic wrasse. The fish mostly caught is either the jewfish, or maigre, not unlike our hake in appearance, but in no way related to it; the poisonous little toad-fish, which behaves

and with advantage also the afore-mentioned gaiters may be worn by way of protecting the ankles against the saw-edged daggers of lurking stingrays that lie in ambush on the whiting grounds in the foot or two of water in which the angler has



THE END OF THE SPOIL-SPORT.

like an association football about to burst; and the flabby wirrah, or the pachydermatous leather-jacket.

It must not be imagined that every method of fishing for sport in Australian seas can be brought under one or other of these three heads. There is "whiting" fishing in the Brisbane River, and in this, at least, a light rod may be used with advantage,

to wade. There is also the somewhat trying beach fishing, in the pursuit of which enthusiasts will sit for hours on the open beaches and often haul nothing better from the surf than under-sized sharks. Sometimes, when shoals of the so-called "salmon"—they are no more salmon than the above-named are whiting—put in an appearance close inshore, these beach-fishers remove the

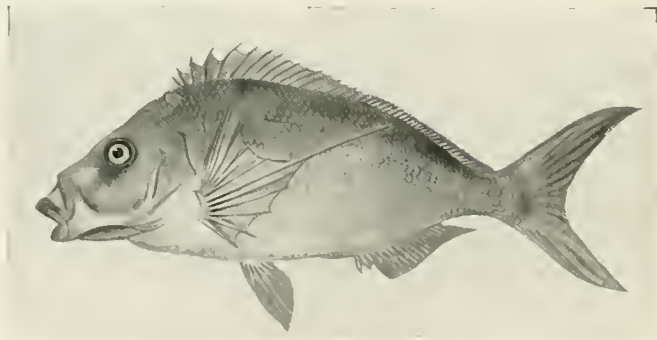
bait from their hooks and cast their heavy lead and bare hooks among the fish, many of which are thus foul-hooked and dragged up on the beach. This, though possibly remunerative, cannot, however, be regarded as sport.

One other style of fishing in salt water may, in conclusion, be mentioned, and that is the rod-fishing for the giant perch of some Queensland rivers, such as the Fitzroy. I recollect, though I was not myself in luck's way during a fortnight's stay in the Fitzroy estuary, one being caught on a rod by the lighthouse keeper which must have weighed at least fifty pounds, as it was about six feet in length. The bait is a small grey mullet, or "skip-jack"; it is used on a gorge-hook and dapped, head downwards, round the piles of the little piers.

It will be seen from this brief account that Australians are singularly well placed for the enjoyment of salt-water fishing in sheltered water. Sea anglers in the old country who are unable to find pleasure in small open boats are restricted to the somewhat local and difficult capture of estuary bass, or to the indifferent sport nowadays obtainable from piers and harbours. The Australian, on the other hand, has at his doors—at any rate in any of the large capitals—an immense choice of calm creeks in which he may with very little difficulty, exertion, or expense try conclusions with some of the most sporting and delicious fishes of

those seas. Cheapness, if no longer characteristic of sea-fishing at home, is still the keynote of sea-fishing in Australia.

The old distinction between Australian handliners and the rod anglers of the Mother Country has, I understand, in great measure disappeared since I was in the Colonies. True, sea fishing for snapper and groper and flathead and, for that matter, black bream, is still followed in the old way with fine handlines, and the skill of an Australian amateur with such tackle is so wonderful that he thinks nothing of playing and landing a ten or twelve pound jew-fish on a single silk line. This, which would be comparatively easy with a trout rod and free-running winch, is a tremendous feat for the handline. In the rivers, however, the introduced trout and native perch have long been taken in the approved way with the artificial fly, a method that, so far as the Antipodes went, was in my time practically confined to Tasmania and New Zealand. The Grose River, in New South Wales, is a favourite angling resort, and large bags of trout and perch are made, though it is whispered that the worm is frequently employed where the fly has been found wanting. Australians are, however, among the keenest sportsmen on earth, and, given the opportunity, they will catch their fish or shoot their birds in the most sporting manner approved in the old homes of their forefathers.



MORWONG.

[The Australian fishes photographed in this article were taken from a series of paintings in the Imperial Institute, by kind permission of Professor Wyndham Dunstan.—Ed.]



## THE GREAT INDIAN RHINOCEROS.

By MAJOR-GENERAL A. A. A. KINLOCH, C.B.



RHINOCEROS SHOT BY MAJOR-GENERAL  
KINLOCH IN BHÚTÁN DÚÁRS, 1886.  
(Photo: Major, Forfar.)

PERHAPS few sportsmen have had the chance of shooting this huge animal than of the other numerous species of "Large Game" that are to be found in India or along its frontiers.

Not only is its present *habitat* restricted,

but without special facilities its pursuit would generally be useless.

In former days this rhinoceros probably inhabited the whole of the "Terai" or damp forest at the foot of the Himalayas; and there are legends that it, or a closely allied species (*Rhinoceros sondaicus*), was hunted by the Emperor Baber in the valley of the Indus. Now its western limit is the Nepál Terai, and a considerable blank space occurs before it is again to be met with in the Bhútán Dúárs; and again, still farther east, in Assam. About forty years ago large numbers were to be found in the immediate neighbourhood of Jalpaigori, at the foot of the Sikkim hills; and several sportsmen made considerable sums by the sale of their horns, which are in much request among certain castes of Hindoos. Native *shikáris* also were keen in their pursuit, and the consequence is that their numbers are sadly diminished.

It is a pity that the Indian Government does not take steps to prevent the extermination of this and other interesting fauna, as is done in Africa and America. No animal is more harmless. Inhabiting, as it does, the densest thickets of high grass and reeds in sparsely

inhabited districts, it rarely, if ever, does any harm to cultivation, and I have never personally known a single instance of its damaging any crops.

Although comparatively few people have seen it in its native haunts, all visitors to the "Zoo" must be familiar with the ungainly beast, which comes up to the barrier of its enclosure and opens its vast mouth for buns and other trifles. Although generally so tame, the keeper has informed me that it is subject to paroxysms of rage, when it dashes against the walls and bars of its house, and sometimes injures itself badly.

Many fables have been told and written about the rhinoceros. It was supposed to be almost invulnerable—a belief that was to some extent supported by the armour-like appearance of its hide, which was doubtless not easily penetrated by the feeble weapons and light projectiles of former days.

With modern rifles no animal is more easily killed if bullets are at all well directed. The lungs are very large, and a shot through them, if not immediately fatal, soon causes death by suffocation. I have more than once killed a rhinoceros with a single bullet.



MAKING OFF.

It has also been supposed that the horn on the snout is used as a weapon of offence. This, so far as I have been able to ascertain, is an entirely erroneous idea, and the horn, like many other things in nature, appears to serve no special purpose. It is possible, however, that, as has been suggested, it may be employed for the purpose of rooting up weeds in swamps; at any rate, horns are frequently found to be much worn, and, in fact, very long and sharp horns are comparatively seldom met with.\*

Though generally of a peaceable disposition, the rhinoceros, like nearly all animals, may be roused to fury, and it will then inflict severe wounds with its formidable teeth. I have heard of elephants being badly injured in this way, but I have never seen a rhinoceros charge home, though I have known more than one make angry demonstrations. The animal's vast size and noisy expressions of fear or resentment have a great effect on the nerves of both elephants and mahouts, and many of both, who would go unflinchingly up to a wounded tiger, show signs of great trepidation when confronted with the larger (but really less formidable) game. Exact measurements and anatomical details would be out of place in the present article, but it may perhaps be mentioned that the average height of a full-grown rhinoceros is about seventeen hands. He is extremely bulky in proportion to his height and very short on the leg.

One has no facilities for weighing heavy animals in camp, but I would conjecture that an old bull would weigh at least two tons.

This amount of meat need not be wasted. It is of excellent quality, closely resembling beef. The natives of the districts where rhinoceros are found are always eager to carry away the flesh, and quickly assemble when they hear of "a kill."

The hide, when dried and properly cured, takes a high polish, and may be utilised for several ornamental purposes. I would suggest to any sportsman who has the good fortune to shoot a rhinoceros that he should preserve the whole skin and legs and have them made into a sideboard or drawing-room table.

The best horns that I have seen have been about 12 inches in length. I cannot supply a photograph of such a good specimen, as one or two to which I was entitled by the etiquette of sport, were surrendered to friends who had a share in shooting the animals that bore them, and had fewer opportunities than myself of acquiring such trophies. The print of the dead rhinoceros (on p. 164), with natives clustered upon and around it, is a reproduction of a photograph taken by an old friend of mine in Assam in the year 1862, and gives a good idea of

\* I have always been given to understand that the employment of the horn as an offensive weapon is confined to the African rhinoceros, which is not provided with the formidable biting teeth of the Indian beast.—THE EDITOR.

the bulk of the animal; the head represented is that of one shot by me in the Bhútán Dúárs, at a much more recent date. It was the only one that I have had an opportunity of shooting on foot. As I have already mentioned, this rhinoceros inhabits the densest thickets of reeds and grasses, which grow to a height of twenty or thirty feet, and afford nearly impenetrable cover.

Tortuous tunnels are formed by the larger denizens of these jungles, and it is only along these that any man could proceed at the rate of more than two or three hundred yards an hour.

I have been informed that there is little risk in following rhinoceros along these galleries, as even if one of them does make a rush, it is only necessary to throw oneself to one side, when the short-sighted beast passes harmlessly on. There is always, however, a chance of meeting a buffalo in such places, and it is a much more dangerous antagonist. Rhinoceros have the habit of dropping their dung in certain places, which are often watched by native *shikáris*, with a view to obtaining a close and easy shot. Such a procedure will not commend itself to most British sportsmen.

The track cannot be mistaken for that of any other animal, the impression of the three toenails being quite unlike the "spoor" of elephants or any of the wild oxen, which alone could compare with it in depth and size.

The massive tuberculated hide, which hangs, or may rather be said to be arranged, in heavy folds, with conspicuous shields on the shoulders and hind quarters, differs in many respects from that of the other rhinoceros (*R. sondaicus*) already alluded to. The latter is comparatively little known, and was supposed to be confined to the "Sunderbunds," or Delta of the Ganges, to the south-east of Calcutta. It is, however, to be found in Bhútán Dúárs, where I saw one that had been shot by a friend of mine.

I do not think that there is much difference in size between the two species; but the females of *sondaicus* have no vestige of a horn, and the skin appears to be formed of "mosaic," instead of being studded with protuberant knobs. The arrangement of the folds of the skin is, moreover, quite different.

While *R. unicornis* delights in thickets of grass and reeds, with the luxury of frequent wallows in muddy pools, *R. sondaicus* is more of a forest-loving animal, and I have found its tracks among low hills, where entanglements of the thorny cane render its pursuit on elephants almost impossible, and on foot nearly equally difficult.

Although I have several times attempted to track one, I have never been successful. In the "Sunderbunds" (a corruption of the names "Súndrí Ban"—meaning the forest of Súndrí trees), I have no doubt that anyone with leisure might be pretty sure of obtaining a shot at this



LAWSON WOOD

CLOSE QUARTERS.



little known animal; but special arrangements would have to be made for boats from Calcutta, and also for commissariat, as the resources of the "Sunderbunds" are decidedly limited. I believe, however, that the unhealthiness of this district has been greatly exaggerated, and that the man-

I fired at his forehead, but either I or my elephant must have been unsteady, for my bullet, as I afterwards found, merely grazed his snout. With an angry grunt he turned round and rushed back into the reeds, receiving as he did so the bullet from my left barrel in the ribs. The beaters were now close up, and in a very few minutes I had the satisfaction of hearing that they had found him lying dead, having been shot through the lungs.

When thus shot, the rhinoceros generally pro-



RHINOCEROS SHOT BY THE LATE CAPTAIN SPEER IN ASSAM, 1862.

eating mosquito is more to be feared than the tiger.

Curtains, if properly arranged, will keep out the former at night, and the latter usually confines his attentions to unarmed woodcutters.

Personal reminiscences have, as a rule, little to interest general readers; and I have no desire to parade my own; but, as I have been asked to give a few, I may mention some experiences in the pursuit of the animal to which this article refers.

The first rhinoceros that I ever saw in a wild state was roused just in front of me as we were beating with a long line of elephants. Although within easy range, he went straight away, and, although I could hardly have missed him, I failed to stop him.

My next shot was more successful. I was posted at the end of a dense thicket of reeds, through which the pad elephants could only make slow progress, and as they drew near I could hear some large animal moving in front of them. It was impossible to know whether it was a rhinoceros, a buffalo, or possibly a gáor; but at length my doubts were solved by the appearance of the huge head of the first-named animal, which halted at the edge of the jungle, doubtless with a view to ascertaining whether any danger lay ahead.

claims its approaching dissolution by loud grunts and squeals. Before being wounded they are often noisy, puffing and blowing and causing much consternation among the beaters. I remember that on one occasion five or six were found in one small jungle, and the scare they created was ludicrous.

To be on a runaway, or rather *walkaway*, elephant is, however, no laughing matter. Even in open country the sensation is disagreeable, while in forest the danger is great.

It is not generally known that an elephant has no pace beyond a fast walk or shamle, which probably never exceeds six miles an hour for a short distance, and is usually much slower. Many years ago a well-known illustrated paper was hoaxed into giving a representation of an elephant hurdle race, in which the huge beasts were depicted as flying the hurdles like racehorses!

An elephant is quite incapable of crossing any fence that it cannot step over or break down, or any deep ditch with steep solid sides more than seven feet wide.

Trying to stop an elephant that has got out of hand by means of the "hánkás," or driving hook, has been compared to endeavouring to arrest the speed of a locomotive by hooking a walking-stick round the funnel! I think it was Albert Smith

who said that riding a camel was like "sitting on a three-legged stool, with only one leg, on the top of a hansom cab, going down St. James's Street!" He must, however, have been unfortunate in his mounts, as a good "*Sowári*" camel's action is remarkably smooth and easy. I have, I find, rather digressed from my subject, and must now give one or two more of my not very exciting experiences with the rhinoceros.

There must always be a certain amount of monotony in such descriptions, which are necessarily far less interesting to the reader than to the writer, who recalls memories of events in which he took a leading part. It is also not very easy to avoid repetition, nor to be perfectly sure of accuracy, however careful one may try to be.

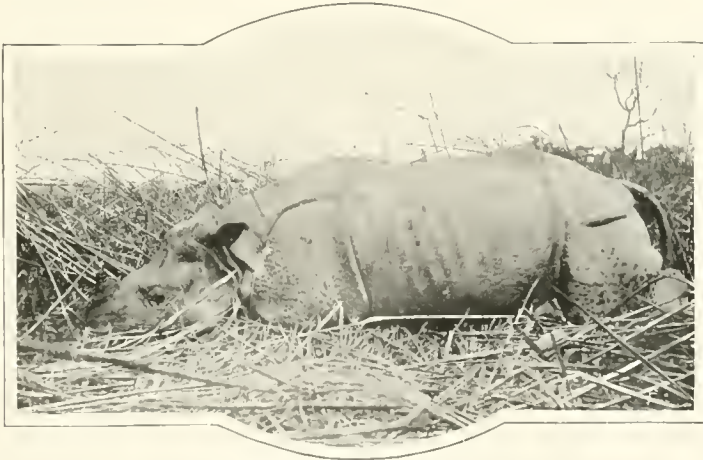
It is a remarkable fact that great authors and painters have made mistakes which they might have avoided by closer observation. Charles Kingsley, a great lover of nature and generally to be depended upon, makes some curious blunders in "*Hypatia*," where, if I recollect right, he describes how the elephant which carried the heroine lifted her from its back with its trunk, and how its heavy tread resounded through the amphitheatre. The former feat is a physical impossibility, and the footfall of an elephant is as noiseless as that of a tiger. Landseer, admirable as he was in most of his paintings of animals, made strange mistakes. There are obvious errors in two of his most beautiful and best known pictures—"The Sanctuary" and "The Challenge," which I will

leave the critical reader to find out for himself. The errors exist.

One day I went out with a friend in search of such game as we could find, expecting to have a chance at buffaloes and deer. It so happened that we found a rhinoceros in a long but narrow strip of reeds, which it was difficult or impossible for him to leave without being exposed to our fire. After being driven backwards and forwards for some time he at last emerged from the jungle and afforded me a good chance. I made a bad shot, but as he turned away I gave him what would have been a fatal wound; as he went in the direction of my friend, however, the latter dropped him with a well-directed bullet. This rhinoceros had the longest and most perfect horn that I have seen.

On another occasion a nearly equally large bull which had been hit, but not mortally, by another friend, passed me at a swinging trot, and I had the satisfaction of dropping him stone dead with a bullet through the centre of his shoulder. It is seldom that one has an opportunity of shooting an Indian rhinoceros on foot, but the last that I killed was in such a situation that I was able to dismount from my elephant and regularly stalk him. I was using a very heavy rifle, and although he did not at once succumb, I had only to follow his tracks for a few hundred yards before I found him lying dead.

The head figured on p. 161 is his. As will be observed, the horn is considerably worn away.



RHINOCEROS SHOT IN KUCH BEHAR.

(Photo: P. B. Vanderbyl.)

## MODERN FRENCH HORSEMANSHIP.

BY THE BARON DE VAUX.



1 THE RIDING SCHOOL AT SAUMUR. 2. GENERAL L'HOTTE, FORMERLY EQUERRY-IN-CHIEF AT THE RIDING SCHOOL.

THERE are few pastimes or recreations in respect of which it is easier or more interesting to compare or contrast different nations than that of horse-riding. The English, the French, and the German styles, in both military and civilian circles, each and all have their well-known and distinguishing characteristics. The present article offers a sketch of the rise and development of the *haute école* in France, and, curiously enough, the name most generally associated with the arts of the *manège* is that of an Englishman, M. James Fillis.

The earliest principles of French horsemanship came from Italy, and they underwent a long and gradual adaptation to their new home. In those ages the horse furnished the only means of getting from place to place, and the use of vehicles of any kind was practically confined to the Court. The training of the horse consequently assumed an importance that it has by degrees lost, and can nevermore regain. Whether this superseding of so noble an animal is entirely matter for rejoicing need not here occupy us; it is a fact, and that suffices.

In the older days of chivalry the handling of horses was an art of the highest importance, and young men who were ambitious to figure well in the joust and tourney had to do really hard work in order to gain complete submission over the horse. The tourney ring was, in fact, the beginning of the *manège*, in which the horse is com-

pletely dominated by the touch of the spurs, though the more complex doctrines and practice of the *haute école* were a later growth, accomplished by a school of horsemen peculiarly qualified for attaining such results.

Anything in the nature of brute force has always been rigidly excluded from the ideals

of the *haute école*. Those who have recently associated its aims with the somewhat severe "military ride" that encountered such hostile criticism not long ago, could have done so only in ignorance. In the *manège* the horse and rider almost appear to understand one another's inmost thoughts, and there is a perfect sympathy that no outward sign betrays to the onlooker. The man sits his horse in a free and easy attitude, and his position is elegant and correct without affectation. The horse moves lightly on its feet, feeling the bit and answering readily the lightest pressure of the knee, the barest turn of a finger on the rein, or the least movement of the leg. This complete domination of the horse is not, of course, in accordance with the principles and ethics of some other forms of riding, both in France and abroad, but it served its purpose in the past and it still has its admirers in the present. There are those who sneer at it as circus riding, but this is unfair criticism. Its chief place may nowadays be in the circus ring, but it is an art by itself for all that. The quiet way in which a beautiful horse will bear the light yoke of an iron hand in a glove of velvet is always





M. LE VICOMTE D'HIDONVILLE.

(Photo: J. Delton.)

a pleasure to see, though those who witness it have often enough little notion of the long and rigorous training that precedes such perfection. The standing motto of the horses of the old Versailles Academy was "*Puissant dans sa hanche et galant dans sa bouche.*" It would be daring to attempt an adequate translation of such a tribute, but a very slight acquaintance with the French language should convey its meaning to the English reader.

A horse trained to such work becomes as sensitive as any other instrument of precision. It is so exactly adjusted that the touch of a strange hand or knee may suffice to upset its equanimity and cause disaster. In hands unskilled in managing it a school horse might go from restive to rebellious, then, as a *dénouement*, the careless or ignorant stranger would probably go flying over its head, and the emancipated steed would stand still and eye the discomfited rider with an expression in its mild eyes that would seem to say, "Go learn your business—I know mine!" The fault of such *contretemps* lies with the rider, though the horse would in all probability be

blamed as a "trick" horse. Horsemanship is a science like any other, and, although some men have undoubtedly more natural aptitude than others less fortunate, there is no royal road to proficiency. To ride one must first learn; to learn one must first study.

When France instituted races, introduced a large cavalry establishment, and imported English horses for the Court hunts, then the evolution of French horsemanship entered on a new stage. The horse was taught a freer action, a quicker pace, a closer regard for husbanding strength and staying power in the hunting field or on the race-course, even at the cost of some of the *parade*, the elegant high stepping, that had been the joy and boast of the riding school. Only so much of the *haute école* manner was judiciously retained as was found to conduce to freedom of movement and obedience in the horse. It is to the replacing of the joust and tourney by the horse-race and stag-hunt, to the inauguration of long-distance outdoor riding generally, that we owe the style of today—the freer, bolder, and altogether more natural style of horsemanship. It is



M. CHARLES FRANÇOIS, DIRECTOR OF THE CIRQUE FRANÇAIS. (Photo: J. Delton.)



M. C. BARROIL, AUTHOR OF "L'ART EQUESTRE."

(Photo: J. Delton.)

more practical, and perhaps on the whole it is better, than the old order of things. Yet those who have gone through a course of school riding will probably agree that its intrinsic charm is too strong to be completely effaced by the rougher pleasure of a gallop in the Bois on horses impatient of the rider's leg and comparatively irresponsive to his hand. The mastery of some difficult brute may, of course, constitute a great delight for some, but they can never have experienced the more artistic pleasure of riding one of the finished products of the riding school. Had they ever sat a well-trained school horse, their enjoyment of the rough and ready riding out of doors could not be unqualified.

To regard the *haute école* as obsolete to-day is an error of judgment. All the familiar actions of the *manège* have their counterpart in every-day riding, though they may be more or less exaggerated for school purposes. All the first gentlemen riders of modern France began their riding in the *manège*, though they may have perfected it in the hunting field. I shall be understood better, perhaps, if I mention such names as the Vicomte de Lauriston, the Comte de Vaublanc, Vicomte de Montécot, Arthur Talon, de Saint Germain, Vicomte de Tournon, Comte d'Evry, Duc de Grammont, Comte de Cossette, Marquis de la Bigne, de Vésian, Comte de Sonis, Comte Fleury, le Colonel Chaverondier, le Commandant Conneau, and the Comte R. de Villebois-Mareuil.

The Comte d'Aure, one of the first riders of the Versailles Academy, may be cited as a link between the traditions of the past and the innovations of the present. Brought up in the old

beliefs, he was nevertheless the first to recognise the need of modifying these to meet new requirements. Even before the Versailles Academy was closed, he plainly saw the change that was coming, and he soon qualified as the representative of the new principles. While, however, he admitted the benefit of the reform, he still maintained that the

riding school was the finest apprenticeship in the handling of strange horses.

In France, as abroad, it is in the way in which the hands control the change from slow to quick step that we must seek the main difference between the old and the new. Each may be abused; each has its good and its bad points. In the modern ordering of these matters the horse, while losing its extreme sensitiveness in familiar hands, is a far more serviceable beast all round, and is available for many riders in



M. E. MOLIER: A TYPICAL FRENCH EQUESTRIAN.

(From a painting by E. Grandjean.)

a degree unknown in the perfect school horse. The feet just use the spurs and no more, and leg action becomes insignificant. The pull of the reins, the only medium of communication between the horse and its rider, suits both under modern conditions. In the modern riding it is always possible for a horse to break at a moment's notice from the slower into the faster step. This has its advantages, though the hypercritical admirer of the *haute école* might be pardoned for regretting that the horse of to-day should have been transformed from a sensitive and sympathetic animal into a locomotive machine, the speed of which may be regulated almost as simply as by pressure on a piston. This, while an undoubted convenience, necessarily implies the loss of that rhythmic cadence of the *manège* in

which the rider's will imperceptibly regulated the horse's pace. On the other hand, the sudden gallop was certainly out of the question in the riding school, although a moderate pace was there attainable.

It will therefore be seen that the two styles are



THE BARON DE VAUX.

irreconcilable, and that the admirers of the one will never convince the supporters of the other. The horseman's ideal should be a thorough knowledge of both, but he is far more likely in these hurrying times to go in for the newer methods. One axiom, however, the riding aspirant should keep before him, and that is that unless it qualifies a man in the proper handling of any and every horse, strange or familiar, no matter what its training, then horsemanship is no more than an empty name.

The varying taste of successive generations has not been without its influence on the evolution of modern horsemanship. The refined tastes of the Court in the days that preceded the Revolution found their expression in the artistic teachings of the Versailles Academy. It was a Court that in its day furnished a model for the rest of Europe. But much happened during the nineteenth century, and grand old traditions had to go the way of all earthly things, doomed to obey that stern law which denies

immutability. The arts of horsemanship, as then understood, could no more defy a law than any of the other institutions that were swept away at the same time. So dissociated, in fact, is the horsemanship of that epoch from our modern life that, even had it survived that terrific upheaval, it must to-day have been restricted in practice to dilettante circles. The teachings of the Versailles Academy were too sound to suffer complete effacement. Like some old cult forced for a time to hide in corners while unbelievers held the upper hand, the *haute école* lingered until the faithful restored it to the temple it had lost. Its new home was the riding school of Saumur, which has of late years turned out our best gentlemen riders. In that establishment the riding masters have, in a measure, reconciled modern English riding and the principles of the old *haute école*, teaching their pupils a combination of the best of both styles.

The horsemanship of to-day, as taught by J. Pellier, is first and foremost practical. It teaches that indifference to danger and that coolness under all possible contingencies that mean so much to the finished horseman. It may, perhaps, fairly be said that such instruction is wholly in accord with modern requirements, and that Jules Pellier, himself a grandson of the former master at Versailles, teaches men of the world how to handle the horses of the world. This is surely more desirable than that smattering of the art so often imparted without taking the pupil "any for'arder."



THE BARONESS DE VAUX.





A CORMORANT'S NEST.

*(Photo : Gibson & Sons, Penzance.)*

## CLIFF CLIMBING FOR BIRDS' NESTS.

By L. R. W. LOYD

THERE are those who will perhaps loll back in easy chairs and smile the smile of contempt when they find an article with such a title included under a sporting rubric. The possibility of any difficulty or danger will not strike them. The idea of a fight for life with a black-backed gull or a shag will seem to them ridiculous. "All you have to do," they will say pityingly, "is to catch hold of the poor bird and wring its neck," and they may, perhaps, if so constituted, add that they have often done it themselves. Furthermore, they will add, bird's-nesting is an obsolete pastime, since the local enactments of every county council have long since made it illegal. They forget, however, that, in the first place, two of the commonest birds of the cliff—the black-backed gull and the shag—are not protected, being, indeed, enemies of man, and also that there are other lands and other cliffs to which these same regulations in no sense apply. If cliff climbing or mountaineering without ulterior object be worthy of admission in the lists of sports and pastimes of modern man, then it would be difficult indeed to argue that the added objective of a bird's nest, with, as will presently be shown, no little attendant risk from the bird itself, disqualifies it.

Among those British birds that defend their eggs and young with great fierceness are the raven,

the great black-backed gull, the heron, and the shag, the last-named being, perhaps, more generally known as the green or crested cormorant. The enormous wing power of the largest of our gulls and the knife-like sharpness and deadly accuracy of the beak of the shag render these birds terrible adversaries when you are clinging to the sheer side of a cliff; and although their heroic devotion to their homes must command admiration in every unbiassed mind, such admiration will unquestionably be warmest when one is safe on level ground. Seventy-five feet up the side of an almost perpendicular cliff, without a rope, with the barest foothold, and with perhaps a stiff breeze blowing right across the face of the rock, cannot be regarded as a combination conducive to fervent recognition of the bird's efforts to save its eggs. An irate and warlike female shag hammering at the robber's wrists and face like a woodpecker at work on an old tree, but never hitting him twice running on the same spot, is at such close quarters a companion of whom enough may be even better than a feast. I have several times been compelled to abandon my designs on a shag's nest, but, beyond having fragments removed from my arms and hands, I only once had a really serious affair with one of these determined birds. It was not wholly the bird's fault, though

she was doubtless none the less delighted with my discomfiture. And the manner of its happening was as follows:—

Shags are almost as numerous in some parts of Cornwall as sparrows in the London squares. A friend and myself shot eighty-three in one day with rook rifles, and as each bird weighs, when full grown, between eight and ten pounds, and as it is, moreover, generally believed to eat its own weight of fish every day, we improved our shooting and at the same time benefited the fishermen, without, however, making any sensible impression on the numbers of these birds.

There is, on one of the wildest parts of that beautiful coast, a little rock, about the size of a small house, which was then, and doubtless still is, a favourite haunt of shags. For this rock my friend and I set out one perfect spring morning, sandwiches in our pockets, and egg-bags, or "covers" at our sides. I well remember that we both wore corduroy knickerbockers and stockings. My friend had the added protection of gaiters, which gave him the laugh of me when we found ourselves compelled to go through a mile and a half of short and clinging gorse. We had no rope or other impedimenta, so there were only ourselves to carry. After crossing nine miles of moor, we reached the edge of the cliff in time for lunch, after which we got seriously to work. The spot which we chose for our descent of the cliff was a very steep slope composed entirely of loose shale and very fairly easy to scale. The shale was exceedingly sharp, so that by the time we got to the bottom both gaiters and stockings were unrecognisable. At the bottom we found about 100 feet of water still intervening between us and the afore-mentioned rock, but, as it was not more than three feet in depth, we easily waded across. The seaward side of the rock was easily climbed, so we were soon at the top, which we found littered with shells and gulls' eggs. Twenty shags' eggs we collected there, and were just going when we saw another nest, with an old hen on it, in a very awkward spot. We were anxious, for some reason or other—probably to beat a former record—for one more egg, so I undertook to reach this nest. I reached it without very much difficulty, but found, to my disgust, that the bird intended to show fight. About three and a half feet above the nest, and slightly to the left, a small point of

rock projected about a foot from the face of the cliff, and this looked as if it should afford a firm hold. Clinging to this as tightly as I could with my left hand, I tried to catch the old bird with my right, but before I could manage this, the little rock on which most of my weight was thrown, gave way, and in less time than it takes to write, I found myself floundering in the sea below. Luckily, I struck nothing on the way down, and the water into which I fell was deep enough to enable me to swim back to dry land, little the worse for the accident. But it might have ended very differently. On another occasion, also through the slipping of a rock, I found myself stranded on a twelve-inch ledge about 100 feet from either the top or bottom of a cliff for close on seven hours, till my companion had mustered a suitable rope and some men to haul me up.

Shags' nests, which contain generally two, but sometimes three, and occasionally even four, of the elongated pale blue eggs with their thin coating of white chalk, are chiefly made of rotten seaweed, and are, as a rule, surrounded by the evil-smelling *débris* of fish. I never used to approach a shag's nest unless I was provided with a large handker-



HOME OF THE BLACK-BACKED GULL.

(Photo: C. Reid, Wishaw.)



chief well soaked in eau-de-cologne, for the stench is almost overpowering, and you do not want to be overpowered at those altitudes. It is curious, by the way, that the young birds only half-fledged sink at once if they fall into the water.

"Squab Pie" is a dish, unknown outside of Cornwall, the main feature of which consists in the presence of a young shag, three-parts fledged, which is cooked in the bottom of the pie dish, but



HERON ON NEST.

(Photo: R. B. Lodge, Enfield.)

not eaten. It is intended to give a flavour to the ingredients, and although I never tasted the pie, I was once in the same house with one, and should imagine, from what I remember, that it admirably fulfils its part. While the shooting of shags would not now give me the pleasure that it formerly did, I do not think that it ought to be indiscriminately discouraged, for unless these birds are properly kept under, they will in time prove as serious a nuisance on our coasts as the rabbits in Australia.

Mention was made above of the raven as another bird that defends its nest and eggs with great vigour, and this article may be brought to a close with another little adventure that I once had with one of these birds. A pair of ravens yearly raised a brood about twelve miles away from my Irish home, and my friend and I set out one morning with the firm resolve of taking one egg from the nest. Our car took us to the foot of a mountain, and we then had a six-mile walk through long heather—no joke with a luncheon basket and a

100-foot rope to carry between two, and those two Irishmen, and therefore by nature lazy. However, we arrived at the spot in due course. The scene was pretty, as such Irish scenes can be. First there was a lake, about two hundred yards across, and rather more than half surrounded by very steep cliffs, rising to perhaps 250 feet. About half way up the side of these cliffs, and in the middle, is a grassy slope, approximating a tennis-court in size, and known to the natives of the locality as the "Devil's Larder," a lugubrious name that it has earned by the demise of innumerable mountain sheep, which, attracted by the green pasture with which it is carpeted, contrive to reach this doomed ledge, but never once to get away again. The right-hand side of this treacherous patch forms the edge of a small precipice, and about fifty feet lower is the raven's nest that it was our purpose to visit.

A struggle of an hour or a little more brought us safely to the "Devil's Larder," which we found to be far steeper than we had anticipated, yet not quite steep enough to affect our determination to get that egg. To add to our difficulties, the cliff overhung slightly at the top, but sufficiently to hide from us the exact position of the nest. We drove in our stakes, however, and I soon found myself swinging out over the edge of the cliff.

On such occasions I always carry in my belt a hatchet and a revolver, and to these aids on two occasions, of which this was one, I owed, if not my life, at any rate my eyesight. The nest was reached without much difficulty, and I had stowed away the coveted egg with the green-speckled shell in the bag at my side, and was making ready to ascend, when a shout from my companion overhead drew my attention to the rapidly approaching form of the cock raven, then about eighty yards off. Four shots fired at random from my revolver made him retire for the moment to a more desirable distance, and I shouted to be hauled up. The cheering answer came on the breeze that the rope was badly twisted round one of the pegs, and that I should consequently have to stay for a time where I was. Meanwhile the raven was getting over the first shock of those revolver shots, and again came to close quarters. I tried to keep him off by shouting and waving my hatchet, reserving my last two cartridges in case he should attack me. The shouting did no good, and the brandishing of the hatchet did less, and as the bird swept past, only three or four feet from me, I felt the wind from his wings on my face. At last he got too bold and hovered almost at rest for an instant, and in that instant a bullet dropped him, and I was soon safe once more on the "Devil's Larder" and not by any means sorry to regain that comparatively luxurious haven of rest after dangling forty minutes at the end of a rope. Why I never once saw the hen bird I do not to this day understand, nor do I regret her absence, as two at once,





"I FELT THE WIND FROM HIS WINGS ON MY FACE."

pouncing in opposite directions, would in all probability have proved too many.

If the rope-climber has not absolute confidence in both his rope and the man at the safe end of it, he will sooner or later come to grief.

Another bird of great strength is the great black-backed gull, the one species of that family usually excepted from the local laws against the destruction of wild birds and the robbing of their eggs. The wings of this mighty sea-bird may measure over six feet from tip to tip, and a blow from them is sufficiently powerful to break an arm or a leg.

This article is specifically restricted to cliff-climbing, and with these few experiences it should

by right end. I am, however, tempted to recall just one trifling adventure with another bird already named as one to be avoided by the climber, and that is the heron. It was at a place called Inch, in the county Tipperary, that an old heron once got decidedly the better of me. I had climbed to within a foot of the nest without suspecting the presence of either parent, when, of a sudden, something came too quickly to be altogether pleasant over the edge. I ducked my head, and the ready bill of the defender of the garrison neatly laid open about three inches of the back of it. Then I came swiftly to earth again. I did not get the eggs that time.



A FIND.

(Photo: C. Reid, Wishaw.)

## FIVES.

By EUSTACE MILES.



PEPPER-BOX OF THE ETON FIVES COURT.  
(Photo: H. Mason, Cambridge)

**R**EFORMS by which the game of cricket may be improved have often been discussed, and will be discussed with increasing frequency in proportion as cricket becomes less and less enjoyable for the majority. It has been suggested that there shall be larger

wickets, smaller bats, shorter innings; but such emendations would be utterly undesirable on a caking wicket, and do not get to the root of the matter, which is that we need better bowling, more left-hand bowling probably, and better fielding. As to left-hand bowling, Professor Tadd in America has shown that the left hand may be trained to do almost everything that the right hand can do. Personally, I think it was never intended for precisely the same functions; but still a moderate left-hand bowler will often be more useful to a team than a good right-hand bowler, partly because the natural break is more trying to the right-hand batsman. Certainly the left hand should be cultivated for the purpose of stopping balls at cricket, if not of throwing them in, and the use of the left side should be cultivated for all games and for life. We should be ready to stoop in any direction, ready to start in any direction. A reform which I should prefer for cricket would be a reform tending to improve the enjoyment in all games, namely, a system of such fundamental exercises. Some belong to the Macdonald Smith system, others to other systems; while others are, I believe, my own invention. But such reforms are little likely to be carried out yet. Failing that, I suggest Fives as one of the best helps towards im-

provement at cricket. Fives and boxing are closely allied. Both are excellent practice for left-side movements, including the movement akin to throwing, and are useful for stoopings and full extensions in various directions, and for quick starting both with the arms and with the legs in various directions—backwards, forwards, and to either side.

Nor is it merely a matter of starting at Fives and at boxing. When one has moved either the legs with the weight of the body, or else the arm or arms in the required line, one must still preserve poise. One must always be prepared to move anywhere, and yet maintain what has been called "the ready," the bodily position in which one may make an effective stroke. Both boxing and Fives are exciting in themselves, as well as valuable, if cricket, our great national game, and, indeed, if our national health, is to be preserved. It is the grandest fallacy to assume that the danger to cricket is from the superiority either of professionals or of Australians—the victories of professionals over amateurs, or Australians over Englishmen, are largely due to English want of science and English apathy.



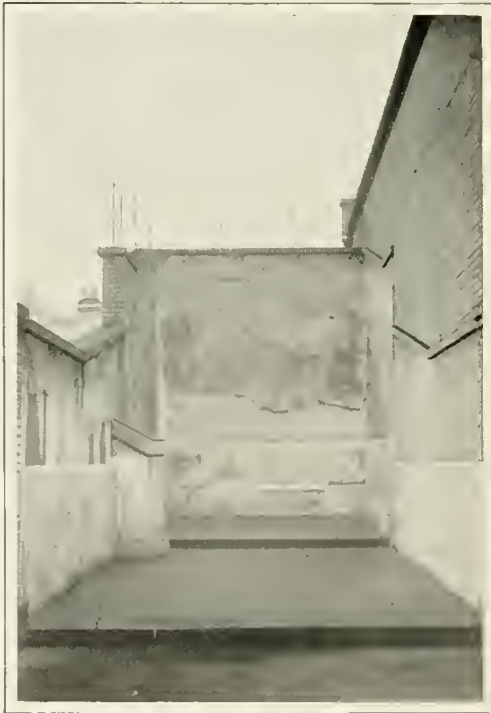
RUGBY FIVES WITHOUT A BACK WALL: A THREE-HANDED GAME, ALL AGAINST ALL



Fives, then, might well set itself forth as one of the best of national games, both as a preparation for self-defence and as a preparation for cricket, and also because of its physical effects, and especially for its stooping and other quick movements of the trunk, legs, and arms. We are a stiff-legged people; personally, I had the greatest difficulty in overcoming this fault of slowness to start and difficulty to stoop; and Fives has been of much service to me here and for other reasons.

This is not all. It can certainly claim, in one of its forms, to be called a very simple game. I speak here of the ordinary game called Rugby Fives. It is played not only at Rugby, but also at schools like Marlborough, and at Cambridge. In America the soft ball is often preferred to the hard English ball. The court may be either open or closed. Each kind has its advantages and disadvantages. What one loses in the closed court with respect to light and ventilation one gains in respect to independence of weather. Courts may be of various sizes; they may have four walls (as at Rugby and Cambridge), or three walls (as at Marlborough). The courts in the photographs have not any back wall at all. Courts may have two walls or only one, in which latter case they would correspond to the old Belvedere Racquet Court, with its one wall and nettings to stop the ball at the sides.

All kinds of courts are good, and it is hard to



ETON FIVES COURT AT CAMBRIDGE, SHOWING LEDGES AND STEPS.

(Photo: H. Mason, Cambridge.)

say which gives the best play. If there are back and side walls, then there are bound to be longer rallies; but there is this to be said against the enclosed sides: that it is hard to finish a rally with a killing stroke. On the other hand, beginners find that the game is easy. Contrast lawn tennis, in which the beginner has the disadvantage of being passed down the sides or across the court. As a rule, a ball once past is past for ever; whereas in Fives there is a second chance off the side and back walls. Besides this, if the game be too easy with four walls, then one can have a lower play line, which will make the rallies shorter. This can easily be brought about by a movable board or "tell-tale," as they call it in America; but in either case the simplicity of the game attracts the beginner. The rules can be learnt in a few minutes. The game is for fifteen aces. If A is serving he scores a point when he wins the rally; when he loses the rally he loses the service. B takes the service, and if B wins the rally he now scores a point.

Fives hardens the hands without altogether depriving them of their sense of touch—indeed, I have found it quicken the sense of touch considerably. Among its other excellences is the fact that it gives both arms that jerk which is so much needed for various forms of athletics. It is often called the wrist stroke; really it is not only of the wrist, but of the fore-arm and shoulder as well. At racquets, tennis, lawn tennis, the jerk is made not merely by the wrist, but by these other parts of the body also. This jerk has been compared by Peter Latham, the racquet and tennis champion of the world, to the whipping of a peg-top, or the flicking of something with a whip. One might also compare fly fishing; and closely akin to this jerk is the jerk when, as is usually the case, one wishes to shake out a stylographic pen.

Then, again, Fives gives us practice in and familiarity with that sideways position which is so useful for tennis, racquets, lawn tennis, golf, and cricket. The batsman stands sideways, and runs out sideways. He does not, when he is about to run out, first face sideways, then run forwards, then face sideways again: his movements are *in* the sideways position. Few can run sideways with any success. Hence most batsmen stay in their ground, and allow what would otherwise be an easy ball to become difficult, simply and solely because of its length. In the sideways position the full-body swing from the hips comes effectively. Instead of a jerk by a tiny set of muscles like those of the wrist, there is this jerk if necessary, but in addition to it a longer and more sweeping swing with the larger muscles of the arm and trunk.

Moreover, Fives should develop not only this healthy full use of the trunk muscles, but also,



RUGBY FIVES: THE PLAYER TO THE LEFT IS JUST GOING TO SERVE

(Photo: H. Mason, Cambridge.)

both before and after this full movement, alertness and poise. It should do this, but the majority of players play Fives wrongly.

Indeed, the above advantages are theoretical advantages; they give us an idea of what Fives might do, rather than what it does do. So, the Double or Four-handed play should give practice in co-operation; as a matter of fact, most players fail to co-operate, as lamentably as most English teams do in the cricket field, in contrast with the Yorkshire and Australian teams.

For my own part, I find that the Four-handed game gives too little exercise, while the Single gives rather too much, at least in many kinds of courts; but in Fives there is a possibility of a three-handed game, all against all. Let us imagine A, B, and C to be playing. A goes in first and plays against B and C; then B goes in and plays against C and A; then C goes in and plays against B and A. This excellent variety is seldom tried; yet it forms good practice both for the Single and for the Four, it gives an alternation between extremely violent and quite gentle rallies, and in case one of the four cannot be obtained or does not turn up, it does not spoil the enjoyment of the three.

But whether Fives has these merits already, or whether it only has them "in potentiality" (as they say), it is a quick game, quick and exciting, and quickly over. It needs a small court, small expense when once the court has been built, and so is very cheap—it can be reduced to a few pence an hour.

What we have said of the simple game, with one, two, three, or four walls, applies also to the Winchester game, which has a buttress at an angle like the tambour of the tennis court, only on the left-hand side of the court. This gives variety, but not excessive refinement.

Eton Fives has far more intricacy; it originated in certain projections from the side of the Eton chapel. The original court may still be seen. Eton Fives courts are mostly open. Specimens are to be found not only at Eton, but also at Cambridge—the photograph is of a Cambridge court—and elsewhere. Among other features are the ledges along which the ball will run, or from which it will jump, and the pepper-box,



A FOUR GAME WITH ONE PLAYER FORWARD: THE OTHER TWO ARE STANDING NEAR THE BACK WALL

(Photo: H. Mason, Cambridge.)

as it is called, the most elaborate piece of furniture on the left-hand side. Then there are also the two steps, which distinguish Eton Fives markedly from Rugby Fives.

In Eton Fives the Single is, I believe, a rarity—Four-handed games are the rule. These games, though I think not to be compared with Rugby Fives for vigorous strength and briskness, give an element in which Rugby Fives, with its four walls, is sadly lacking, namely finesse. Soft hitting, it is true, and especially dropping, may pay in the Rugby game—two or three of the Marlborough masters are adepts at dropping the ball—but, as a rule, soft hitting does not pay. In Eton Fives it does, if it be combined with accuracy, judgment, and diplomacy.

The stroke at Eton Fives, when the ball is kept close to the front and side walls, is often less a slap than a hold. It has not the actual catch and sling of the La Crosse stroke; that is to say, the ball is not held for an appreciable length of time before it is slung. The game of Pelota has a long



RUGBY FIVES: A LEFT-HAND STROKE.

(Photo: H. Mason, Cambridge.)

implement in which, as in *La Crosse*, the ball is caught before it is slung. I believe at one time there was a dispute as to whether the ball should not be struck rather than slung. In *Pelota* the ball is held for a shorter period than at *La Crosse*. In *Eton Fives* it is held for a much shorter period than at *Pelota*. It is this feature of the game which separates it from such games as cricket and racquets and lawn tennis.

Fives should certainly be encouraged among the lower classes. It can be played in the evenings by artificial light in a bare room with a soft ball. Clubs in which Fives can be played should be started all over London and its suburbs, and, in fact, in all great cities and their suburbs, to say nothing of country houses, village clubs, hotels, etc. There need not be associated with this game the betting and drinking which were associated with it at one time in America. There the game of Fives, a game on a larger scale than the ordinary English play, was free to the players. The drinks brought in the dollars. There was high betting on the matches, and the proceeds of the betting was expended in drinks and smokes. It was chiefly the audience who made the court a financial success. It is not for such purposes that we should recommend the game; but rather as the present Bishop of London, a most excellent sportsman, would recommend it (for he plays it well)—for recreation, for the education of the left side, of the muscles needed for stooping and for the extension of the arms and legs, for alertness, for poise during and after strokes, and for many other physical and mental reasons.

A volume might be written on the atrophy of the left side of athletes. One

remedy for this lies in gymnastics, which, however, for the most part are extremely dull and unattractive, and, moreover, often use the two sides together, which is not what we want. We do not want merely the slow rhythmical movements of the two sides together, but rather an independent control of the left side as well as of the right. As it is, few of us are better than hopeless at even our own favourite games if we come to change the racket from one hand to the other. The best experts become absolute duffers under such conditions. Few seem inclined to practise their own games left-handed. Very well; but let them play games

in which they *must* use the left hand. Boxing and "Bartitsu" are good for this purpose—they require no apparatus. The only objection to Fives that I can see is that it requires a court and balls; but, given these, it must always stand out as among the very best and most useful forms of sport.

*Note.*—For the convenience of the reader it may be mentioned that a court of the best material, namely the Bickley cement, is somewhat expensive, though in my opinion well worth the money, since in it one can play not only Fives or Squash but also miniature racquets. A cheaper court can be made of cheaper cement or of glazed bricks; a still cheaper court of plain wood. In the front wall it is worth while to have the edges, and not the flat surface of the beams, facing the players. This is somewhat more expensive, but it gives more spring and more uniformity to the front wall. A plain wooden wall, with nettings at the sides and above, and a court marked out with lines, would cost only a few pounds.



A SQUASH BALL AND A RUGBY FIVES BALL.

(Photo: H. Mason, Cambridge.)





BEAGLES.

(Photo : C. Reid, Wishaw.)

## HARE HUNTING.

BY H. A. BRYDEN.

THE chase of the hare, always a sport of great delight to many of our remoter ancestors, suffered some eclipse during the heyday of fox hunting, say from 1800 to 1875. The fox-hunter of that jovial period had it all his own way, and, led by "Nimrod" and other sporting writers, was rather apt to indulge in cheap sneers at the "currant jelly dogs" and their followers. No one has a greater admiration for fox hunting than the present writer; yet, having tested in many countries, from early youth, various forms of hunting, one may say that for pure, unalloyed sporting interest in the true science of the game, seeing hounds work, puzzling out the wide rings, the cunning mazes, and the many shifts and expedients to which the hare resorts in her efforts to get rid of the too persevering pack, hare hunting offers pleasures which, in their own way, are inimitable, not to be surpassed even by the bolder and fiercer chase of the fox itself.

While fox hunting has, thanks to various influences, declined somewhat in favour, and has fallen in some countries upon rather evil times, hare hunting has, on the contrary, seen a marked revival during the last score of years. It is not difficult to account for this fact. Hare hunting is a much less costly sport than the chase of the fox. It can be followed and enjoyed by the farmer—who has had to relinquish fox hunting from the pressure of hard times—on his rough pony or his old nag, while the foot hunter can see almost as

much of the run as his mounted competitor. Foot hunting, especially with beagles, has amazingly increased of late, and there are now hunting in the United Kingdom as many as 50 packs of these little hounds, as well as a couple of basset-hound packs; in 1879 there were no more than 18 packs of beagles in existence. In England alone no less than 99 packs of harriers are hunting this season—1002-3, while Ireland supports 24 packs. Scotland is not much of a hare-hunting country, and puts into the field no more than three packs. As a rule, harrier fields run small, and, in spite of the ringing propensities of the hare, no great damage is done to fences; while in the case of foot packs the mischief wrought upon fences and crops is practically infinitesimal. It is small wonder, then, that the farmer welcomes at the present time so heartily a pastime which offers him much amusement, cheers many a dull winter's day, and costs him not a penny in coin of the realm, or even in indirect damage to his land and crops. Hare-hunters are nearly all enthusiasts in the science of the game; while many a man in a red coat cares not a jot for hunting proper, but goes out for a gallop, or to display his clothes, himself, and his horseflesh.

The cost of hare hunting is, of course, far inferior to that of the maintenance of a pack of foxhounds. A pack of harriers can be kept going in first-rate style, hunting two or even three days a week, and maintaining 20 or 25 couples of hounds, for £600

per annum. Most harrier packs cost far less than this, and £250 a year will, among the quieter and less ambitious establishments, be found to go a long way towards the support of a harrier pack capable of showing as good sport as may be wished for. Foot packs, of course, cost far less. I am well acquainted with a foot pack of 19 or 20 couples of good harriers, in the South of England, which hunts three days a week and shows some of the best hare hunting I have ever witnessed. The accounts for the last season, 1901-2, show that the total cost of this establishment amounted to no more than £124 13s. 2d. I should add, however, that, the kennels being the property of the master, the item of rent was saved, and that the wages of the huntsman were to some extent lightened by the fact that he was partially employed in other duties about the master's place. A small pack of foot beagles can be maintained for the modest sum of £70 per annum.

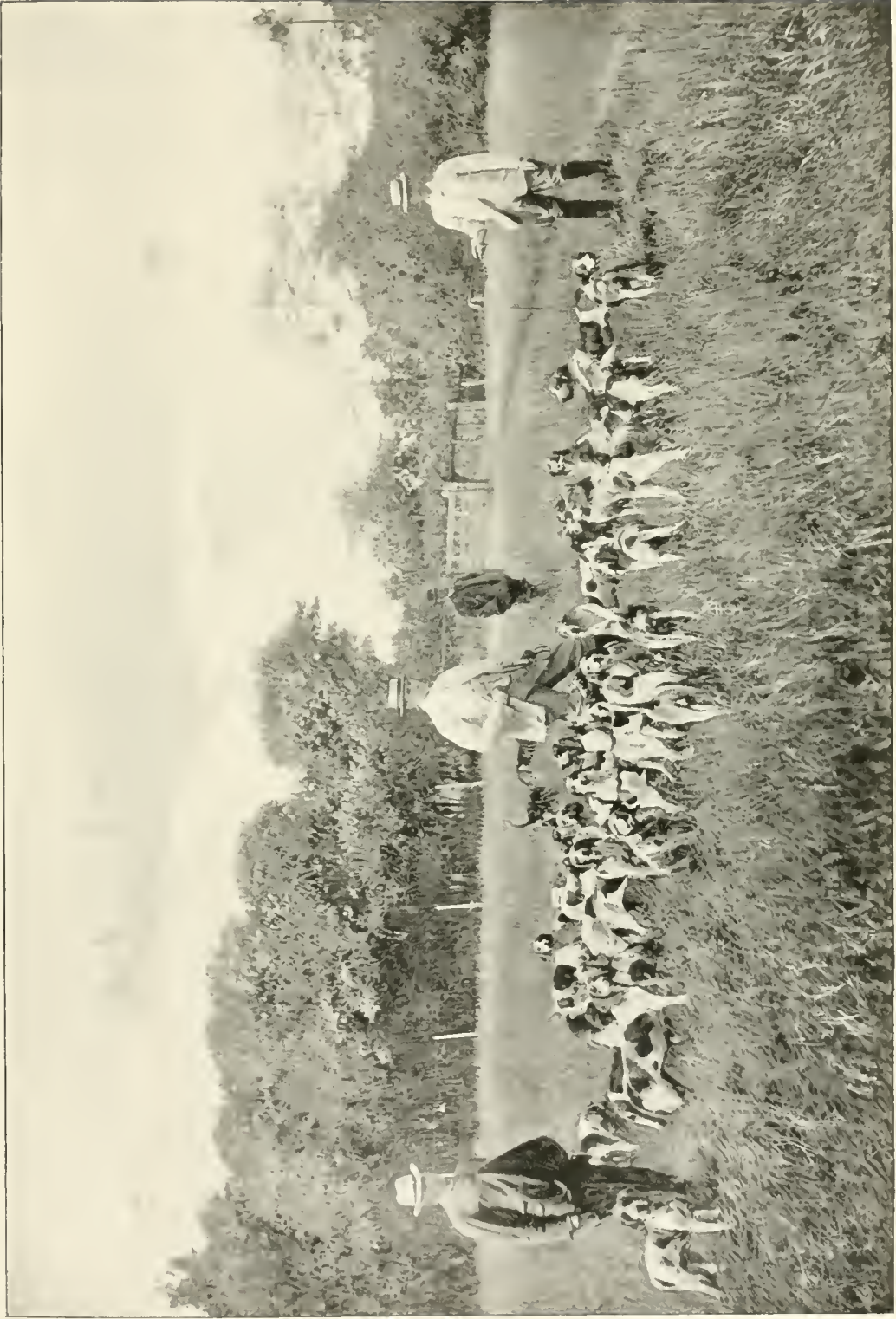
To hunt hares with harriers it is desirable that from 12 to 14 couples of hounds should be taken out. Beckford's advice—which is to this day perfectly sound—was never to exceed 20 couples in the field. With a larger pack the ground is more foiled, and the hounds tend to get in one another's way; with less than 12 couples time is, from the very paucity of numbers, lost in hunting and casting. Eighteen couples is in the opinion of many good judges the limit, while in the writer's judgment 15 couples is an ample number. With the old-fashioned Sussex foot pack with which I often hunt (the Hailsham) 12 or 13 couples are usually put into the field, the whole pack consisting of 20 couples. Few harrier packs are more successful or show better sport. In the winter of 1900-1 we killed 52 hares up to the 5th January, all fairly hunted on foot. In all, during that season, this same pack accounted for some 35 brace of hares. With a first-rate mounted pack, hunting from two to three days a week, from 20 to 25 couples of hounds are usually maintained; but many quiet packs, hunting two days a week, manage to keep going very well with no more than from 12 to 16 couples for the entire establishment. Beagle packs range usually from 11 to 17 couples, but occasionally as many as 20 couples are supported. The Innis Beg, an Irish pack, numbers 23 couples. For ordinary two days a week hunting, 14 or 15 couples will be found sufficient, where the finances of the hunt are, as often happens, somewhat limited.

As to the breeding of the harrier, opinions vary a good deal. Beckford preferred a cross between the old slow-hunting harrier and the little fox-beagle. Fashionable modern hare-hunters have favoured the dwarf foxhound; but in the writer's opinion pure foxhound blood is too fast for hare hunting, and the quarry is too often rather raced to death than fairly hunted. If hounds are too fast, one loses many of those niceties of sport, the

close unravelling of those wonderful mazes woven by the hare in her flight, which constitute so much of the real pleasure of this form of the chase. A mixture of old Southern hound and beagle blood, with a touch of the foxhound, constitutes a perfect harrier for modern sport. The Sussex foot pack of which I have spoken consists largely of the old-fashioned blue mottled harrier blood, now growing rare; these hounds show plenty of pace, and have grand voices. A full-toned, deep-throated pack is by no means to be discouraged in hare hunting; the hare becomes terrified as she hears the deep voices clamouring in her rear, and her end is thereby hastened. At the same time one would not care to return to the days of the Old Southern hound, pure and simple. Grand as are the voices of these hounds, one does not care to see a pack dwelling, as they loved to dwell, on scent, to the weary prolongation of the hunt. Pace, fire, and drive, as well as voice, are essential in modern hare hunting. Some fine packs of harriers are almost pure black-and-tan; these, as in the case of the Bexhill, certainly owe their origin a good deal to the bloodhound strain, as well as to that of the old English harrier. Of late years there seems to be an inclination towards pure harrier blood again, and in the writer's opinion the interests of true hare hunting will be very considerably strengthened by the reintroduction and cultivation of old harrier blood in the majority of packs. A timid beast like the hare deserves a fair chance for her life; she is not vermin, like the fox, and there is not the least necessity that she should be completely over-matched by miniature foxhounds, which are far too speedy for this kind of hunting. From 18 to 21 inches is the average height of harriers. The Hailsham foot pack, of which I write, are 19-inch hounds; yet, big as these hounds are for foot hunting, the followers of the hunt, thanks to the ringing tactics of the hare and the conformation of the country—wide marshes surrounded by low hills and undulating land—manage to see most of the excellent sport provided for them. With beagles, from 12 to 15 inches is a favourite standard. Fourteen- or 15-inch beagles are, in my opinion, most suitable for hunting hares; if smaller than this, sport is inclined to be tedious, and kills are too few.

In the earlier part of the season hares have a fondness for fields of turnips or grass pastures. In drawing long grass, very close hunting is necessary, as hares will lie extraordinarily close. Hares, it should be said, seldom make their seats in windy situations, though, as everyone knows, their forms are often cold and wet enough. Towards November they quit the coverts and betake themselves to open fields, and thenceforth the ploughs, preferably fallow or wheat fields, will be their favourite haunts. They are extremely fond of clover, and, especially after snow, may occasion-





OLD ENGLISH HARRIERS : A SUMMER PICTURE.



ally be found seated there. In drawing for a hare, it happens more often than not that the quarry is sighted first by one of the field, and not by the pack. In such a case I, for one, am in favour of giving hounds a view of their game. It encourages them and frightens the hare, and the clamour of the pack as they first set eyes on their game is as likely as not to make her run harder and straighter than if the finder had suffered her to steal away and then put hounds on. A hare really thoroughly alarmed will, as every harrier man knows, run straight out of her own country and afford a magnificent hunt. One of the best hare hunts I ever saw happened in this way. The hare was found in some grass pastures of a Sussex marsh near the sea. There happened to be a good many people out from two adjacent villages. The hare ran right through these people, there was much noise and hallooing, and puss got such a scare that she set her head straight for the inland country and made a point of between six and seven miles, measured in a direct line. It was a wonderful hunt, lasting close on three hours, and, as hounds travelled, something like fourteen miles must have been traversed. The pack killed their hare alone; luckily, she was picked up and saved by some

ing her. Beckford complained that hare-finders made hounds idle. "Mine," he says, "knew the men as well as I did myself, could see them almost as far, and would run full cry to meet them." I have never known hounds so completely spoiled as this, nor do I think that in these days such a thing can often happen. Without undue interference with the proper drawing of a pack for its own hare, I think a hare-finder—an amateur, of course—is a useful auxiliary. It is certain that he often prevents that most unwelcome catastrophe the chopping of a hare. Hare chopping, by the way, is raised now and again by cunning huntsmen, who wish to make a big season's record without undue fatigue, to the level of a fine art. I am acquainted with at least one huntsman who kills something like a fourth of his hares by chopping them—a foul habit, indeed!

It cannot be too often impressed on followers of harriers or beagles that, as the old Scots proverb has it, "Silence grips the mouse." In this case it is silence grips the hare. Nothing unsteadies hounds and gets their heads up more than the vociferous and unseemly yelling with which village yokels and people unaccustomed to hunting greet the appearance of a hare whenever she is put up or

comes along. A hat held up on a stick, or even a white handkerchief waved by a lady, is far more effectual and more serviceable to the huntsman than wild and indiscriminate hallooing. Much more often than not it is a fresh hare, and not the hunted one, that is thus sighted, and hounds are too frequently diverted by these tactics from a sinking quarry to a strong and fresh hare, which is more likely than not to show them a clean pair of heels. Where, however, a sportsman who understands his business knows that the hunted



FROZEN DYKES: SUSSEX MARSHES.

people who saw the chase and joined in near the end. The labouring field—it was a foot hunt—arrived on the scene some half an hour after the finish, hare and hounds, for once, having run clean away from them.

Beckford had rather a prejudice against hare-finders. In every harrier country there are sure to be one or two men pre-eminent in this respect; it is a gift, and many a person unused to the business will pass by a hare in her form without notice

hare has passed him, and sees hounds at fault, he may try to get them forward; and, especially if they are alone, he may then use his voice to effect his purpose. A quiet huntsman is far better than a noisy one; harriers need to be left alone as much as possible, and so good are their noses, and so keen their instincts—I speak of hounds having a strong admixture of real harrier blood—that they may be trusted to work out most of their sport with little aid from the hunt servants;

Even in running to heel, a fault of which harriers are accused by many, it ought always to be remembered that the hare may have doubled back on her line again, and hounds should not be whipped off unless the huntsman is absolutely certain that the hare is not that way. The mazes and intricacies of a hare's flight are truly astounding. Stooing down as a run hare has approached me, I have watched very closely the hunted creature foiling her line with the object of throwing off her pursuers. She will spend a good minute or two thus travers-

ing and re-traversing a piece of ground, crossing and re-crossing her trail, and leaving behind a bewildering labyrinth of foiled scent for the puzzled pack. At a check it is by far the wisest plan to let hounds cast for themselves. A clever pack, used to be left to their own devices, at once spread out and get busily to work. If, presently, it becomes apparent to the huntsman that they are at fault, he should then hold them forward—as Beckford well says, "It is an almost invariable rule in all hunting to make the head good." If that fails, then a circular cast should be made. If this again fails, the huntsman will usually have one more good look round for his hare, on the likely chance of her having squatted, before abandoning his quarry. Hares, it should be remembered, are excellent swimmers, and where the pack checks on the bank of a widish stream or river it is more than probable that the hare has swum across and is forward. A hare has been known to swim three-quarters of a mile from the mainland to a small island in a lake in County Kerry. "Give your hounds plenty of time" is a good motto for the hare-hunter. Their noses are so good that, when scent is fairly holding, they are pretty certain to make good their line. Much lifting of hounds to the halloo forward is to be deprecated; but, particularly in the case of a foot pack, there are occasions, especially when scent is failing somewhat and the huntsman is pretty certain that the halloo is a trustworthy one, when the pack can be lifted with advantage. In such a case do not dally; get forward as hard and as quickly as you like; there is nothing like pressing a sinking hare. But it is a sound maxim never to lift hounds—as it is never to halloo—when they are running the line.

Sometimes a squatting hare will completely baffle not only hounds, but the foot people who



A SUSSEX MEET.

are busily engaged in looking her up. I remember a very curious termination to a run, a good many years ago, when hunting with the Foxbush Harriers, in Kent. We ran a hare hard for nearly an hour, and then lost her. Almost immediately we picked up a fresh hare, which afforded us also a first-rate run, and finally brought us back to the ground from which we had roused her. Here we suddenly came upon our first hunted hare, which by this time was so stiff that she could scarcely raise a canter. We had then the singular spectacle of the pack running both hares in view, and killing them within ten yards of one another.

Road hunting is a peculiar gift, which not many hounds possess. I have in mind an old, clever harrier, named "Captain," of the Hailsham pack, who would pick out the scent of a hare down a lane or road with almost unerring accuracy. The rest of the pack knew very well this gift of "Captain's," and invariably trusted him. It may happen, however, that scent is so poor that even some well-nosed, knowing old hound such as this may be at fault. In such a case the man who can "prick" the hare's trail, very much as the African bushman spoors great game, is a treasure to any hunt. Every hare-hunter, and especially the huntsman and whip of a foot pack, ought to cultivate this art, which is frequently an invaluable one.

When, after a rousing hunt, the hare is killed, the huntsman or whip will disembowel her with the aid of his knife and give the entrails to the pack. This provides quite sufficient bleeding. A little smearing, especially of some of the younger hounds, on the head and back is an ancient and by no means a bad custom, tending, as it does, to encourage keenness. The hare itself is usually given to the farmer upon whose land she is first found, an excellent custom which ensures and



AN ENGLISH HARRIER

(Photo: C. Reid, Wishaw.)

encourages the right good feeling between the hunters and those hearty and generous folk, without whose friendship and sporting instincts all hunting alike would be at an end. The scut, and perhaps a pad, may be taken for the benefit of some enthusiastic hunter or huntress who happens to be in at the death; and some few huntsmen like to bereave the dead hare of her ears for the purpose of nailing up at the kennels as reminders and enumerators of their prowess. It sometimes happens, especially with foot harriers, that hounds on a burning scent get right away from their field and kill and completely devour their quarry before the huntsman or field can get up. That is a misfortune which cannot, of course, be provided against. As a rule, hares ring about so much, and

are so commonly in the habit of returning again and again to the neighbourhood of their seat, that even foot hunters can see most of the hunting. A determined runner and good stayer, who can jump dykes when necessary if in marsh country, need never be very far away even from a good harrier pack.

Skirters and babblers are hounds which should be drafted as soon as possible; they contaminate their fellows, and should never be tolerated. Yet I can recall one instance of a hound, a determined skirter for two or three seasons, suddenly reforming and becoming a first-rate harrier in all respects. That, of course, is the exception that proves the rule.

It is impossible, in a short article of this kind, to go into particulars of kennel management and the many other details affecting harriers and beagles. One may advise the reader to study Beckford,\* that still invaluable authority; "Hare Hunting," a capital little book by "Tantara" (a Master of Harriers), published by Horace Cox; and the hare-hunting portion of the "Encyclopædia of Sport." No one desirous of acquiring a knowledge of hare hunting should be without a copy of that classic of eighteenth century sport "The Chace," by William Somerville, which can be procured in various modern editions. Book II., which describes the habits and the pursuit of the hare, is still as fresh, as graphic, and as valuable to the follower of harriers as when Somerville first published it in 1735.

\* "Thoughts on Hunting," by Peter Beckford.



FOOT HARRIERS ON SUSSEX MARSHES



## THE WAYS OF THE BLACK BASS.

BY TARLETON BEAN, CHIEF OF THE FISH AND GAME DEPARTMENT, WORLD'S FAIR, ST. LOUIS.

AMONG the most popular food and game fishes of North America are the large-mouthed and the small-mouthed black bass. The small-mouthed species is slightly the smaller, and its distribution is more northerly. It seldom exceeds 8 lbs., and averages about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. in weight. A fish of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  lbs. will measure 15 inches in length, while one of 8 lbs. should be 2 feet long.

This fish is indigenous to the upper parts of the St. Lawrence basin, the Great Lakes region, and the basin of the Mississippi. East of the Alleghanies it is a native of the headwaters of the Ocmulgee and Chattahoochee, but north of these streams it has been widely distributed artificially in waters to which it is not native.

This bass differs most markedly from the large-mouthed form in the size of its jaws, the shallower notch in the dorsal fin, and the smaller scales. It has about eleven rows of scales above the lateral line and seven below it.

Among the many names which have been applied to this fish are the following: Growler, Lake Bass, Big Bass, Spotted Bass, and Achigan. In the Southern States it is known as trout and perch.

The young are dull yellowish green, the sides mottled with darker spots which sometimes form short vertical bars. There are three dark spots on the head; the caudal is yellowish at the base; there is a broad black band near the middle of its tail,

and a bright whitish margin behind. The dark lateral band, characteristic of the large-mouthed species, is absent. In the adult the prevailing colour is olive green, the stripes on the head remaining more or less distinct.

This bass prefers rapid water, of clear, pure, swiftly-flowing streams. It is extremely active,



GRAND DISCHARGE RAPIDS, LAKE ST. JOHN, ON THE WAY TO BASS GROUNDS.

(Photo: W. Notman & Son, Montreal.)

and thrives at greater elevations than those preferred by the large-mouthed species.

The food of this fish consists of crawfish, frogs, insects and their larvæ, minnows, and other aquatic animals of suitable size. The young can be fed on small crustaceans, such as daphnia and cyclops. This bass follows its prey into shallow water, and frequently leaps far out of the water in its efforts to escape from the hook, or when frightened by the sudden approach of an enemy. It swims in schools and is often found in the shelter of sunken logs and in the vicinity of large rocks. It hibernates in the winter, ceasing to take food in cold weather, except, perhaps, in artificially heated water. A number of the young of the year, received early in October, scarcely fed at all in the following winter.

Spawning begins in March and ends in July. The hatching period lasts from seven to fourteen days. Many of the females, if not all, discharge only a part of their eggs at one spawning. The eggs differ greatly in number and size, according to the age and size of the fish, varying generally from 2,000 to 10,000 per fish, and from 80,000 to 100,000 per quart. The eggs are bound together in bands or ribbons by an adhesive substance. They adhere to stones, on which they are deposited. This is a nest-building species and it protects its eggs and young. By some writers it is stated that the female prepares the nest before the male joins her; others claim that the male builds the nest and assumes all the care of the eggs and young. The males fight for the possession of the female, and are said to help the process of ejecting the eggs by biting or pressing the belly of the female.

According to the "Manual of Fish Culture" of the United States Fish Commission, both parents watch over the nest, one fish hovering immediately over it and maintaining a gentle motion of the fins for the purpose of keeping the eggs free from



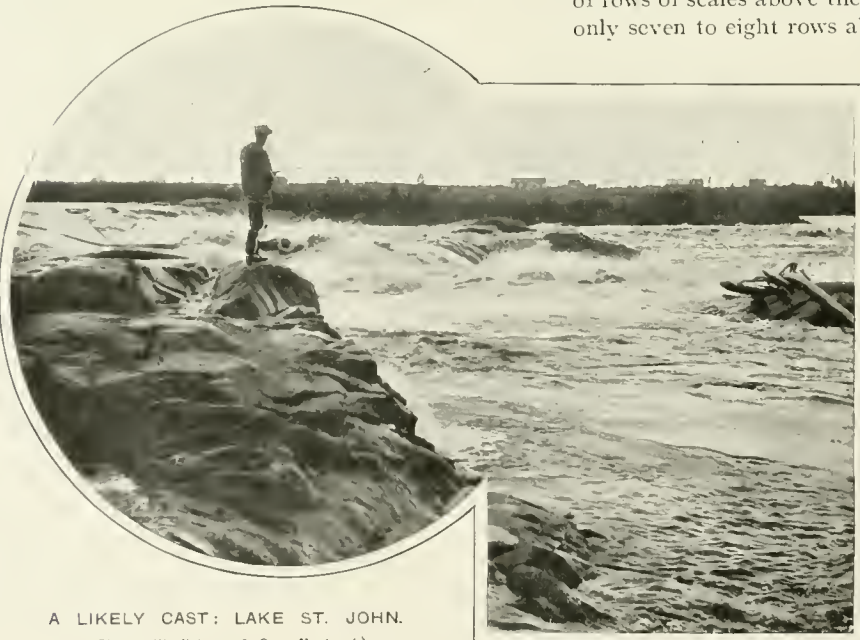
SMALL-MOUTHED BLACK BASS.

sediment, the other acting as an outer sentinel patrolling 8 or 10 feet away. Both male and female show great courage when guarding their eggs and young fry. A black bass while protecting its nest has been known to attack and kill a snake three times its own length.

For the first three to five days black bass fry do not average more than  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch in length, and are almost colourless until the pigment forms along the back, making them appear quite dark when viewed from above, although it is difficult to distinguish the colour of the fish when caught on a net of bolting cloth.

The large-mouthed black bass is also known as Oswego Bass, Green Bass, Bayou Bass, Trout, Jumper, Chub, and Welshman. It is best distinguished from the small-mouthed bass by the greater size of its mouth and the smaller number of rows of scales above the lateral line. There are only seven to eight rows above, and sixteen below the lateral line. In this species the young always have a broad lateral band. The adults are greenish above, silvery below.

This bass has a wide distribution, being indigenous in Eastern North America from Manitoba to Florida and Texas, except in New England and the Middle Atlantic States, east of the Alleghanies, where it has been extensively intro-



A LIKELY CAST: LAKE ST. JOHN.

Photo: W. Notman & Son, Montreal.)



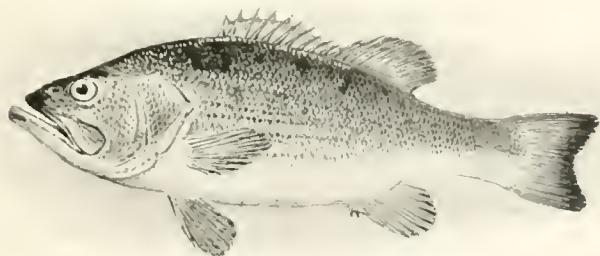
duced. It is found also at the mouths of rivers emptying into the Gulf of Mexico, where the water is brackish. It inhabits fresh-water ponds, lakes, and sluggish streams.

In Southern waters the average weight of this bass is less than 5 lbs., and in Northern waters it is still less. In Florida it reaches a large size, as much as 3 feet in length and the weight of 25 lbs.

This is a very active fish, and its movements are affected by seasonal changes and the search for food and spawning grounds.

The young feed on animal food at an early age. This bass is said to be more cannibalistic than the small-mouthed species. Small fishes of all kinds, crawfish, frogs, insects and their larvæ, and aquatic animals in general of suitable size make up its diet. It is even more destructive to fish than the small-mouthed form; it will eat any fish that it can manage to get into its mouth, and it will lie on the bottom for days so gorged that it cannot stir. In voracity it is only equalled, but not excelled, by that of the pike.

It feeds both at the surface and on the bottom,



LARGE-MOUTHED BLACK BASS.

pursuing its prey with great activity. When surrounded by seines or caught on hooks it will often leap five or six feet out of the water, and its habit of jumping over the cork lines of seines has given it the name of "Jumper."

In cold weather this bass seeks deep places, often

hibernating under rocks, sunken logs, and in the mud. Favourite fishing localities are under overhanging and brush-covered banks in the summer, and among aquatic plants, where the fish lies in wait for its prey.



AN EVENING'S CATCH.

(Photo: W. Nolan & Son, Montreal.)

Spawning begins in April and lasts until July. The eggs are adhesive, sticking to stones during the incubation period, which lasts from one to two weeks according to the temperature of the water. The young remain in the nest a week or ten days, and at the age of about two weeks will measure about three-quarters of an inch in length. In suitable waters it is estimated that the large-mouthed bass will weigh, at the age of three years, two to four pounds.

There has been a great deal of discussion about the relative game qualities of the two black basses. There may be some difference in this respect between them in certain localities, but the writer has taken

both species in the same lake, and has never been able to detect such a difference.

The fish are usually caught by one of three methods: by still fishing with live bait, by fly fishing, and by surface trolling. Fly fishing is at its best only in certain months and under favour-



able conditions of water and weather. The veteran angler, William C. Harris, says it is not necessary to have separate tackle for each kind of fishing. An 8½-foot pliable bait rod and 25 yards of braided silk line, tested to about 15 lbs., may be used for general purposes. To this line may be attached a spoon, a hook, or artificial flies. The equipment should include 6-foot gut leaders snelled bass hooks of three or four different numbers, a goodly assortment of bass flies, several spoons of varying sizes, a landing net, a gaff, several minnow hooks, and a bait pail.

In fly fishing some anglers prefer to wade the streams; others make the guide row the boat

reel rather than a hand line, because the enjoyment of fishing is thereby greatly increased. It is customary to troll with about twenty yards of line, and just fast enough to keep the line slightly below the surface.

For bait fishing procure a supply of chub and shiners. In some localities stone catfish, hellgramites, crickets, crawfish, and fresh-water sculpin, or blob, are successfully used.

The line should be rigged with a snelled hook; anchor the boat in about twelve feet of water, preferably in the shadow of the shore or an island. Do not attempt to hook the bass as soon as he strikes, but let him run with the bait until he has gorged it. The fish must be hooked sharply, and much care is necessary in bringing it to the net or



CAMPING BY TEMOGAMING LAKE.

very slowly along the shore, and far enough distant from it so that when casting toward the land the flies will drop in water a little less than 12 feet deep.

In trolling it is always better to use a rod and

gaff. In its struggles to escape it will often dash to the bottom in an attempt to break the line under a log or rock; again it will come to the surface, leap out of the water repeatedly, and shake its head to loosen the hook.



THE GRAND MATCH (p. 194).  
(Photo: A. Brown & Co., Lanark.)

## CURLING.

BY THE RIGHT HON LORD BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.

**M**OST people know that curling is a Scottish game which is played upon ice, and some are aware that large stones are the implements used by the players.

Very few who have not actually seen the game know more, and I have been asked whether it is not the case that the players wear skates while engaged in it. Others more advanced have suggested that it is a sort of bowls on ice, and for this view there is something to be said. In the method of scoring and in the constitution of the sides there is, indeed, some analogy between the two games. In both there are four players in each team, and they play under the direction of a captain or "skip," as he is called, the rotation of the play is regulated on the same principles, and the stone nearest to the tee counts for its side, while the side that possesses the nearest stone counts all those of its stones which are nearer to the tee than the best of those belonging to the opposite side.

So far, then, those who are content to describe curling as a sort of bowls on the ice are on the road to accurate knowledge, but how far short of knowing all there is to know only those who have seen a close finish in a local match between two neighbouring clubs, between whom a long-standing rivalry exists, can even imagine; while it is certain that no one but a curler himself can enter into all the refinements and possibilities of the game.

12\*

Dr. Johnson is reported to have said that "Scotland consists of two things—stone and water." As those are the two prime necessities for the game, the circumstance may perhaps account for the hold which it has in Scotland, and the enthusiasm which centres round it.

It is not too much to say that no other game is so typical of the national character, or so entirely suited to the national peculiarities.

As a game, curling possesses many advantages. Its rudiments are easily acquired; anyone can learn enough in half an hour to enter into the enjoyment of it; and yet, after a lifetime spent in its worship, the most ardent devotee would allow that he has still something to learn, and that there are situations and developments which require a skill greater than he possesses.

For anyone to become more than a moderate player, much practice is necessary. As well as skilful combination of action between hand and eye, mental qualifications of a high order are required—accuracy of judgment, some decision of character; and while physical strength must be tempered with discretion, enthusiasm must not be daunted by temporary reverses or by defeat. Coolness in victory and resource in the sudden and ever-varying circumstances with which a player is confronted are absolutely essential to lasting success.

Mr. Kerr, the minister of the parish of Dirleton, in his "History of Curling," which was published

by the Royal Caledonian Curling Club on the occasion of its jubilee in 1898, puts this very well in the following passage :—

"No two 'ends' are exactly alike. There is infinite variety in the game; in a moment the whole situation of affairs may be changed, and the best-laid schemes of the skip be sent agley. New tactics must then be adopted, and fresh resources must ever be available to overcome new difficulties and cope with new emergencies. I doubt, says an excellent authority, if anyone who has participated in a curling bonspiel between two neighbouring parishes where skill and enthusiasm were nearly matched, could be found to admit that there is anything in sport

by the sort of housemaid's besoms which are now too much seen upon the ice. The kowe—in some form or other, at any rate—is as necessary as the stones themselves, and in certain states of ice it is not too much to say that the success of a side depends as much upon the skill of the skip in directing the sweeping and the actual dexterity of the players in using their brooms as in the actual playing of stones by the hand.

"The History of Curling," already alluded to, thus deals with this subject :—

"In the art of Curling no man can ever excel who does not learn to smooth the ice. It is the broom that wins the battle. Every good curler knows that. Neither age nor dignity exempts a player from his duty of sweeping. As far as our experience goes, neither the old nor the noble require to be reminded of it. The Nestor of the Club is generally the member who believes most in the value of elbow grease, for he has oftenest been witness of its good effects."

On the subject of stones, what volumes might be written! Stones, as we now know them, are the product of evolution, the survival of the fittest. They are now universally circular, and their proportions and weight are the subject of precise rule.

"All Curling-Stones shall be of a circular shape. No Stone, including handle, shall be of a greater weight than 44 lbs. imperial, or of greater circumference than 36 inches, or of less height than one-eighth part of its greatest circumference."

It was not always so. The limits of space assigned to this article preclude any attempt to trace even in outline what we know of the history of curling. It is almost certainly of Scottish origin; all attempts to make out that it came to Scotland from Flemish or Dutch sources have clearly broken down. At the same time it must be admitted that no distinct references to the game can be found in our literature earlier than the commencement of the seventeenth century. This does not prove that it did not actually exist as a game in some form or other. Indeed, when first practised it seems to have borne some resemblance to quoits. The stones had no handles, and were much lighter and flatter than they now are; the rinks were shorter, and the stone passed the first part of its course through the air after leaving the player's hand.

It is probably the case that in the early stages of the game a stone was selected from the nearest stream—one to which the action of the water had given a certain smoothness would naturally be



THE MOMENT AFTER THE SHOT (p. 194).  
(Photo: A. Brown & Co., Lanark.)

that can compare with the earnest enthusiasm, the skilful manipulation, the combination of strength and science, with just sufficient of chance to lend a charm to the uncertainty that is experienced in a well-fought game of curling."

Before proceeding to give some account of the game itself, and of the rules under which it is played, it will probably be expedient that the implements which are used in it should be shortly described.

As in every other game, some of these are supplied by the club, remain in its possession, and are for the collective use of the members; while others are the property of the individual players. Of the latter class there are in curling really only two, the stones and the broom—or, as it is called in curling phraseology, the "kove" or "cove." It is one of the laws of curlers, as unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians, that without his broom no curler ever appears on the ice. The original and most correct form of the article in question is that made from the plant which gives it its English name, and it is one of the oldest known rules that it shall be "neatly tied." It is much to be wished that the original article had not been so much superseded



chosen. There was no limit of size, or weight, and no regulation as to shape. The next step in the process of evolution was the use of much larger stones and the fixing of some sort of handle, and very rough the early ones were. One old stone in possession of the Royal Club weighs 117 lb.—a veritable giant of its race. Then came polish, first only on one side, the handles being fixtures. Now the stones are made reversible, with what is called a dull and a keen side, for use in different states of the ice and of the weather. But the rule already quoted is all that is even yet absolutely laid down in the laws of the game.

In the choice of a pair of curling-stones Mr. Kerr recommends as much deliberation as in the choice of a wife: "It must not be done lightly or unadvisedly." The average weight of those now in use is not certainly more than 40 lb., or from that to 36 lb.; and the extreme range is probably not more than from the maximum of 44 lb. to about 34 lb.

It does not follow that a light stone is more easy to play than a heavy one. Everything depends on the kind of stone chosen and on the degree of polish on the stone, as well as on the breadth of "sole" on which it is made to run. It is not possible, within the limits of an article such as this, to go into much detail on the subject. Suffice it to say that it is a matter of taste and of individual experience, and each player must choose that which best suits his style of play and the place assigned to him in his rink.

There is, I think, no doubt that the majority of stones now in play are of the type found on Ailsa Craig in the Firth of Clyde. Certainly the greater part of those now put on the market are brought from that place. The others most in use are of the rock found in the parish of Crawfordjohn, by which name they are called. Another excellent stone is that known as Burnock water, also named from the place of origin; and another favourite kind of rock is found in the parish of Muthil, near Crieff. A pair of stones made from boulders found in any of these places are a precious possession to any curler; but the supply of boulder stones never was large, and good ones are now hardly procurable. Most of the new stones now in the market are made from the rocks quarried in the places named.

There are other stones of local reputation, but

as growing facilities of intercommunication have brought the best obtainable within the reach of all, none but those which have been mentioned need be really considered. The excellence of any rock, from a curling point of view and as a raw material for the finished stone, depends upon the relative amount of the hard, heavy, and tough materials of which it is composed, upon their firm adhesion to one another, to uniformity of structure throughout, and the smallness of the grain, so that there should be as little tendency as possible to absorb water or slush in certain unfavourable conditions of the ice.

The appliances which the club provides, and which are enjoyed in common by all members of the club, are, first, the pond (without which no club can be affiliated to the Royal Caledonian), with some sort of shed or house in which to store the stones during the greater part of the year when curling cannot be enjoyed, and—to come down to smaller things—the "tee ringer," with which the diagrams necessary are made upon the ice, the "crampits," or iron sheets about 3 feet long by 8 inches wide, on which the players stand to deliver their stones, and, lastly, such mechanical devices as are from time to time invented for cleaning snow off the space of ice selected for play.

The term "rink" is used in a twofold sense. In one of these it is the diagram drawn upon the



"JUST CANNILY DOWN THE HOWE OF THE ICE AND LIE THERE" (p. 194).  
(Photo: A. Brown & Co., Lunark.)

ice upon which the game itself is played. The best idea that can be given of this is to reproduce the model from the "Annual" of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club, with the directions for drawing it and with its measurements, and this is accordingly done.

In the other sense, a "rink" consists of a team of four players, who are said to form a rink.

In the ordinary game, and in all competitions between clubs, whether in friendly matches or for medals, in provincial bonspiels or in the match North *versus* South of Scotland, two such rinks of four players are opposed to each other. The number of rinks which may be so opposed is unlimited.

In each rink there are the leader (or first player), the second, third, and fourth (or skip, for though it is not compulsory, it is usual—and, indeed, all but universal—for the skip of the rink to play fourth). He has thus the direction of the play of the three who are subordinate to him, through each "end," and only surrenders the direction of the game to his third man while he proceeds to the opposite end of the rink to play his own pair of stones.

The action of the curler in playing—or, in curling phraseology, "delivering"—his stones is

is necessary to carry the stone from the starting point to the tee, a distance of 40 yards. The first object of every player is to ascertain what amount of force will effect this; and according as it is less or more, the ice is said to be keen or dull.

This unit of force is practically the common denominator as between the player and his skip, who, in giving directions as to the strength required to effect any particular shot he is asking for, uses the term "drawing strength," and "a pound more," or "take a yard off," according as he wants a stronger or more gentle stone.

The simple "draw" is the shot with which any end opens, the first player of the side which won the last end leading off, so that the skip of the side which loses any given end gets the advantage of playing the last stone in the next.

If a stone is lying near the tee, the object is to guard by placing a stone in front of it by one of its own side while the opposite side endeavour either to put in a better stone or to displace the one which is in possession.

The other shots which have to be played in the course of every game are described by the expressions "raising," "striking," "chap and lie," "inwicking," "outwicking," "chipping the winner," "drawing through a port," and so on. Some of these terms explain themselves, but others require some



"JUST TEE HIGH WEIGHT" (p. 194).

(Photo: A. Brown & Co., Lanark.)

simple in the extreme, but it is not easy to describe. After placing himself on the "crampit" already mentioned, he stands facing the tee with the left foot in front, and stoops down to lift his stone. Then, after receiving the direction of his skip as to what shot he is to attempt, he fixes his eyes steadily on the object at which he is to aim, and draws the stone off the ice slowly backward and upward. His body is now raised a little, and his weight distributed over both feet. In the early part of the swing his centre of gravity ought to be over his right foot; but as he delivers his stone it is moved forward until, as his stone leaves his hand, his weight is transferred to the left foot. In the meantime, the stone has been brought forward to touch the ice about in a line with the player's left foot, so that on being released from his hand it moves away easily and lightly along the ice, but with force enough to carry it to its goal.

The unit of force required, so to speak, is what

explanation. For the purpose of acquiring a thorough understanding of them, there is no method equal to a study of the diagrams which are given in the "Annual" of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club in the rules for that form of curling competition which is known as the point game. These diagrams are accordingly reproduced. It will be seen that two of the most mysterious terms—"inwicking" and "outwicking"—have a close resemblance to familiar strokes on the billiard table, the former to an ordinary cannon or losing hazard at about an angle of 45°, and the latter to the winning hazard, for in it the object stone is struck on the outside, and used to displace the winning stone which is lying still nearer the tee.

As a whole, they illustrate the shots which in one form or other most often occur in the course of a regular game. It will be understood that only the end of the rink to which play is directed

is shown, and that the waved line on the right represents the "hog score" (see diagram of rink). The small figures 1 and 2 near the played stones denote the score made by each shot respectively at the game of points. For the present purpose, it will be understood that in each case 2 would represent in the course of a game a more perfect shot than 1.

It is obvious that it more than "a draw" is necessary to effect the particular shot required—such, for example, as if a stone previously played and lying on the ice has to be raised to the tee, or if two of the opponents' stones have to be cleared out of the way—the height and length of the swing taken backwards before the stone is delivered must be increased. The order given would probably be "Brush off the guards," or, "Come down and clear the house." But the real game of curling is in the use of quiet shots, and far more stones ought to be played of not more than drawing strength than in excess of it. If a player does not draw his stone far enough behind him, but lifts it up, he is sure to deliver it with too much downward force on the ice, which both spoils the effect of his shot and makes a fracture in the ice where following stones have to be played, and one who habitually does this is a great nuisance to both his own side and those who are opposed to him. The proper delivery—or, as it is called, "soling"—of the stone on the ice is therefore



PERFERVIDUM INGENIUM!  
(Photo: A. Brown & Co., Lanark.)

one of the marks by which a good curler can be identified almost as soon as he comes upon the ice. When not actually engaged in playing his stones, it is the bounden duty of each player to be ready to sweep the stones of those playing on his side, but always, of course, under the direction of the skip. The regulations which affect sweeping are briefly these:—The player's side may sweep his stone from half-way up the rink to the tee (they may sweep the whole length of the rink if snow is actually falling), and any stone set in motion by a played stone may be swept by the

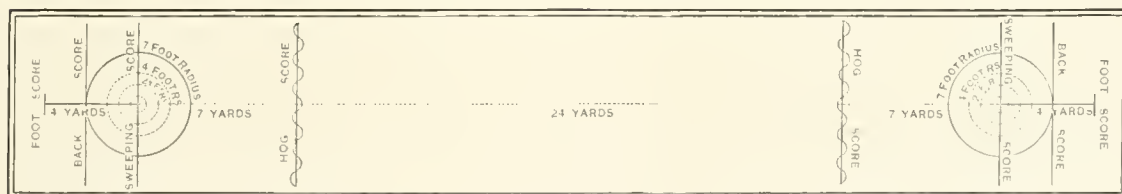


DIAGRAM TO BE DRAWN ON THE ICE AND REFERRED TO AS THE RINK.

DIRECTIONS.

1. The Tees to be 38 yards apart.
2. Around each Tee draw a circle having a radius of 7 feet.  
(Inner circles may also be drawn.)
3. In alignment with the Tees, draw central lines to points 4 yards behind each Tee.
4. Draw scores across the Rink at right angles to the central line.  
viz. :—  
(a) *The Foot Score*—18 inches in length, 4 yards behind each Tee.  
(b) *The Back Score*—behind and just touching outside the 7-foot circle.  
(c) *The Sweeping Score*—across the 7-foot circle and through each Tee.  
(d) *The Hog Score*—distant from the Tee one-sixth part of the distance between the Foot Score and the further Tee.

N.B.—The length of the Rink for play is 42 yards. It may be shortened, but in no case shall it be less than 32 yards.  
All measurements of shots shall be from the centre of the Tee to the nearest part of the stone.



side to whom it belongs. Sweeping must always be to remove obstacles from the path of the stone, and must therefore be from the centre to the sides—not from the outside inwards. Either skip may sweep in front of any stone after it has passed the tee, but with this exception the opponents' stones must not be swept. If in course of play any running stone is touched, it may be removed from the ice at the option of the opposing skip.

The Grand Match is played once in each curling season—if the weather permits—under the auspices of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club on the pond which belongs to that club. The actual site of the pond is on the north-west side of the main line of the Caledonian Railway between Greenloaning and Blackford Stations; but as it is dry in summer, few of our English friends will have been able to identify it as the scene of such a gathering. The contest is between the north and south of Scotland, and in February last as many as 2,112 players took part in it, 264 rinks from the south being opposed to the same number from the north.

The first of the photographs reproduced in connection with this article is intended to give some idea of the scene. The photograph—which, like all the others, is by Mr. Brown, of Lanark, who has made a speciality of curling photographs—is taken from the south-west corner of the pond, and the line of railway is shown upon the eastern side.

The second, on p. 190—a snapshot also taken at Carsebreck during the match played in 1897—shows the attitude of a curler who has just delivered his stone, his feet being still on the crampit, though his right foot is raised to be brought forward after the exertion of playing a rather strong shot. The opposing skip is shown just beyond in the act of getting ready his stone to play the next shot. It is one of the minor but not by any means an unimportant point in the etiquette of the game always to be ready to play when your turn comes.

The remaining photographs illustrate various stages in the play of the game, and three of them show incidentally some different methods adopted in conveying directions from the tee to the playing end.

In the third (p. 191) the kilted player is clearly in want of a guard for a well-placed stone on his own side, and is showing by means of his broom the actual spot on the ice beyond which the stone is not to be sent. One can almost hear him saying, "Just cannily down the howe of the ice and lie there." The howe is the centre of the rink down which most stones come, and which, therefore, is soon formed into a sort of polished channel, a good deal keener than the ice on each side of it.

In the fourth photograph (p. 192) the skip is

showing with the handle of his broom the exact spot on the object stone which must be struck by the player's stone to effect the special shot on which he has set his heart.

His action gives no exact indication of the strength he has indicated to his player, but from the position of stones it is probable he has said, "Just tee high weight," or something to that effect.

The next photograph (p. 193) tells its own story with an eloquence to which little can be added. The skip is clearly a person possessed of a full share of the *perfervidium ingenium* of his race; his whole soul is wrapped up in the game; his coat is off, and his cap laid down on the ice on the spot beyond which the player is on no account to send his stone. Perhaps the latter is a careless or reckless player, who has already wasted his first stone by letting it run beyond the tee, and he is being threatened with all the pains and penalties known to a curler if he repeats the offence.

The only remaining photograph (p. 195) shows an end completed, or nearly completed, for fifteen out of the sixteen stones are actually seen in the photograph; one has probably run over the tee, but the remainder show a close and well-played end. One of the skips is shown in the foreground; he is taking stock of the situation, and from his attitude evidently with some anxiety. The two players on the right are also leaning forward, and it is pretty certain that the last stone of the end is slowly coming to rest, and, as they watch it, the result is still hanging in the balance.

Under ordinary circumstances, that stone is most perfectly played which runs direct from the hand to the object at which it is aimed without revolving on its own axis as it goes—in other words, one which keeps the same part of its circumference to the front all the way.

This perfection is, however, seldom obtained, and nearly every stone played turns round one way or the other. The effect is that it is deflected slightly during its course to the side towards which it revolves, and this tendency is, of course, emphasised and developed as it slows down and approaches a position of rest. Experienced players can utilise this fact to their advantage in two ways. If there is a bias on the ice across the rink it can be largely counteracted by making the stone revolve as it goes in the direction contrary to that from which the bias affects the ice. As a matter of course, if the revolutions of the stone are towards the same side of the rink as that to which the bias lies, the combined effect will operate in a very marked degree to deflect the stone from its direct line.

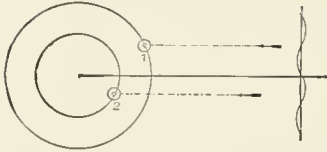
The other use to which reference has been made involves skill of a very high order on keen ice and with stones in perfect condition as to polish, and



A CLOSE END.  
(Photo: A. Brown & Co., Lanark.)

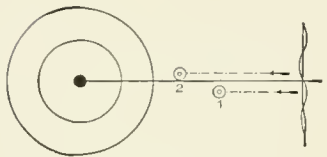
STONES SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN PLAYED SHOWN ●

STONES SUPPOSED TO BE PLAYED TO ILLUSTRATE THE STROKE SHOWN ☉



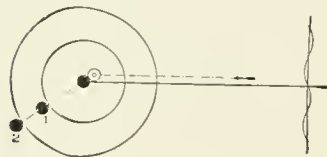
1. DRAWING.

THIS REPRESENTS THE OPENING SHOT MADE AT THE BEGINNING OF EACH END.



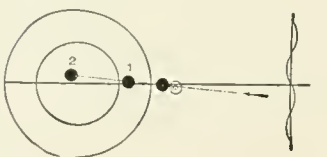
2. GUARDING

THE OBJECT OF GUARDING IS TO PROTECT YOUR OWN STONE FROM ATTACK.



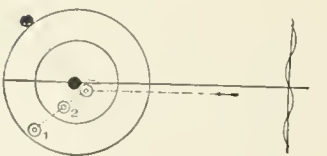
3. STRIKING.

AS ITS NAME IMPLIES, THE OBJECT IS TO REMOVE AN OPPONENT'S STONE.



4. RAISING.

IN THIS SHOT THE OBJECT IS TO GIVE A STONE OF YOUR OWN SIDE A BETTER PLACE; IN CURLING LANGUAGE, TO "PROMOTE" IT.



5. CHAP AND LIE.

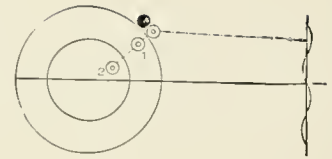
HERE THE OBJECT IS TO DISPLACE A STONE AND LIE IN ITS POSITION.

not made to run on too broad a sole. It is possible so to deliver a stone that it will pass close to a guard, and by means of the deflecting force imparted by its revolution on its own axis, turn so much as to lie hidden, or nearly hidden, from the next player by the guard it has passed on its way.

To make a stone revolve from left to right, the elbow must be brought inwards to the body and the palm of the hand to the front as the stone is delivered. The contrary action is obtained by turning the elbow outwards and delivering the stone with such a turn of the wrist as brings the fourth finger to the front.

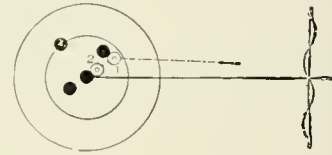
A player who can make sure of playing a straight stone is more valuable to his side than one who attempts to exhibit feats which he is not competent to perform.

As a game, curling is a test both of strength and of skill, but the element of chance is very far indeed from being eliminated; it therefore appeals to widely divergent natures. But it is more than a game. It is in Scotland a social force; it promotes intercourse between man and man, between class and class, in a way and with a thoroughness not equalled by any other game, and in a degree not inferior to fox-hunting itself. In essence it is democratic, but there is also an aristocracy recognised—that of merit in the game itself. It is full of discipline for both mind and body; and not least among its advantages may be reckoned the fact that the trade of the professional never has been and never can be established, for the element of scientific skill is, owing to the uncertainty of the weather conditions under which curling in all its perfection can alone be enjoyed, never developed at the expense of all the other elements of a game which none of those who really know it will exchange for any other pastime in which they are privileged to take part.



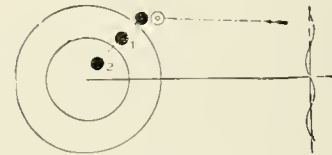
6. WICK AND CURL IN.

IN THIS SHOT, AND IN NO. 7, THE PLAYER TAKES ADVANTAGE OF A STONE TO GET TO A POSITION GUARDED FROM DIRECT APPROACH BY A STONE OR STONES LYING IN FRONT.



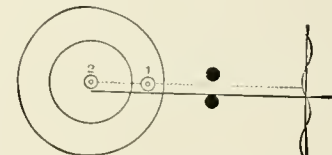
7. INWICKING.

IN NO. 7 HE EFFECTS HIS PURPOSE BY WHAT WOULD BE EQUIVALENT TO A CANNON AT BILLIARDS. IN THIS STROKE THERE IS NO SECOND OBJECT STONE, AND HE MUST CALCULATE HIS OWN STRENGTH WITH GREAT PRECISION.



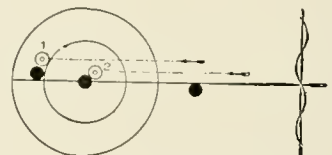
8. OUTWICKING.

IN THIS STROKE THE OBJECT STONE IS STRUCK OUTSIDE AND SO PROMOTED TO THE TEE. IT IS A DIFFICULT STROKE TO EFFECT, BUT OFTEN VERY USEFUL IF OTHER STONES ARE LYING IN FRONT.



9. DRAWING THROUGH A PORT.

THIS IS THE SAME SHOT AS NO. 1, BUT HAS TO BE DONE BETWEEN TWO PLAYED STONES, OR IN CURLING LANGUAGE, "THROUGH A PORT."



10. CHIPPING THE WINNER.

NO. 10 ILLUSTRATES THE MOST DIFFICULT SHOT THAT CAN BE SET TO A PLAYER, VIZ. TO TAKE AWAY A STONE OF WHICH HALF OR LESS IS VISIBLE.



## SPORT IN THE ROCKIES.

BY T. P. KEMPSON.



WAPITI.

IN the autumn of 1900 my wife and I made up our minds to visit the Rockies once again, and to ask our friend C—to go with us. So after arranging with our guide and hunter to meet us at Cinnabar, U.S.A., with the necessary outfit in the way of horses, etc., we sailed from England on August 1st, and duly arrived at New York, where we found it very hot, so did not stay longer than we could help; and after four or five days' tedious travelling we arrived at Livingston, which is on the branch line for the Yellowstone Park. Next morning we left by the early train for Cinnabar, but before we reached there, who should get into the train but a man dressed entirely in black, with a flat black hat on. He found out who I was, and introduced himself as the guide and hunter I had engaged. He was a good-looking man, with a bronzed face, and about fifty years of age. He informed us that his boys were bringing the horses over from his ranch, and would meet us at our destination, which they did that afternoon. However, when they arrived, all our things had to be sorted out, supplies purchased for our trip into the mountains (which was to last about two months), and everything got ready, so we were delayed two days, and the first night we had a sorry time of it, for the hotel accommodation was limited, and we had to sleep in an annexe which did not look any too clean, neither did we find it so. As soon as we had breakfasted, we departed to one of the Yellowstone Park Hotels, which are all very comfortable; our

pack-horses and outfit picked us up there next day, and we travelled by easy stages through the Park, which is most interesting. Of course, no one is allowed to shoot in the Park, and the rules are very stringent. All one's rifles are sealed up on entering, and the seals are taken off at the last military post on the other side; they are also particular about not allowing loose pack horses, but I always found them very civil and had no trouble. We very often camped beside the river, where we had all the trout fishing one can want, and good trout too, from 1 lb. to 4 lb., but the average would be about 1½ lb. in the Yellowstone River, and they will take most Scotch loch flies, also spinning minnow and grasshoppers, and very often the latter is the best bait if you want to fish in a hurry for supper.

It took us six or seven days going through the Park, and no doubt the scenery is very grand, and the geysers extraordinary and well worth seeing. Of course, there is a lot of game, but one doesn't see it, as there is so much thick timber, and the Park is so large; the game one sees most are the bears, which of late years have increased immensely, and any morning on the rubbish heaps near the hotels you can see bears feeding and turning over the rubbish: the grizzly, black, and brown bears all come in their turn when everything is quiet.

On leaving the Park on the south side, we got into the most beautiful country I ever saw, with



VISITING THE TRAPS.

(Photo: J. Turner-Turner.)

Jackson's Lake in front of us, and the magnificent Tetons in the background; and this time of year the autumn tints were very attractive, and I only wish we had had the time to fish in that lake, as the trout run to a great size. I saw the skin of one taken out of there which they said weighed 10 lb., and I have no reason to doubt it. Two days after leaving the Park we got to a lonely

bulls, take their teeth, and leave them to rot on the ground.

After staying one night near this ranch, we moved on, and in two days more got on to our shooting ground, having ridden for about ten days. This my wife managed very well, for her first serious attempt on a man's saddle; and I must say after the first two days she seemed quite at home

on it, and was much more independent, as she could get on and off as she chose, which she could not do with a side saddle. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when we arrived at our permanent camp, and after pitching our tents, etc., and having some food, my friend C—— and I went for a stroll up the creek, and sat on a log not more than three hundred yards from camp, smoking a cigarette, when we heard a stick crack close by, and to our surprise we saw the first bull elk we had ever seen quietly walking down the stream towards us; and a magnificent bull he was. Our rifles were in camp, so we could only watch and see how close he would come. The wind was right, so he came to



A CAMP IN THE ROCKIES.  
(Photo: P. B. Vanderbyl.)

ranch, where our Wyoming guide met us. I may say here that everybody who wishes to hunt in this country has to take out a licence, which costs forty dollars, and limits the holder to two bull elk, one sheep, three deer, and one antelope, and also compels the sportsman to have a Wyoming resident with him as guide when out shooting, he being responsible for the amount of game killed. There are also game wardens appointed for each district, who ride into your camp when they think proper to see that the laws have not been infringed. This is a very good system, and no doubt helps to preserve the game. But what is doing more harm in my opinion than anything else are the men who kill elk for their teeth. Unfortunately these are worth a certain amount of money in the market (from ten to fifty dollars a pair, according to quality), and if they are well marked they are used as a badge for a Lodge of Oddfellows called "The Elks," whose rule it is that every member shall wear the tooth of an elk. The consequence is that poachers go out and kill the best young

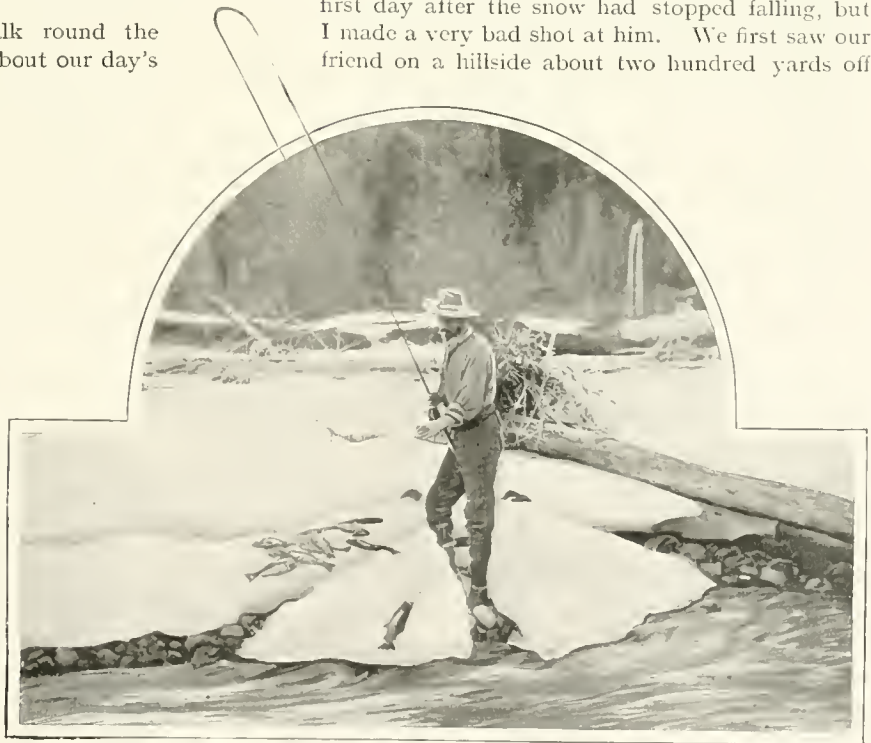
within ten yards, and then saw us, and with one bound was out of sight. That night we heard elk whistling in all directions, so it may be imagined how keen we both were to go out and kill something next day. My friend C—— took a beat off in one direction, and I went in the other, and I thought at first we should not do much good, as the wind was wrong for the ground we wanted to beat. However, after walking about five miles from camp we sat down and listened, and thought we heard a bull whistling a long way off, so we got nearer, and true enough it was—a deep voice on one side the canyon and a faint whistle on the other—so it did not take us long to decide which way to go. My old guide was off like a shot, and I followed the best way I could over fallen logs, creeks, and thick brush, and every now and again making him stop and wait while I got wind, and also to hear the old bull whistle again, as I am very fond of that sound. At that time of year the bull elk is fairly easy to approach so long as he does not get your wind, as any sound he

may hear he puts down to an enemy of his own species, and is on the warpath. At last we got within about two hundred yards of something, and we could hear them moving about in the brush, but for a long time could see nothing; so we got a little nearer, but the timber and brush was so thick it was most difficult to see, until my old guide pointed out a brown patch amongst the trees which he said was a big bull, and I could every now and then see a horn moving; so I took a steady aim at about one hundred and fifty yards and let drive, heard a crash, and prayed for the result, which proved to be all right; for as we walked up to where the old chap was standing, there he was as dead as a doornail. And a fine beast he was, with a good head on him and as fat as butter, for it was early in the season. I was a happy man as I walked back to camp with my old hunter that evening, as it was the first wapiti I had ever killed. When we arrived in camp I found that my friend C— had just returned very annoyed indeed, having seen no elk; but even worse than that, he had walked almost on top of a grizzly bear, which crossed in front of him at about twenty-five yards, broadside on. He put up his rifle, took a steady aim, pulled the trigger—click, click—he had forgotten to put any cartridges in! His state of mind can be easier imagined than described, for one doesn't get these chances every day at bears; however, he was repaid later on, for he killed a grizzly quite close to where he had jumped this one.

We had a great talk round the camp fire that evening about our day's doings, and I soon found out that my old hunter was a most interesting old chap. When he was a young man he was employed by the United States as a scout against the Indians when they were being suppressed, and many's the tale he can tell of deeds done in those days. He told us that he and another scout once rode up to a lonely ranch, to find the whole family had been killed by the Indians, with the exception of a little girl of about six

years old, whose tongue they had cut out, and as the old man with tears in his eyes expressed it, "that did just make our blood boil." After all the Indian trouble was over, he got a living for ten years as a fur hunter, and he tells me that years ago he killed as many as fifty bears in a season, so it must have been a pretty profitable business. In all his experience with bears of all kinds he has not known more than half a dozen that have really tried to charge him, but at the same time he takes every precaution with a wounded bear, and will not follow one into a thick place, although he is a wonderful shot with a rifle. His three sons were with us—one as cook, one as hunter to my friend C—, and the other was supposed to look after the horses, which he did when he felt inclined, and I must say that was not very often. None of them could compare with their father, and they were all thoroughly lazy. The cook made bread more like indiarubber than anything else—indeed, if it had not been for my wife, who used to look after everything in camp, we should have fared very badly.

We stayed in this camp for about three weeks, hunting wapiti and bear, and for the first ten days the weather was perfect; then about September 20th we got the usual snowstorms, which kept us in camp for a couple of days, but we were rewarded afterwards, for having fresh snow on the ground made tracking easy, and one could get a better chance at the bears. I killed a good one on the first day after the snow had stopped falling, but I made a very bad shot at him. We first saw our friend on a hillside about two hundred yards off

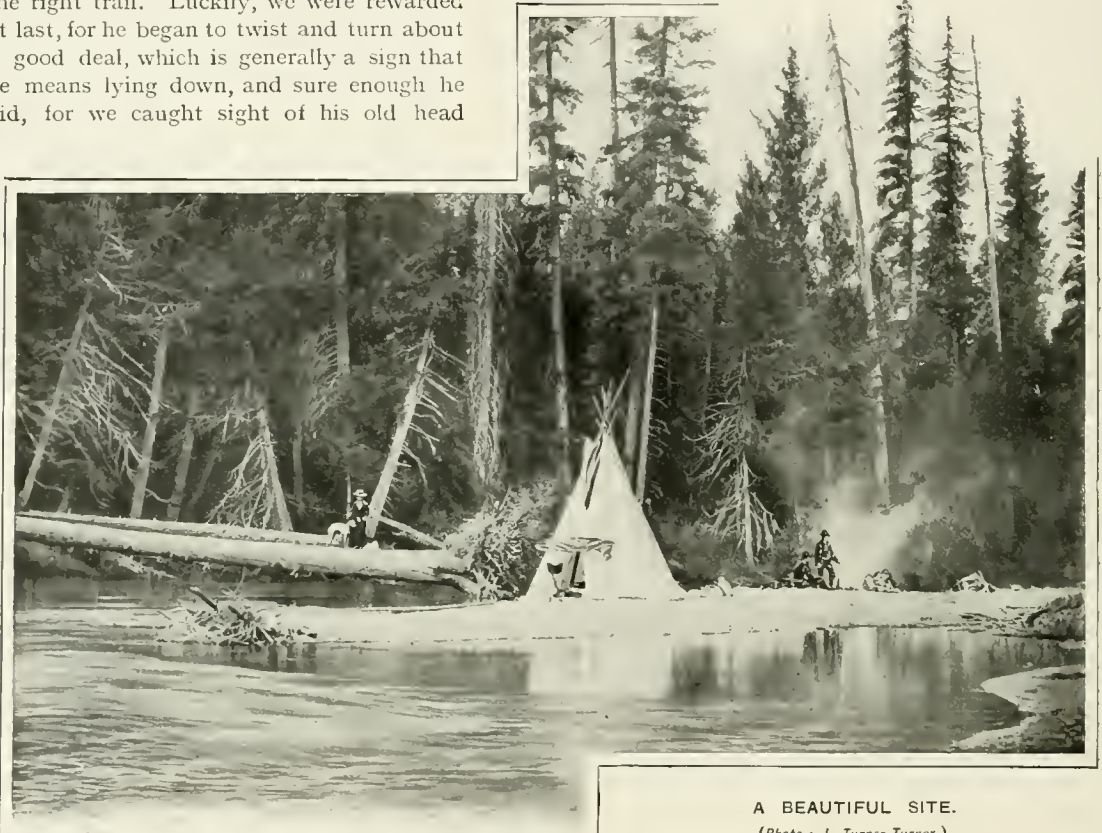


A DISH OF TROUT.  
(Photo: J. Turner-Turner.)



sitting quietly down and looking about him, and, as it was quite impossible to get any nearer, I took a shot at the old fellow, and hit him in the foot. I never saw anything go as quick in my life over fallen timber, and I must say I never expected to see my friend again. However, the snow was in good order for tracking, so after him we went for miles, his tracks crossing other bear tracks, quite fresh, and as there was not enough blood after the first half mile to track him by, we had to be very careful to keep on the right trail. Luckily, we were rewarded at last, for he began to twist and turn about a good deal, which is generally a sign that he means lying down, and sure enough he did, for we caught sight of his old head

Snake River, and had some more capital fishing, and no doubt for some reason or other the trout are very much better out of this water than the Yellowstone, and run just as big—from  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. to 2 lb. was the usual size, but one could catch an odd one 4 lb. or even more, and they were all very game fish. Our old guide was always rather amused at our fishing, and despised Farlow's best rods, tackle, and flies; he would laugh and say, "When I want fish I will start two hours before



A BEAUTIFUL SITE.

(Photo : J. Turner-Turner.)

sticking up over a log about ten yards up the hill above us. A bullet in the top of it settled matters; and, after about two hours spent in skinning him and putting his hide over a tree, we returned to camp pretty tired after our day's work, for walking in the snow all day, and very often over fallen timber, takes it out of one about as much as most things, and I never found any difficulty in sleeping from nine o'clock until day-break next day.

We had very good sport here, saw plenty of game, and got all the heads we were allowed to kill; but, of course, being limited, we were very careful only to try and get the best. Many a time I have had the most tempting chances to kill bulls that really were very good, but not good enough. From this place we went down to the

supper and cut myself a pole, tie a piece of line to it, put a good-sized hook on, and catch a bug (grass-hopper) for a bait, and have more fish than all of you," and I am bound to say he sometimes did it.

We now travelled by easy stages back again through Yellowstone Park, took a different route from the one we came by before, and saw many more very interesting geysers and burning caldrons of mud. But by this time all the hotels were closed in the Park (they close about the 20th September, and it was now nearly a month later than that). Yet the weather was charming again, and quite as warm as when we first went through in August; and this is curious about "The Rockies," that after quite a rough time at the end of September they have a second ("Indian") summer, which is beautifully fine and warm.

We eventually got to Cinnabar again, where our trophies were looked at by an admiring crowd, packed up in crates, and sent off to Messrs. Rowland Ward to set up and take care of until our return, which was not likely to be for some time, as we were going up to Winnipeg to hunt moose north of Winnipegosis for about a month, and after that to Florida, to bask in the sun, shoot quail, and fish for the great tarpon.

#### PRACTICAL NOTES BY J. TURNER=TURNER.

THE great cañons and park-like spaces of Wyoming must long remain the favourite hunting ground of the sportsman; yet how melancholy is the contemplation of its dwindled game! Rarely do big game hunters of to-day kill a wapiti with what would, fifteen or twenty years ago, have been called an average head, for the beasts are given no time to grow nowadays. The bison, too, of twenty years back are no more. Yet there are times when the hunter may still be thrilled by the never-to-be-forgotten whistling—or rather bugling—of a magnificent stag that is approached in size only by the Asiatic variety, and the cows and calves are even more accomplished vocalists than the bulls. Mule deer (miscalled "blacktail") are still plentiful, while the low ground, besides the streams, still yield Virginian deer—the most perfect of the family—and the prairies yet harbour a few antelope.

Sheep and goats, however, are nowadays not to be relied on, and the same must reluctantly be said also of black, brown, and grizzly bears. Unless antelope suffice him, the sportsman must nowadays journey north into British Columbia, where, in various localities, he may find them in plenty, as well as moose and caribou; while the true blacktail deer will be found in abundance on the Pacific slope. There, too, are any quantity of sheep, and many goats; but wapiti are wanting, save in Vancouver Island, where the heads are stunted.

For those who do not mind hard work in horribly dense and difficult country, there is almost untrodden ground away north of the Canadian Pacific Railway, even a thousand miles up country. The Indians—those greatest destroyers

of game—are decreasing yearly in numbers, and their miserable remnant are more given to packing to the mines than to hunting or trapping, hence the increase of all manner of game in north British Columbia.

A tough hunter should require only the simplest of outfits—a couple of blankets, a waterproof sheet, an axe, a frying-pan and tin pot, and a supply of matches, salt, and flour. A few steel traps for taking the smaller fur animals may also come in useful, though deadfalls can be erected by anyone with the requisite knowledge inside of ten minutes.

An easy trip could be made in East Kootenay, where caribou, mule deer, whitetail deer, bears, sheep, and goats are plentiful, and there is in all probability no lack of professional hunters open to engagement.

Trout can be caught in all the rivers in the dead of winter by chopping a hole in the ice and baiting with a small piece of bacon. This will not, perhaps, appeal on very high grounds to the sportsman; but it is often a question of no slight importance to keep the camp supplied with food, and a dish of trout will often form a pleasant change from the somewhat indifferent fare obtainable in the ordinary course. Yet there are more sporting opportunities for the fly when the water clears about an hour after a river has burst from being choked with ice, so that a flybook should always find a place in the sportsman's kit. As an instance of the rough fare to which hunters have to accustom themselves as an alternative from starving, it may be mentioned that in a long hunting campaign bears' fat has to do duty for butter.



A SHOOTING HUT.

(Photo: J. Turner-Turner.)

It is not easy to assign the premier place among the varieties of sport that offer themselves for choice. The only amusement in goat hunting seems to lie in the imminent risk of a broken neck, for the goat is invariably reached in the end, and success becomes monotonous. Sheep hunting is much finer sport.

Alaska, by the way, should not escape the attention of sportsmen on the look out for new territory. It has, besides a sheep with smaller head and whiter skin, an enormous bear, twice the size of the grizzly, which is very plentiful in parts of the country.

Most of the salmon in those regions are speared, but the rod should do good work in the river estuaries north of Victoria, and salmon are said to be caught in this manner weighing up to 80 lbs.

It must be borne in mind by the intending visitor that the northern portions of British Columbia have, until the beginning of the twentieth century, been approachable only by canoe, though the railway to Hagerton will lessen this drawback, and that no one is likely to kill much game there without hard work and even some experience. At the same time, some of the States can no longer be called worth hunting in, for there is nothing more than a succession of old trails strewn with tin pots and other sordid evidences of former camps. British Columbia, on the other hand, will necessarily, from its geographical position and the rigours of its winter climate, be the one asylum left on earth for much big game that

is extinct everywhere else in the world. The winter, indeed, in those parts would alarm many who are sensitive to low temperatures, and those who seek their sport there in mid-winter must be prepared for an occasional cold snap of 40° or 50° F. below zero. Curiously enough, however, the very finest-coated bears in the world come from the North Pacific coast, where the climate is seldom below zero. All other fur in the neighbourhood of the coast is inferior, but it improves—eventually reaching the finest quality found in America—as one goes inland. Sportsmen of an earlier generation wrote much of the excellence, in spooring and hunting, of the Indians, but it must, alas, be written down that the only good Indians in those parts are dead ones.

For anyone with a taste for sport amid the grandest, wildest scenery, British Columbia would be hard to beat. The solitude of the American States trades in almost every case on a dead reputation, for if many of the outlying regions are still without stationary population, there are, as has been said, traces on all sides of an occupation that meant an almost total extermination of all the game within reach. On the other hand, the sportsman may wander fully two thousand miles in the interior of British Columbia without seeing the least sign of other human beings. The country is dense, and there are no sign-posts. Unless the track should lie along a river, it is only possible to work by compass. Even then the sportsman will not always get home.



ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT.





"HE IS THE ONLY WILD BEAST THAT DARES TO DRINK AT THE  
SAME JUNGLE POOL WITH THE TIGER."

## PIG-STICKING.

BY HERBERT COMPTON.

PIG-STICKING, or hog-hunting—the former name obtains in the Bengal, and the latter in the Bombay Presidency—is *jacile princeps* the most exciting and arduous sport of any in India, that happy hunting ground of the British Empire. At first sight, no one would credit the wild boar as being designed by Nature for either valour or activity. He is a coarse, cumbersome-looking creature, standing three feet at the shoulder, and girthing almost as many inches as he measures in length. His appearance may be described as most unprepossessing, and it is difficult to associate sentiment with swine. And yet put the wild boar to the touch, and he proves himself as fleet as the fastest horse, and displays a pluck that can only be paralleled by the old-time British bull-dog. In fight he does not know what fear is; in his haunts he is the only wild beast that dares to drink at the same jungle pool with the tiger; and in his rage there is absolutely no living animal he will not charge from an elephant downwards. As for sentiment, there is no animal of the chase for which the sportsman feels such admiration—nay, affection would not be too grotesque a term—as for the boar who has fallen to his spear.

Pig-sticking as a sport is little more than a hundred years old. It is said to have been evolved

from bear-sticking, and resorted to when it was found that the boar yielded infinitely better sport. Be this as it may, pig-sticking soon found favour, and in the first quarter of the nineteenth century had firmly established itself as the most popular field sport in India, if we may judge from the amount of space and enthusiasm devoted to it in the pages of the old *Oriental Sporting Magazine* published in 1828. After the Indian Mutiny a further impetus was given to the sport by the establishment of "Tent Clubs," or associations devoted to pig-sticking, and from these sprang a code of rules and regulations which were much needed, and the institution of various challenge cups, such as the famous "Kadir Cup," to be competed for at meetings of the fraternity, and to reward the most skilful riders with what is, in practice, the "blue ribbon" of this form of sport.

In the early days of pig-sticking the spear was thrown at the boar, like a javelin; but this practice has long been forbidden. The modern pig-sticker, if he hails from Bengal, uses a short spear, about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  feet in length, leaded at the butt, and strikes or "jobs" overhand with it. On the Bombay side a longer spear is used, and the thrust is delivered underhand. Of the merits of these two spears and systems there are endless divergences of opinion, but many who have used both

declare for the shorter one. Even more important than the weapon is the horse that carries the hunter, who, in the crisis of a run, has to trust implicitly to the intelligence of his steed. An Arab, standing from 14-1 to 14-3, is universally admitted to be the best horse for the purpose, although in the open plains of Bengal there are men who ride Walers standing 15½ hands; but for rough ground nothing can beat the cat-like, agile Arab, with its marvellous capacity for getting over broken country. The ideal horse is quick, rather than fast, and clever on its legs, at turning, and in avoiding obstacles and pitfalls. Above all, it must be game and untiring.

It is very seldom that pig-sticking can be indulged in from the settled head-quarters of a town, for the haunt of the wild boar is generally far distant from the habitations of man. Thus a meet of pig-stickers nearly always entails camping out, so as to be able to sally forth in the early morning, the best hours for the chase being before nine o'clock and after five in the evening. There is no merrier or more jovial social gathering than a pig-sticking camp, pitched under the shade of a *tope* of trees, where good-fellowship and the best sporting feeling prevail, and the notorious enthusiasm of the votaries of this particular form of sport creates a species of brotherhood and still gives point to the old phrase "the fraternity of pig-stickers."

The Tent Clubs, of which mention has been made, generally arrange for one meeting a week, and send out all the camp equipage necessary to some selected spot, where the members foregather overnight. The sport is one which can be joined in by few or many, but when more than three or four are collected it is necessary to divide them into parties, each hunting separately, as four spears are the utmost that can satisfactorily follow one boar. To match the units in these parties is a matter of careful consideration, and to this end a Master is appointed whose word is law. He decides how the groups shall be made up, and allots them their positions in the field, and he is a despot whom none dare disobey! But whilst this is the procedure where several are gathered together, the sport can be equally well enjoyed by a couple of spears, or, for the matter of that, if companionship fails, by a single huntsman. Indeed, to chase and kill a boar single-handed is a feat that holds a very proud place in the memory of many an ardent pig-sticker.

The procedure of a Tent Club Meet is as follows. The Master musters his members at daybreak, and divides them into suitable parties, having a special eye to their individual skill and the quality of their horseflesh. The venue has been decided upon overnight, and the beaters duly despatched, for the wild pig is an animal that lurks in cover in the day time, from which he has to be expelled

before he can be hunted. Guided by the nature of the country and cover, which may be sugar cane and growing crops of grain, or thick jungle, or wild ravines, the Master places the several parties at the points from which the pig may be expected to break. Silence at the jungle side is essential, and after having been once posted no moving or talking is allowed under penalty of a fine.

Presently from far away come the shouts and cries of the beaters as they thrash the cover in the direction of the posted parties. A few natives, supplied with flags, are perched in trees to spy the pig and give notice of the direction it is taking. It is an exciting moment, and even old hands have confessed that it always finds them "all of a tremble"! No one can tell from which point the pig will break, and when it does break the restraint must be continued until the game is well away into the open, for at the slightest alarm it is prone to dash back to cover, and the maxim goes, "Better lose your boar over the horizon than chop him back into the jungle."

As soon as the pig—it may be a single one or a *sounder*, e.g. herd—is well away, the leader of the party gives the word to "Ride!" Then ensues the race for the "first spear." All the glory and honour of the chase belongs to the man who draws first blood, and though it be but a prick the pig is accounted his, no matter who actually kills it subsequently, and he receives that most prized of all trophies—the boar's tushes.

One preliminary has to be carefully observed, especially in a country that is not open, and that is to make sure that the animal being pursued is a boar. It is not permissible to spear a sow, and should the leading rider find out the party is following one, he holds his spear horizontally, and the chase draws off at once. A spear at the point indicates a boar ahead.

There follows a race, which is in effect a coursing match. The rivalry is intense, each rider striving his utmost to win the first spear. The pace at which a wild boar can travel is terrific, and it is not until after the first burst, when he has been hustled out of breath, that the horses begin to overtake him. Neck and neck the huntsmen fly, displaying the keenest emulation, but at the same time rigorously observing certain rules which have been laid down. Thus no jostling, crossing, or riding off is allowed, and nothing "unsporting" may be done to give one man an advantage over another. An honourable pig-sticker never rides "cunning," and the man who has fairly worked himself into first place may not be interfered with until he has delivered his stroke. The great aim is to keep the boar on the right or spear hand, since a thrust delivered on the left, or over-saddle, does not count as "first spear" unless the boar is actually charging the rider from that direction.

The golden rules of pig-sticking are to ride



"HE HAS A THOUSAND TRICKS, OF WHICH HIS FAVOURITE IS 'JINKING'" (p. 206)



straight from first to last ; to keep your spear well forward ; to glue your eyes on to the pig and not on the ground ; to leave your horse the duty of avoiding holes and obstacles ; and never to lose touch of your boar no matter where he goes.

At racing speed, often over the most dangerous and breakneck ground, careless of everything except the first spear, the riders pelt along. But



"A CHARGING BOAR IS A . . . DESPERATE BRUTE TO ENCOUNTER"

to overtake the pig is by no means a certain prelude to spearing him, for he is as cunning as a fox, and has a thousand tricks, of which his favourite is "jinking," or turning sharply aside as the rider imagines he is on to him. Thus, with many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip, the chase keeps on until Fortune favours one of the hunters, and with an exultant cry of "First spear!" he registers his success.

If the boar is well speared he will most probably change his tactics, and giving up flight turn to fight. And now comes the most dangerous part of the sport, for a charging boar is a cunning and desperate brute to encounter, as many a hunting field, with its unseated riders and its ripped horses, has proved. Safety lies in pace ; a boar's charge should always be met at the gallop. Walking,

trotting, or standing are fatal. The greater the speed with which he is met the more telling the thrust. Nearly all the accidents which occur in the pig-sticking field result from the rider approaching the boar at a slow pace.

At length there comes a time when, overborne with many spear wounds, the boar turns to bay with glassy eyes, foaming mouth, and bristles erect. A wicked-looking animal as he stands there, his feet planted wide apart, his head lowered, his tusks clashing, watching every movement of his foes till the approach of one prompts him to dash forward and charge with an unexpected vigour. To the end his courage is magnificent, and he literally throws himself on the spears time after time, until he receives the thrust which pierces his heart. Then, in grim silence and without a groan, he sinks to earth, having proved himself in the words of the pig-sticker's song, "The pluckiest brute that God ever made!"

There comes a feeling of exultation over the death of a boar which many have declared is unparalleled in any other field of sport ; for it demands so many qualities on the part of the rider and is surrounded by so many risks, albeit they are not accounted in the heat of the chase. These qualities have been admirably summed up by General Baden-Powell (whose book on pig-sticking is the best on the subject) as "strong nerves, good eye for country, keen sight, firm seat, a light hand, a bold heart, judgment of pace, dexterity with the spear, and an intimate acquaintance with the habits and cunning of the boar." Nor can these notes be better concluded than by quoting the following lines from one of the best hunting songs in the English tongue, "The Next Grey Boar We See!" written by Captain Tom Morris, of the 9th Regt. of Bombay Infantry, in 1828 :—

We envy not the rich their wealth,  
Nor kings their crowned career,  
The saddle is our throne of health,  
Our sceptre is the spear!  
Youth's daring spirit, manhood's fire,  
Firm hand and eagle eye,  
Must they require who dare aspire  
To see the wild boar die!  
Then pledge the boar, the mighty boar,  
Fill high the cup with me :  
Here's luck to all that fear no fall  
And the next Grey Boar we see!

## PUBLIC SCHOOL FOOTBALL.

By W. BEACH THOMAS.

THERE was a king of England, a man more given to the study of books than the exercise of his legs, who drew up several laws for the suppression of football. It was a game, he wrote, "meeter for laming than making able the users thereof." The sort of football which King James objected to was played as often as not in the streets, and teams of fifty a side were nothing exceptional. Many of the players, so called, never touched the ball, but they saw to it that they touched the other side. In short, they used the occasion as an excuse for a fight, and King James was right in his estimate of the game. Thanks to ordinances, and perhaps common sense, that old football largely died out; and the new football, the football which found its first home in the English and Scotch schools, did not begin till indiarubber made the ball trustworthy, light, and pleasant to the foot. If you look at the history of any game almost, you will find that it owes its popularity, which has generally come of a sudden, to the discovery of some new material for the ball. Golf is, perhaps, as good an instance as any, unless it be lawn tennis. It is not generally known that the popularity of lawn tennis is for this reason due principally to Mr. Heathcote. When the new game was started he found the balls too light, and suggested to his wife that she should cover them



WINCHESTER: BREAKING AWAY FROM A "HOT" DOWN ROPES.

(Photo: Mr. E. J. E. Hawkins.)

with flannel. After a few experiments, she discovered the best—and present—method, and from that time the game was made. The rubber bladder also made football. As if to prove how comprehensive is the claim of the schools to be the parents of football, Eton and Harrow claim respectively the smallest and biggest balls that are made. As an old song, a school song so far as we remember, had it:—

"And Eton may play with a pill if they please,  
And Harrow may stick to their Cheshire cheese,  
And Rugby their outgrown egg; but here  
Is the perfect game of the perfect sphere."

The Harrow ball is big, as anyone acquainted with the school or its songs may gather, because the mud of Harrow is worse than mud usually is, and the big ball suffered less. The smallness of the Eton ball is due to



WINCHESTER: A "HOT" DOWN ROPES, SHOWING HOW THE NETTING IS CLUNG TO.

(Photo: Mr. E. J. E. Hawkins.)



the peculiarities of the Eton game. It would not be a bad thing if all schools which play the Association game possessed a small ball or two. If the experience of one school team may be trusted, there is no such good training for ac-

one of the most useful of accomplishments possible for any of the inside forwards in the Association game.

The older and odder games were mostly rougher, especially, perhaps, the strange cloister games at Westminster and Charterhouse. At the former survives a tale of a boy who, interrupting the cloister game to have a free fight with a boy on the other side, was left lying on the stones with a fractured arm while the rest trooped off to school. And at Charterhouse, in reference to the same sort of cloister game, there is an old poem which urges players to

“Ply manfully the elbow,  
And work amain the feet;  
No rest for shin or muscle  
When Past and Present meet.”



WINCHESTER: HOUSES v. COMMONS—  
A GOOD “HOT.”

curacy in kicking as occasional practice with a little ball

It is astonishing that so many schools, and those the biggest, have kept up special forms of the game. Eton (which has two), Harrow, Winchester, and Shrewsbury all have, or have had, different games, though now the playing of the regular game, at least one term in the year, is becoming the practice. Shrewsbury has been in the rather strange position for many years of having one style of game for compulsory football, another for the half-holiday games. The compulsory, which was abolished some few years ago, was called “dowling,” and was generally regarded much as King James regarded street football. Every boy, not a monitor or in the sixth, was compelled to play unless he had a doctor’s certificate; but the unhappy “captain of dowling,” *experto crede*, used to be bombarded with letters from parents, principally the parents of day boys, who spoke of their boy’s “delicate chest,” or “sensitive spirit,” or “weak ankle,” making him unfit for “so rough a game.” The rules of “dowling” were the same as those of Rugby in regard to off-side and scrimmages, but only the feet are used.

It is astonishing how many men from schools with special rules afterwards become good at Association, and are often remarkable for being able to do things which the boy brought up to Association cannot. Winchester boys, for example, have a quite peculiar capacity for keeping the ball low; it is necessary in their game, and



WINCHESTER: HOUSES v. COMMONS—“DOWN.”

(Photos: Mr. E. J. E. Hawkins.)

That manful plying of the elbow still prevails, but happily only among professionals. While talking of Charterhouse, we may take the opportunity of getting rid of an old slur on Charterhouse reputation. Charterhouse has produced the one old schoolboy team which has reached the final of the football challenge cup in its present form. On the occasion when they met a professional team in the final, thanks chiefly to the wonderful play of the two Walters brothers, they were leading by a goal within a few minutes of time. At this point one of the Walters, who was stopping a rush, was appealed against for foul play, and the appeal was granted. A goal resulted, and in the extra quarter of an hour Charterhouse lost the game. The Walters had a reputation for rough play, and everyone who discusses the game, which is perhaps the most discussed game in football history, condemns the Carthusian for intentional breach of rules, and generally looks on the loss of the match



as a sort of poetic justice. As a matter of fact, his supposed trick was only by an accident of the game prevented from being as fair a charge as you would wish to see ; but umpires on these occasions are compelled to be more than particular.

Now that most of these old forms of football have died out, the English schools are divided off into two great sections, of which one plays exclusively the Rugby game, the other exclusively Association. But it is a nice point whether it would not do each of them good to have occasional tries at the other game. Certainly Rugby players get advantage from playing Association. Years ago, when the Corinthians played the Barbarians at Rugby and won, it was quite ludicrous to see the difference of the two teams in the skilful use of the feet. Which is the better game for schools several writers of recent books have attempted to settle, but there is not much to be gained by putting argument against argument. The one great advantage of Association—and that is disputed—does not affect schoolboys : it can be played by older men than Rugby. We remember from

years, he was a very deadly player. If he was robbed of a ball he put down the action to culpable latter-day presumption, and he used to cry continually, whenever the ball came into his neighbourhood, "Don't charge me, don't charge me ! An old man and grey, old man and grey !" There is no room in the Rugby game for such a player as this ; but we do not tell the story as any test of the superiority of the "old man and grey's" favourite game of Association.

For younger players, though the point is hardly worth noticing, one game is as dangerous as the other, but neither produces more serious accidents than cricket. Of course, under the Rugby rules it is easier to indulge in what the Yorkshiremen call "a bit o' scrappin'," but "a bit o' scrappin'" probably does less lasting damage than a good hack, which is a rare event in Rugby football. There is a story of a Yorkshireman who, coming to play at the University, thought he should have to moderate his usual methods in a game, as he put it, against almost schoolboys. In the first few minutes of the game a particularly burly Scotchman, playing



A HOUSE MATCH.

(Photo: Mr. Herbert Baker.)

school days an old master—we do not dare to suggest how old he then seemed to us—who used regularly to turn out for football. He was dressed, according to the old fashion, in long flannel trousers, and it was generally supposed that they were put over his "cloth dittos." In spite of his

three-quarters for Oxford, jumped on him, gave his neck a slightly unnecessary twist, and when the victim protested asked him if he was made of Yorkshire wool. "That," said the Yorkshire man, "made me feel at home again," and he subsequently enjoyed his "bit o' scrappin'" with the rest.

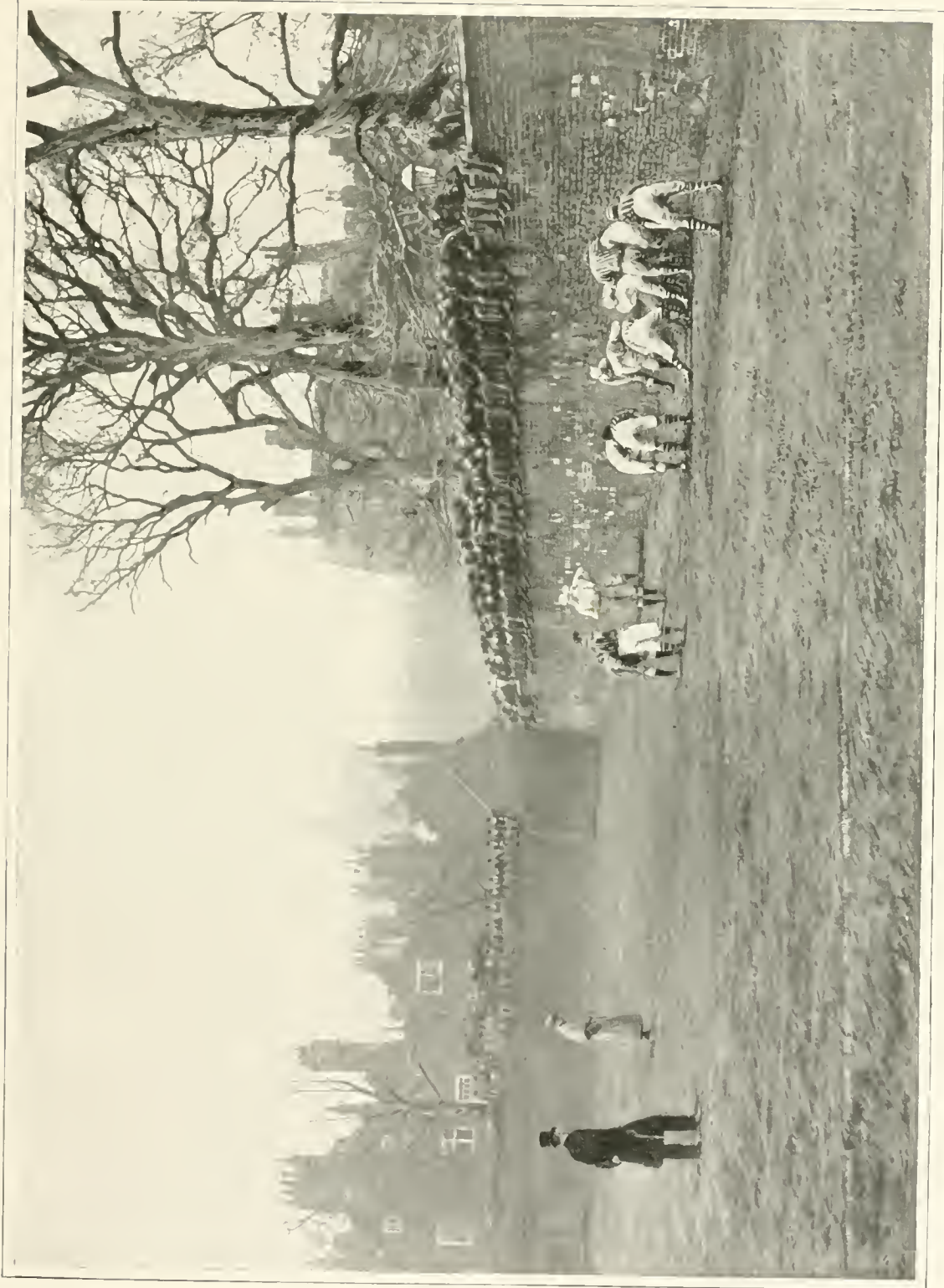
But even Association football is not without its "scrappin'." In the neighbourhood of one of the big public schools operated—the word is not too strong—a team commonly known as "the market greens," who played with the school two matches a year. There was no device known to the trade which the members of this team—we are speaking of the long past—did not practise. Once, when the school was on the point of getting a goal, the captain of the "greens" called on the referee to stop the game, because "the scholars" were playing twelve men. In momentary weakness the referee yielded. Of course, only eleven boys were playing; but the goal was saved, and the captain of the school was so infuriated that when the ball was thrown up he rushed at it and headed it some twenty yards, totally forgetful of the rule that it must first touch the ground. The next year some of the leading players of the "greens" were suspended for hitting out during a match. The most famous of them was the goal-keeper, a little thick-set publican who used to keep the crowd amused by gallery tricks, of which his favourite was heading out any high shot at goal. He tried it twice in one cup tie, and each time gave away a goal. It was said at the time that the match had been sold; anyway, very little more was heard of the club. But on looking back at the roughness of those games it is curious to remember that in the only serious accident a "green" was the victim. The centre forward broke his leg; but he was so generously treated that he afterwards confessed that he was ready to do it once a year at the price.

It is a pity that schools play so many scratch games and games against clubs, in place of inter-school games. After all, there are only two, or at most three, groups of schools: the Rugby schools, namely, Rugby, Wellington, Marlborough, Cheltenham, Clifton, Haileybury, Dulwich, St. Paul's, Bedford, Tonbridge, and others; the Association schools—Charterhouse, Repton, Shrewsbury, Westminster, Brighton, Malvern, Bradfield, and so on; and thirdly come the little group, Eton, Harrow, and Winchester, which have not yet quite surrendered their affection for their own peculiar games. There is no reason why each of these first two groups should not play many matches with each other. It would be much better fun and better practice than playing against scratch teams which generally lack any sort of combination, and therefore are not educative, and rely only on pace and strength. Mr. Tristram, the best of International players, has pointed out that the overmastering excellence of the Scotch schools is almost entirely due to the School Football Competition, in which the best of these—Fettes, Loretto, Merchiston, and Blair Lodge—play every year. No doubt this is made easier by the fact that they are all grouped together round Edinburgh; but if

our public schools can come up to town to play racquets, it ought certainly to be possible for a number of them to meet each other on the school grounds. As it is, few schools play more than two or three others at most, and some of the oldest opponents are often very badly matched. For example, Rossall and Shrewsbury used always to play each other at cricket and football, and Rossall would generally win the cricket as easily as Shrewsbury won the football. The pitch of unevenness was reached when Shrewsbury scored—was it?—27 goals to none; even the full back was among the goal-getters.

Most schools, also, take much too little trouble to cultivate the second, third, even fourth and fifth, teams. At Dulwich there is an admirable custom of playing on one day in the year as many teams of old boys as can be raked together. The present writer remembers well taking down an American to see the college when no fewer than six of these matches were being played. Some of the old boys were very old, and some of the present very young, and all were as muddy as it is possible to get outside of Harrow. When he had exhausted his phrases of astonishment and repeated many times that it all "licked creation," the American ventured on an epigram. "It's magnificent," he said; "but hang me if it's amusement." In one sense it was magnificent, and perhaps did the old old boys as much good as young members of the fifth fifteen; certainly it gave them all plenty of amusement. It is not often possible, perhaps, as at Dulwich, to get together ninety old boys ready to face mud, but it would generally be possible to get three teams. When schools play each other there is no limit to the possible number of matches, and genuine second eleven matches would be much better than the sham games so often played, where half the second team really belong to the first, only have not yet received their colours. An excellent succession of second team football matches have been played for years between those two old opponents, Radley and Bradfield. One of the most amusing matches we ever remember to have seen was one of these encounters. On the Bradfield left wing was a forward who outpaced in ludicrous fashion all the opposing backs, but his own pace was too much for him; he rushed down the line again and again, but was so excited and unmanageable by the time he got to the far end that no power could turn him. He just kicked the ball hard over the line, regardless of the unheeded goal away to his right. After a while the backs left him in perfect safety to his own devices. Potentially he was a fine football player, but he suffered from entire want of practice in matches. If our principle had been adopted, he ought to have been playing for years in fifth or fourth matches. It is such a very different thing to play in an ordinary game and to face





THE WALL GAME AT ETON: ST. ANDREW'S DAY—OPPIDAN V. COLLEGES

(Photo: Hills & Saunders, Eton)



any foreign opponent in a *match*, and it is in matches that the chief value and excitement of games lies.

A good many people are beginning to get a little disgusted with football in England. The professionals have largely absorbed the Association game, and the Rugby game is split up—the rules in the North are different from the rules in the South, and slowly, in spite of the efforts of the Rugby Union, professionalism is encroaching. Amid all this it is good to see that Dr. Almond—the best of headmasters, who has been for forty-two years, as head of Loretto, proving his theory that nothing is better for bodily health than competitive games—

has stated before a Government Commission that he considers football, which with him means Rugby football, the best thing in the world for boys.

It is a great pity that the old boys of the schools do not arrange among themselves some council or association which shall have for its object the building of a stout wall between amateur and professional football. It is a lamentable fact that the Football Association, which makes the laws for and directs amateur and professional, is chiefly composed of those concerned in some way with professional football playing for money. Here is a work for schoolboy players when they leave school.



CHARTERHOUSE.

(Photo: A. H. Fry, Brighton.)



FIGURE SKATERS.

## SKATING IN AUSTRIA AND GERMANY.

BY THE REV. R. E. MACDONALD, BRITISH VICE-CONSUL AT INNSBRÜCK



SKATING À DEUX.

SUCH severely cold weather as used to mark the winter months in England thirty or forty years ago is nowadays rare indeed. In the days of my childhood we used to reckon upon a certain amount of skating each year, nor were we often out of our reckoning. In these days, however, he who is bent on enjoying this healthful and exhilarating pastime, if not content with artificial ice, has frequently to cross the Channel to gratify his taste. It would be inter-

esting to know what percentage of the boys and girls now at school in England have ever worn skates. I fancy the returns would show a very small total, at any rate when compared with what the number would have been in the days when ice was not so rare a luxury. Of the many English who, whether children or adult, have not yet attained to the writer's venerable age, and who are spending their first winter in any foreign resort that brings skating within their reach, it is very obvious that the majority, with very few exceptions, find the experience an entirely novel one. The skater's opportunities in England are undoubtedly minimised not only by the mildness of our winters, but also by the fact that the

waters available are generally of such a depth that, unless the cold be exceptionally severe, any attempt to attack the surface might easily lead to a disagreeable immersion, if not, indeed, to a worse *d nouement*.

On the Continent, on the other hand, skating is, as a rule, practised on rinks composed of solid ice. At the commencement of each winter these rinks are flooded, and successive layers of ice added until the formation is sufficiently solid, after which the surface is regularly sprinkled every night with the aid of a rose attached to a long hose. It is beyond denial that this ice has not the same "give" that the skater finds on a lake or river, but this distinction is, after all, of small importance. The rinks generally open about nine in the morning, and have often to be closed for a couple of hours or more in the middle of the day, owing to the heat of the sun.

A space is usually roped off and reserved for the exclusive use of figure skaters, and the staff includes one or two instructors, who are much in request. The maintenance of such a rink in good order entails a good deal of hard work, not only upon the paid staff, but also upon the committee whose duty it is to supervise them. The writer, himself a member of one of these bodies, can testify to the arduous character of the labours, and to the energetic endeavours made to satisfy the demands of their subscribers, who not seldom hold the committee responsible for the vagaries of the weather.

The charge made for admission to the ice cannot be described as exorbitant. In the case of the club with which the writer is connected a season ticket



SKATING AT DARMSTADT.

(Photo: Dr. C. Röder.)

costs about six shillings, to which, for the first year of membership, must be added an entrance fee of five shillings. For a small additional sum the member can have at his or her disposal a locker for the storage of skates and other small belongings. Those who do not hold season tickets pay fourpence for admission, and an additional penny is charged when the band is playing. This scale of fees is, of course, only local in its application, but nowhere will the charges be found prohibitive.

Much of the great popularity of skating rinks in Germany and Austria is, no doubt, due to the very strict etiquette governing the relations of the sexes in polite circles. It is when the band plays a lively and seductive waltz that many a pair glide hand in hand over the shimmering ice, and then, to secure greater harmony of movement, the diffident swain may cast ceremony to the winds and be permitted by the adored one to place his arm around her trim waist. I happen to know of a rink on which, owing, no doubt, to Venus's good offices, the electric light invariably fails on one or two evenings during the Christmas holidays. A golden opportunity that, of which many, I fancy, are not slow to avail themselves, for Mamma

may then call in vain for her Olga, her Frieda, and her Marie, who happen to be at the further end of the rink, and cannot find their way back in the dark by themselves! Last winter the school authorities in Innsbrück actually forbade their pupils to go on the ice, because they were afraid that their morals would become deteriorated; but, as a rule, young people are able to enjoy the experience of being for a short time free from the watchful eyes of their chaperons, and are glad to

be at liberty for once in a way to converse with their friends of the opposite sex without restraint. And this is more especially the case on the occasion of an Eisfest, when the surface is covered with skaters arrayed in fancy costumes, and many couples engage in the dance. The scene on these evenings is a very brilliant one, particularly when, as at Innsbrück for instance, the eye travels beyond the fairylike spectacle below to where the limestone giants keep watch and ward over the city, their dainty covering of snow glinting in the moonlight. This consideration, coupled with the fact that the love of sport, which meets with every encouragement at the hands of their respective rulers, is fast becoming more established in the hearts of the inhabitants of the two countries, is sufficient to dissipate all fear of skating declining in popularity, and, as a matter of fact, I have before me a list which shows that there are affiliated to the Deutscher Eislauf Verband no fewer than fifty clubs, part of which have their headquarters in Germany and the remainder in Austria, although the skate has in this part of the world two powerful rivals, in the form of the toboggan and the ski, each of which has its enthusiastic admirers.



THE RINK AT INNSBRÜCK

(Photo: Arnold, Innsbrück.)



Four years ago this association separated itself from the International Skating Association, the effect of which move was that no member of an affiliated club could take part in international competitions, and this led to the suspension by the association of one of the foremost of the German clubs, the Deutscher Schlittschuh Club, on account of its having joined the International Association. This latter club has the distinction of having initiated the pair-skating, as also the dancing contests in which each group of competitors consists

vicinity of Berchtesgaden, and the Achensee, not far from Innsbrück. On the surface of these extensive sheets of water many thousands disport themselves when Jack Frost shows himself to be in earnest.

In 1894 Troppau was the scene of the contest for the championship of the German Association, both as regards speed and figure skating, and in 1901 of the competition for the latter. On the last of these two occasions W. Zenger, of Munich, proved the victor. In the year 1899



SKATING AT DARMSTADT.

(Photo: Dr. C. Roder.)

of four ladies and four gentlemen; the German Emperor has presented it with a gold medal, and the Prince and Princess Leopold of Prussia have also offered a prize for competition.

Berlin, Vienna, and Munich are the chief centres of skating. Vienna alone possesses more than twenty rinks, while Munich has also a great number and, moreover, one where artificial ice makes the skater independent of climatic conditions. Turning to the provinces, Hamburg, Leipzig, Wiesbaden, Dresden, Frankfurt-a.-Main, and Hof all offer good opportunities, while in Austria the best rinks are to be found at Troppau, Brünn, and Innsbrück. The size of these rinks varies from 20,000 to 10,000 metres, and each of the two countries contains, as well, many fine lakes, such as the Kleinhesseloher See, situated in the beautiful English Garden in Munich; the Königssee, in the

struggle for the title of champion speed-skater of the world took place at Berlin, as did also that for the figure-skating championship. The former was won by Peder Oestlund, who covered 500 metres in  $51\frac{1}{2}$  seconds, 1,500 metres in 2:45 minutes, 5,000 metres in  $6:54\frac{3}{5}$  minutes, and 10,000 metres in  $21:25\frac{2}{5}$  minutes. In the last of these four races he was defeated by J. C. Grove, N.S.A., and by J. Seyler, but, having won three events, he carried off the title of World's Champion, together with a medal presented by the Emperor. In the figure-skating competition G. Hügel was the winner, U. Salchow coming next in order of merit. In 1891 and 1896 the contests for the championships of Europe were decided on the largest of the Hamburg rinks; and in 1900 on the Czorbauer Lake, near Budapest, on which occasion Peder Oestlund skated 500 metres in  $47\frac{7}{10}$  seconds, 1,500 metres

in  $2'39\frac{9}{10}$  minutes, 5,000 metres in  $9'15\frac{1}{5}$  minutes, and 10,000 metres in  $22'45\frac{1}{5}$  minutes.

I have abstained from making any further reference to the cities of Hungary, because the racial feeling is so strong that, when I applied for certain statistics which I had intended incorporating in this article, I was politely recommended to confine my attention to the clubs which flourish in that part of the Empire to which the name of Austria is, strictly speaking, limited!

I do not propose to enter here into the vexed question as to whether the English style is or is not preferable to that which is in vogue on the Continent. Personally I must confess to a leaning towards the latter, although I am ready to agree that it might sometimes be modified with advantage. There is, however, no manner of doubt that the general standard of skating is far higher abroad than it is with us in England; and, indeed, it would be strange were it not so, considering that in so many places such a thing as a winter without ice is practically unknown. The last winter proved a mild one, and yet in Innsbrück, where the cold is rarely very severe, we had over six weeks of skating. Moreover, children begin to learn at a very early age, and before they

are nine or ten years old have mastered difficulties which often prove a serious stumbling-block to those of mature years who have not enjoyed the same opportunities.

The rinks are, as a rule, admirably kept, being well swept, and flooded, or sprinkled, with water every night, while the pavilions attached to them are commodiously fitted up, having dressing-rooms for ladies and gentlemen, which contain lockers where skates may be stowed away. The skates which are most patronised are the Jakson Haines, the Holletschek, and the Kaiseradler. In conclusion, I would express the hope that ere long a greater number of those who are not detained in England by special ties will make up their minds to spend a winter or two in one or other of these resorts, where, in a pure, dry air, may be enjoyed every form of seasonable sport—skating, tobogganing, sleighing, and ski-running, which has a powerful effect in refreshing the jaded system, and in invigorating both mind and muscle.

[The writer of the article desires to express his thanks to those gentlemen who have been kind enough to supply him with information and illustrations.]



RINK AT BRÜNN.

## NEW ZEALAND TROUT STREAMS AND LAKES.

BY LORD GRANVILLE GORDON.



AMERICAN SALMON TROUT IN  
NEW ZEALAND.

(Photo : C. Reid, Wishaw.)

imposing sights, with steam and water leaping hundreds of feet in the air ; but, after all, bubbling mud is not a graceful object—a burst water-pipe is as good as any geyser, and, although the fish may be inferior in point of both size and numbers, the view from the bridge over the Serpentine is one that, for quiet mud-and-water beauty, would take some beating.

Yet, scenery or no scenery, about the trout of New Zealand there can be no two opinions. There is something miraculous in the air of that favoured country which conduces to the im-

SCENERY is a matter of importance in almost every episode in life, from the pantomime onwards, and the scenery of New Zealand certainly occupies a good deal of the attention of those who write about that promising colony. The hot springs of Rotorua, for instance, and the geyser of Pohutu are commonly described as most

provement of all manner of live stock. I will not include the human being, for he or she is subject to different laws. The sheep and cattle, however, the horses (two prominent members of the Australian Turf told me that it was from New Zealand that they intended replenishing their stables), the red deer have all improved wonderfully. The last-named, introduced originally from Windsor in the early sixties of last century, have grown almost to the dimensions of wapiti. With the salmon it is another story. A good deal has been said of the influence of temperature on the movements of that lordly fish, and much of it may be correct, at least in theory ; but my own impression is that the salmon in New Zealand stood no chance from the moment that its implanted instinct bade it wander down stream and into lagoons teeming with voracious sharks and other carnivorous fish of those southern seas.

The trout, however, have developed still more marvellously than the red deer. The great mountain lakes contain trout, as now and again proved by the nets, of close on thirty pounds ; but the rod and line are useless in the crystal-clear water. The big snow rivers out of Lake Rotoiti contain these giant fish, and are there caught by trolling



A NEW ZEALAND LAKE.

(Photo : C. Reid, Wishaw.)



with live bait ; but the fly is effective only in the smaller streams. There are English brown trout and American brook char and rainbow trout, and perhaps the last named has given even better results than the rest.

One morning Macdonald—not he of the Isles, but he of Rotorua—led me down to the steamer which he owns and steers, and carried my rods and luncheon basket. The steamer was crowded with tourists, mostly Americans, and it was to

pared for company, particularly in a strange land where company may be a decided advantage rather than otherwise, I had brought two rods and three bottles of beer. I do not know that I should have chosen a parson as my companion. I remembered, even at the time, how the late Mr. Digby Cayley, who introduced minnow fishing in the Dee, used, when fishing the bridge pool at Aboyne, to cease operations whenever a parson appeared on the bridge until the disturber of his sport had dis-

appeared from view. Still, the parson seemed to know all about the fishing, and it was not long before I had persuaded him to accompany me—the three bottles of beer and the spare rod won him. He was really booked to show a party of friends round the lake ; but he was a sportsman first and a friend after, and they could do the tour alone. I was not sorry, for the shore looked lonely for a stranger. The guide-books say that the Maoris are a highly intelligent and peaceable people, but—well, I only go by looks. A boatman rowed us ashore, and Macdonald told us to look out for the returning steamer about five in the afternoon.

We landed on a beach of shingle, where the river flowed placidly out of the lake and at once formed a beautiful pool ; but, alas, so overhung with dense bushes of privet or bramble, or something equally conducive to



"I TRIED TO HAND-LINE HIM AS A LAST DESPERATE CHANCE."

drop me close to the point at which the river connects this lake with its neighbour Rotoiti. On board the boat I met a parson, one whose life had been despaired of by his family and his doctor twenty-five years earlier, and who, with both lungs impaired, migrated to New Zealand in order to die under a brighter sky ; and he liked the sky so well that he had already, when I met him, put off dying for a quarter of a century, and looked as if he would cheat the Mower for as long again.

As I always go on such fishing expeditions pre-

pared for company, particularly in a strange land where company may be a decided advantage rather than otherwise, I had brought two rods and three bottles of beer. I do not know that I should have chosen a parson as my companion. I remembered, even at the time, how the late Mr. Digby Cayley, who introduced minnow fishing in the Dee, used, when fishing the bridge pool at Aboyne, to cease operations whenever a parson appeared on the bridge until the disturber of his sport had dis-

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profanity, as to make casting out of the question. While we were contemplating the tell-tale swirl of water effectually protected by bushes, a heavy trout flopped low down in the pool ; and my reverend friend took the bit in his mouth, seized the fly rod and put it together with a rapidity suggestive of religious frenzy, and dashed off through the bushes, fortunately leaving the luncheon basket with me. I put up the minnow rod and made a wide detour down stream, taking the provisions with me. Horses and cattle

have forced useful paths in every direction through the New Zealand bush, so that progress is not so comfortless as might at first sight appear. I soon came to an open meadow through which the river flowed, and the man-eating Maoris of my dreams had removed the bushes from the banks probably to allow their lowing kine to drink with comfort. Having carefully ascertained that there were no bulls around, I deposited the hamper at one end of a likely looking pool and proceeded to cast down it. One hard tug rewarded my efforts, doubtless from a heavy fish; and once again, further down, a dark shadow darted at the minnow, but turned short and would not come again. This brought me back to the hamper, and once again I was thankful for the parson's zeal. A further investigation after lunch showed me that this was the only pool that could be fished from the bank; but all up and down that river were beautiful eddies, and here and there a rushing, rippling shallow, and it would require but little labour to cut away the brush immediately beside the water and thus convert this into an ideal trout stream.

Late in the afternoon I got back to the meadow pool, and there found the parson deftly casting, and so intent on his work that the third bottle was still intact. He had caught half a dozen, but none of them over half a pound, and from the little I saw I am certain that the big fish come only at the minnow. With some difficulty I persuaded my friend to come away from the river. It was not him that I particularly wanted, but the rod. The steamer was not yet in sight when we regained the shore of the lake, and from a hut on our right a stout old Maori dame beckoned us to visit her. This, my companion assured me, meant tea, and he said it with evident relish. As luck would have it, we found the old lady peaceably inclined,

and she made the tea while we sat on the floor and looked at the extracts from English illustrated papers with which the walls were covered. Eventually she got two shillings for twopennyworth of tea, and smilingly bowed us away from the premises; we departing backwards, less as a courtesy to our late hostess than as a precaution against surprise.

On another occasion Mr. N., of Rotorua, kindly invited me to fish the water where Lake Rotoiti passes as a river to the sea. A great deal of exploring again revealed just one pool, just above a waterfall, where casting was possible. I started with the fly, and hooked a couple of five pound trout, the two at once. This was enough, and into the river I walked, and soon had four or five more of the same size. Then I put on the "sandeel" minnow, and with this fished down. Sure enough, there was a tug, tug, whirr; and away, all over the place, went a gleaming bar, evidently a fish of ten or twelve pounds in weight. Every moment it looked as if it must go over the fall, for it dashed to the very edge while I slacked off the strain and gently coaxed it back up the pool. At one time it looked as if I might win, but the end came otherwise. N. had gone off exploring for likely pools, and I had stupidly left my gaff in the buggy. After a stiff fight, therefore, lasting probably about twenty minutes, I tried to handline the trout as a last desperate chance. It was touch-and-go, and go won the day. Rolling over on the stones came the fish, and the cast was so jerked and jobbed that the hold gave; and there, where the mighty Lake Rotoiti narrows to a river, halfway between the falls above the bridge and the green bank to which the highly intelligent and peaceable Maori comes for water—there, I say, dwell that trout and, no doubt, others as large.



ENGLISH BROWN TROUT AT MASTERTON HATCHERY, NEW ZEALAND



A 14-POINTER.  
(Photo: G. D. Wharton.)

## THE RED DEER OF HUNGARY.

BY GÉZA COUNT SZÉCHÉNYI.



A 12-POINTER.

AFTER a tolerably long and close acquaintance with almost every kind of big game, with the exception of the elephant, I do not hesitate to assert that there are few moments in a sportsman's life more exciting than that in which, after a long and arduous stalk, he finds his finger on the trigger, with a roaring stag outlined against the opposite hill. No other experience that I can recall in

primæval Hungarian forest, in the Alps, in the Rocky Mountains, in the Indian jungle, or on the parched veldt of South Africa, can quite equal that supreme moment of confronting the monarch

whose deep-sounding voice echoes in the mysterious depths of the venerable forest. As the tired stalker suddenly sees the mighty antlers rise between the dew-bathed leaves in all the glory of their autumn tints, the excitement of the moment can be so fierce—no other word is adequate—that he feels he could not bear such suspense for many moments. Something in him would give way, and the report of his own rifle brings with it a feeling of relief. So great is the tension as at times utterly to unnerve a good shot, and a mark that seemed easier to hit than to miss goes untouched by his bullet.

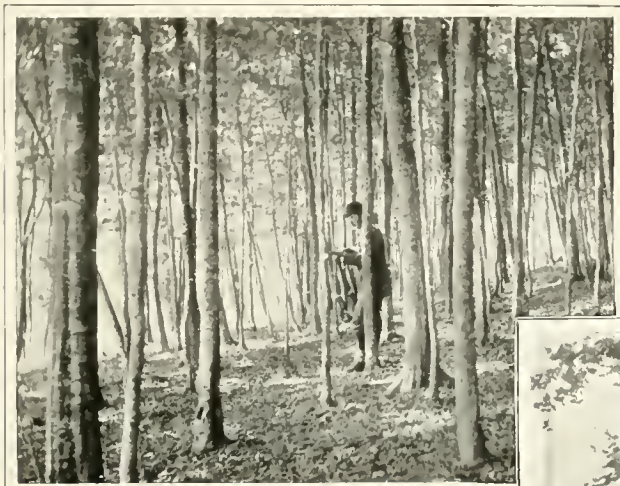
It may sound childish, and it is doubtless the result of an artificial training, but only the really large antlers bring this excitement. The finer the head the greater the excitement, for the sportsman is keener for the trophy than for the game, seeing that he no longer, like his rude ancestors, lives on the meat he brings home. Considered from the standpoint of rifle practice, this is wholly illogical, for a smaller beast would obviously give a more sporting and more difficult shot. Without prejudice, I think I may say that Hungary is the home of large antlers, and the equal of the Hungarian stag is nowadays to be found



only in the countries that border on Hungary, on the outer slopes of the Carpathians that penetrate into Galicia, Bukowina, and Roumania. Not that the Hungarian stag is found only in the Carpathians. It ranges all over the country, in the highest mountains and lowest hills, in sandy plain, and in marshy meadow. Everywhere in the undisturbed tracts of forest land, with good pasture and some attempt at preservation, the deer will thrive; and it is no easy matter to answer the question

mentioned that these prize-winners were shot in all manner of country: in the mountains not far from Budapest, in the sandy flat country just south of Lake Balaton, in the luxuriant lowland meadows of the lower Danube, on the borders of Styria, and in Slavonia. Many a first-rate head has been shot in the mountains of Visegrad, so near Budapest that when the wind blows from the east the stalker can hear the bells and hum of the city. The season for shooting stags in Hungary lasts from July 1st until October 15th. The first of these months, however, is restricted to the shooting of a few young stags, as decreed for the improvement of the preserve. These small animals give little sport, and their horns are still quite soft, for those of even the big stags do not harden before the end of July, and lose the velvet early in August.

The rutting season begins in the lowlands about the middle of August, or eight



ON THE ALERT.

sometimes put as to the districts most favourable to its development. Heads from all parts of the country have won prizes at the annual autumn exhibition at Budapest. There was, in the spring of 1902, a splendid retrospective exhibition of thirty heads, these having taken first, second, and third prizes at the last ten annual competitions. The classes were so arranged that the ten first, ten second, and ten third competed, and I can only regret that so few foreigners were in the city at the time so as to see so rare a collection. They included a twenty-six and a twenty-four pointer, but the length of horn, and the circumference of burr, with some other measurements, had also to be taken into consideration by the judges. The finest red deer head in the collection, for instance, which was lent by Prince Montenuovo, but not exhibited at the annual competitions—and therefore disqualified from competition—was only a twenty-two pointer, but the horns were of the prodigious length of 126 centimetres, or just over 4 feet. In support of what was said above, as to the red deer flourishing in equal degree in different parts of Hungary, it may be



A COIGN OF VANTAGE.

or ten days later in the hills, and it lasts for a fortnight or three weeks. This is the period at which the keen woodland sportsman gets out his rifle if he belongs to those who own a stag shoot, or to that still smaller band with the prospect of an invitation to one. Many as are the likely spots in the country where there is more or less chance



AN OLD HUNGARIAN GAMEKEEPER.

*(Photo: G. D. Wharton.)*

of getting a first-class antler in front of the rifle sights, the number of sportsmen on the lookout for such chances is still greater. Not even in the most likely parts of the country, indeed, is there always any degree of certainty in even seeing one of the finest stags, while from seeing to bagging is often a long and arduous step. Considerably over a thousand royal stags are shot during the rutting season every year in Hungary, yet not more than fifty or sixty of the heads are deemed worthy of exhibition at Budapest.

Even in Hungary, where many conditions are so favourable, it is no easy matter to own a good deer shoot, or forest as it would be called in Scotland, with really good heads. It must have a large area, and the game must be scarce and able to travel far. Moreover, the proportion of stags to hinds must be kept up, and the former must be left to grow very old. Hinds, therefore, must be shot off, and antlers that give promise of better things must be regularly spared. On the estates where the best antlers are secured the flock of

hinds to the old stag rarely exceeds six or eight, whereas in a thickly populated forest one sees old stags with a harem of twenty or more hinds. I know of estates of 25,000 acres or so on which the bag is rigidly restricted to ten or fifteen stags, although it would be easy to shoot three or four times that number, not counting the young beasts. The result of such a policy is that good heads may be reckoned on every season. Those who prefer to bag many heads on their estates will not bag good heads. Quality and quantity do not go together in deerstalking.

We have close times in Hungary for both stag and hind, which distinguishes our stalking practices from those of Scotland, where there is, I think, no close time for either, though unwritten law guides sportsmen as to the proper season for shooting. With us the stags may be shot from July 1st to October 15th, and the hinds from October 15th to January 1st. There is also a difference in the way in which we reckon the points of antlers in Hungary. We do not add the points of both sides, as is done in Scotland, but we call an antler a so-many-pointer by doubling the number of points on that side which has the greater. If either side has fewer points than the other, we call the head an "uneven," twelve or fourteen or twenty pointer, as the case may be.

Although this is not, perhaps, the right place for a discussion of topics of this kind, I would here say, in passing, that the number of points cannot be regarded as irrefutable proof of the strength of the antler, for not only is the increase of points more often irregular than otherwise, but it is as often quite out of proportion to the strength altogether. A hard winter, for example, or some other varying climatic condition affecting their fodder, is often known to make the horns of the older stags weaker than they were in the preceding season, while very old age may have a similar result. Moreover, the tines of the antler may not seldom dwindle, even though the horn increases in strength. A stag of the first year in Hungary is always a two-pointer, having one on either side; but in the second year he may easily grow six, ten, or even twelve points, instead of the four which would accord with written theory. Where the pasture is good the four-pointer is not much in



evidence ; but the aptitude for growing a large number of points on a horn still young and weak is associated with certain districts, and is, furthermore, connected with the individual's stock, and with the abundance and quality of its food.

As might be expected, the varied kinds of country in Hungary have produced corresponding races, distinguished by slight differences, among the deer ; but only two pronounced types can, I think, be satisfactorily named. Of these the one is more red in colour, more rounded in body, and shorter in the limbs ; its head is shorter and straighter ; the antlers are shorter and lighter, and grow a larger number of points in proportion to their length and weight. The other type is a heavier built, greyer animal, with stronger, longer limbs ; the head is longer, and there is a slight curve in the nose ; the horns of this grey type are generally longer, though the number of points may be few in comparison. This animal is believed to be of Eastern origin. The two types are easily distinguished side by side in those spurs of the Carpathians which mark the boundaries of Galicia and Bukowina, and my personal opinion is that the grey type is a kind of transition form between the European red deer and the larger deer of the Caspian and Caucasus countries.

Hungarian deer run very heavy. The weight of a gralloched stag at the beginning of the rutting season has been recorded at considerably over 650 lb., but this is somewhat exceptional, and anything over 500 lb. may be regarded as very fine.

The conditions, then, to summarise what has

gone before, under which Hungarian proprietors contrive to produce record heads in their enclosed deer parks, are as follow :—

1. Good, strong, and healthy stock to work on.

2. The immediate proximity of good open deer country, from which old stags now and then find their way to the hinds.

3. As great a range of country as possible.

4. Abundance of nourishing pasture and other food.

5. Plenty of arable land within the enclosed estate.

6. Judiciously keeping down the numbers.

I have thought it more likely to interest English readers if I enumerated some of the considerations particularly affecting the recognised superiority of the Hungarian stag than had I merely recounted personal adventures, with which, no doubt, the present work will be abundantly supplied from readier pens than mine.



GÉZA COUNT SZÉCHÉNYI:  
"A SNAP-SHOT."

(Photo : G. D. Wharton.)



A 22-POINTER.

(From a Painting by Count F. Lamberg.)



## TENNIS AND ITS POPULARISATION.

BY EUSTACE MILES.

THE game of Tennis, known in America as Court Tennis (as distinct from Lawn Tennis), I have already described elsewhere for the benefit of onlookers and beginners. In this article I should like to approach it from a different point of view. I shall try to regard the game from the point of view of an outsider who at present takes little intelligent interest in what is, historically, one of the most interesting of all games, and should be one of the most valuable aesthetically, intellectually, morally, and socially. I speak of it as I have found it, and I appeal here to the public that they may re-make a game of Tennis—like the original game, but better adapted to their needs. Let new Tennis contain nearly all the advantages of the old game without the disadvantages. What are the disadvantages?

When people have distinguished Tennis from Lawn Tennis, they usually launch against the

ancient game several strong objections: first, that there are few Courts, and that practically all are closed against heaven and the sun; secondly, that the game is expensive; thirdly, that the scoring is impossible to understand, or at least very difficult. Let us answer these objections briefly.

There are few Courts. Yes; there are well under forty in England. Nearly all are closed; true,

Court does not "sweat." The game is expensive — very; except in proportion to the benefit to health and against disease. The scoring is, in fact, extremely difficult, until one has played once or twice. One should begin with the game of Long Fives, as it is called, a game which does not introduce all the intricacies at the outset

But, after all, I expect the chief objection to the game would be that the average player does not enjoy it enough, any more than he enjoys Cricket enough; and this is because he does not play it well enough. Now, although Tennis does not go courting the favour of the mob, but waits majestic to be courted, yet this is no credit to the game, this aspect of proud snobbishness. It is time that all games adapted themselves to the needs of the people, so that they may by descending rise again with new force and greater vigour. I shall here show how Tennis might descend to within the reach of the majority. At first it was the privilege of kings and nobles by birth; for most nobles were rich, and none but the rich could afford to play. Now it is open to nearly all the rich, so that to-day it is, with Racquets, Squash, and Golf, among games of American millionaires. There are Courts for these three ball-and-racket games in New York, Boston, Chicago, Tuxedo, and Lakewood; while Newport, Aiken, and Ardsley have their Tennis Courts, and Philadelphia and Montreal their Racquet Courts. It is now time that the game was put within the reach of men with average incomes, and even of women also.



WAITING FOR A BALL OFF THE PENTHOUSE

(Photo: Mason & Basebe, Cambridge.)

but then this enables players to play all the year round in a clean dry place, even in the most excessive heat or cold or the severest rain. Fog alone will interfere with play—that is to say, when the



PREPARING TO DRIVE (FORCE) FOR THE DEDANS.

(Photo: Mason & Basebe, Cambridge.)

The game which I shall suggest will have lost some of the accuracy, finesse, and intricacy of the old game; but against this we must set the gain by breadth. Moreover, the old game will continue; it will certainly continue beside the new for all who can afford it, and who can enjoy it sufficiently. And the new game will prepare for the old. After learning it, a man who can afford it will turn from it to the old, for he will say, "The old is better."

There must be more Courts, with or without roofs or with movable roofs, and the Courts must be less expensive. So must the implements as well. At present the Tennis racket often breaks simply because the Tennis ball is heavy; the Tennis ball is heavy, and constantly needs re-shaping and re-covering, hence great expense. In some cities the Court, being ponderous and large, is built upon the ground floor, and has a costly roof. The best material for the hard walls is the fine Bickley cement. The Court itself is vast in size, and full of all sorts of hazards, as the photographs will show—Penthouse, Buttress or Tambour, Galleries, and so on. All this necessitates

out its advantage for elderly players, this waiting. But the intricacy of the scoring is, I think, without advantage for beginners. It is easy enough for anyone to understand that a ball hit into certain openings, into the Dedans, the Grille, and the Winning Gallery, counts as a stroke to the striker. It is easy also to understand the 15-30-40, and so on, which Tennis shares with her daughter Lawn Tennis. It is easy to understand that a ball must be served upon the Penthouse, and must touch within a certain space upon the floor; that the ball must be returned over the Net before it has bounced twice. But the Chases are incomprehensible to the outsider. What is the meaning of "better than three" and "worse than the last gallery: change sides. Better than three"? I will not describe these Chases again, but will merely allude to the principle of them, that, if a player leaves alone certain balls, he has the right to play again for these strokes; only that, when he plays for them again, each of his strokes must be better than the stroke which he left alone. A Chase gives a man a second chance—that is the briefest explanation of it. During his



A FOUR-HANDED GAME.

(Photo: Mason & Basebe, Cambridge.)

expense, which may reach between one and two thousand pounds.

The scoring of the present game is much too intricate. It also demands a great deal of waiting while the players change sides. This is not with-

second chance he is cramped more or less, according to the difficulty or excellence of the stroke which he left alone.

The chief reform would be that, while the old Courts and rules remained unaltered except that

handicaps might be introduced more frequently in play: whilst, perhaps, some Courts were given a movable roof, new Courts should be built either open or with a movable roof or with a cheap roof; that a cheap racket should be used—if possible, an imperishable metal racket, which would make up in solidity and economy what it lost in spring and accuracy; that either a Lawn Tennis ball or an uncovered indiarubber ball or a not too heavy composition ball be used. I have several times played with Lawn Tennis rackets and balls in a Tennis Court, and have enjoyed the game—as a change. The Court itself can be put on the top floor of buildings in cities—even the heavy cement Courts have been built on the fifth or sixth floors of Clubs in Boston and New York; or they can be in a suburb, the suburb being chosen partly according to train services. Wooden Courts like the American Squash Courts might, perhaps, be better than glazed brick—of that I am not sure; but, anyhow, they can be of a smaller size, and can have lower walls, and their hazards can easily be less intricate. Instead of three Penthouses there can be the one Penthouse down the left side wall. There need be no Galleries except the two Last Galleries and the Dedans, which should certainly be somewhat narrower. The Grille should also be smaller. There might, or there might not,



DEFENDING THE DEDANS WITH BACK-HAND VOLLEY

(Photo: Mason & Basebe, Cambridge.)

be a Tambour. Personally, I think it would be a mistake to give that up. The two openings (the Dedans and the Grille) would be not under a penthouse but in a straight wall, the advantage of which will be explained directly.

The scoring *must* be simplified. Let the winning openings be left as before, though they should be rather smaller than they are now. There should be the same variety of

Chases, and Chases “worse than the Last Gallery” should count against the striker. The game, in fact, would be much nearer to Long Fives, as it is called.

And now as to another reform, apart from these—a reform which would render the game easier and simpler, and therefore more interesting for the majority. I am sure that one reason for the decline of Tennis is that ordinary players do not

play it well enough to appreciate and enjoy it. No observer can deny that this applies to Cricket as well. Therefore there needs to be preparation for the game.

The foundations of the body are the feet, and their movements and positions. Latham is said to play with his head; to me he seems—like a fencer and like many boxers—to play much more with his feet. Some diagrams in the “Isthmian Library” Volume will show some of those positions and movements of the feet, which can be practised by anyone who wants to improve his play. Then, again, there should be practice of the body-swing, which brings into play the large muscles of the body. It is not so elaborate as the Golf swing, it is not brought down from so far above nor carried through so far back; but Golf gives one a good general idea of the muscles employed for the purpose of safety and power, and incidentally and unintentionally for the sake of health. The photographs of the Service before and after will show how many big muscle-groups are brought into work. These movements, and others which are detailed in the above-mentioned volume, can be learnt easily in a bedroom without apparatus, or, at the most, with an old handle of a broken racket; useless rackets are to be had very cheap. They are made without effort while you play, or even—if you have no racket-press—while you wait.

The next stage of preparation would be to play with any old bat and ball against any old wall, so that the player may familiarise and habituate the



DEFENDING THE WINNING GALLERY WITH A VOLLEY.

(Photo: Mason & Basebe, Cambridge.)

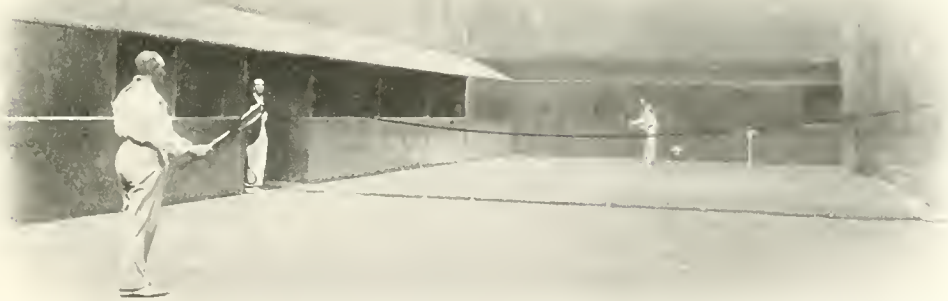


right-foot movements and the alertness before and after the strokes, and the use of the powerful trunk-muscles and arm-muscles during strokes. For my own part, I find the best practice for Matches is a quarter of an hour in a Squash Court with a Tennis racket and a Lawn Tennis ball. A Squash Court should certainly be the next scene of practice after the bedroom and the play against the single wall. Then should come the Racquet Court, if we can afford it. Here we may learn the ordinary plain straight drive, forehand and backhand.

Then may come that peculiar feature of Tennis—the Cut. In this one does not strike the ball fair and square as at Cricket and Racquets; still less does one give the ball what may be called the overspin, to make it fly quicker and to give it pace over the ground, as one does at Lawn Tennis. One slices the ball so as to make it rise over the net, move more slowly through the air and off the floor, and so as to bring it down sharply off the Side- and Back-walls. The Cut is, in fact, a drag. It should probably be taught not first but last; that is to say, it should be added to the plain stroke. Tom Pettitt starts his players on this plan at Boston. The result of it is that every single player at the Boston Club plays a brisk, keen game, full of activity, return, and enjoyment. There are plenty of long rallies in it, and every game in the Boston Court is interesting to the spectator as well as to the player. There is fun in it as well as science. We want rallies—long, exciting rallies; eventually the Cut can be added. It is bound to prevail because it is so useful. It

will be employed if it scores points, and that it is sure to do.

Above all, this game must have a free use of Handicaps. I should like to preach the gospel of Handicaps for all games. Tennis has an unparalleled variety, for I must end up in praise of my own dear game. It enables the very worst player to meet the very best on even terms; and, as I have said elsewhere, the better player, so far from spoiling his game, should actually improve his weak points if he chooses the right Handicap; while the worse player gets plenty of practice with simple strokes, and is encouraged to go on. In the old game of Tennis there is not only variety of Handicaps, there is variety of strokes. On a single occasion one may have a choice between six equally good strokes of different sorts. Moreover, I constantly find new things to learn—new strokes, new Services, new foundations of play. I have to remain faithful to it, because it still contains, and always will contain, so much that I have to investigate and try to master; but I should like to inaugurate New Tennis by its side. Tennis has reigned a long while for kings, nobles, and rich men; I should like now to see the coronation of New Tennis, the People's King. For it would be a game which everyone would understand and appreciate, and by which he would profit far more than he could calculate—far more than a German gymnastic exponent of stereotyped rhythmical expected movements could ever dream even in the very sleepest moments of his dullest drill exercise.



A TENNIS COURT: THE LEFT SIDE, SHOWING SERVER, MARKER, PENTHOUSES, GALLERIES, ETC.

(Photo: Mason & Basebe, Cambridge.)



THE MONMOUTHSHIRE FOX-HOUNDS.

## FOX-HUNTING IN THE PROVINCES.

BY GEORGE F. UNDERHILL.

THERE was a time within the memory of the present generation of hunting men when it was the fashion in the Shires to sneer at the Provinces. It was not so much the quality of the sport which was the object of scorn as the provincial tone of the sportsmen. Horses and hounds, also, were subject to the criticism of the Melton Mowbray Swell. "Good enough for the Provinces" was a common verdict, when the judge wished to disparage either horse or hound. But this species of disdain has long become obsolete, and the man is rare who "counts the swell provincial lower than the Melton Muff," as Bromley Davenport vowed that he did. The distinguished soldier who was asked in Whyte-Melville's hearing whether he had been out with the Crawley and Horsham, and replied, "No, sir; I have never hunted with any hounds in my life but the Quorn and the Pytchley, and I'll take d——d good care I never do," would now be regarded as a foolish braggart. It must be admitted that few provincial countries can boast of the large pastures, poetically called "seas of grass," which are to be found in Leicestershire, though packs such as the Atherstone and the Warwickshire, which hunt on the borders of the fashionable Shires, possess nearly as pretty

galloping ground as the Quorn, or the Belvoir, or the Pytchley.

But before writing about the geography of the Provinces, let us consider the ethical differences between provincial hunting and hunting in the Shires! "Who would live at Melton Mowbray and not hunt six days a week?" Whyte-Melville once asked. In this question we find the *crux* of one great difference. In the Shires fox-hunting is the sole object in life. In the Provinces it is a recreation. It may be the most absorbing recreation; but, as a rule, the man who hunts in the Provinces has other interests besides hunting. Thus, with "the Cheshire" a large proportion of the field come from Manchester and Liverpool. Wolverhampton supplies nearly, if not quite, half of the Albrighton field. I do not mean to say that the hunting men actually live in the towns. I mean that they have business in the towns. Nor, as was once the fashion, is the commercial element regarded with contempt in the hunting field. Probably no hunting country in England has a better right to boast of the aristocracy of landed proprietorship than the Albrighton possesses. "Brooksby," writing of the Albrighton, states "that hounds no sooner leave one gentleman's park than they enter another." Harrison

Ainsworth, in his novel "Boscobel," tells us that at the time of the flight of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester all the country between Worcester and Boscobel was devoted to fox-hunting. It would take a volume to mention with details the ancient families whose homes are in the Albrighton country, and whose representatives are still imbued with Tory traditions. Yet I doubt if there be a Hunt in England where the business man is more welcome than he is with the Albrighton Hunt.

This last sentence brings me to the social side of fox-hunting. One of the greatest pleasures of hunting is to hunt in the company of your friends. A novice once asked me to advise him where to hunt. My reply was, "Hunt where your friends hunt." The late Duke of Beaufort's advice was, "Hunt from home." To lead "the cream of the cream in the shire of shires" for twenty minutes on the grass to my mind constitutes the height of enjoyment while it lasts; but before and after that glorious twenty minutes it is not pleasant, if I may use a homely phrase, to feel oneself out of it. In your native provincial country you find friends and acquaintances willing to offer the right-hand of good-fellowship, and you know the tenant-farmers over whose land you ride. To sum up in one brief sentence, you are at home. The famous Mr. Assheton Smith supplies a strong proof of my argument. In 1826 he forsook the Shires and founded the Tedworth Hunt in Hampshire, where the family property was situated. In his later days he declared that he had enjoyed better sport in Hampshire than he had ever enjoyed in

Leicestershire. Yet Assheton Smith met with many obstacles when he founded the Tedworth Hunt, not the least of which was his own father. The old squire objected to fox-hunting and fox-preserving on his estates. On one occasion he said to a friend,

"If Tom brings his hounds into my coverts I'll prosecute him for trespass." "No, you won't," replied the friend. "Why not?" asked the squire. "Because you would have to pay the costs on both sides," was the rejoinder. Besides Mr. Assheton Smith, many hunting heroes have forsaken the Shires for their home country. One of the most notable examples was Mr. Childe, of Kinlet, known as the "Flying Childe," because he was the first man who rode to hounds instead of riding from point to point. The innovation did not please Mr. Hugo Meynell, and Mr. Childe went back to his native Shropshire, where he founded the Ludlow Hunt.

It has always been a favourite accusation against men who hunt in the Provinces that they care more about the sentiment than they care about the real business of hunting. Even "the Druid" did not escape this censure when he wrote of the beauties of the New Forest as seen while hunting in the early Spring. I am fain to confess, however, that sylvan scenery often militates against sport. Take, for example, Bewdley Forest in Worcestershire.

"Before us trees unnumber'd rise,  
Beautiful in various dyes:

The gloomy  
pine, the poplar blue,  
The yellow  
beech, the  
sable yew,  
The slender fir,  
that taper  
grows,  
The sturdy oak,  
with broad-  
spread  
boughs."



MRS. HUGHES ON "HOTSPUR."

It is a pity that hounds should lose themselves amongst these surroundings, and lose their fox as well. The big woodland districts are doubtless very beautiful, but the beauty does not appeal to the keen sportsman who has lost hounds.

Ears and eyes are of little use when you are in a forest country, though they may enable a man to be in at the death on the flat pastures of Leicestershire. Unfortunately there is a prevalent idea that all provincial countries are alike, though as



a matter of fact countries which adjoin one another are often entirely different, so far as the nature of the ground is concerned. Thus, the Albrighton country is flat, while the adjacent Wheatland country consists of rolling hills and deep glens. Technically, the Vale of Aylesbury is a provincial country. So, too, is Cheshire and the Badminton country. Yet nobody would deny that these three countries can boast of as good hunting ground as can be found in England. Of course, it may be said that I am referring to fashionable provincial packs instead of alluding to those packs which hunt in out-of-the-way nooks of the country, from Cumberland to Cornwall. But packs of the latter class are fast disappearing: though, strange to say, a new one was founded in October, 1902, by Mr. Fawkes, of Farnley Hall, Otley, Yorkshire. This gentleman does not advertise his fixtures, and cards are only sent to landowners and farmers, a recurrence to a state of affairs which, though common at the beginning of the last century, has long fallen into disuse, owing chiefly to the large increase in the expenses of a hunting establishment.

It is hardly within the scope of this article to discuss the expenses of a Master of Hounds; but it will be interesting to compare the expenses of a follower of hounds in the Provinces with those of a follower of hounds in the Shires. In regard to subscriptions, the difference will be found to be trivial. Thus, in Cheshire the minimum subscription is fifteen guineas to the covert fund, and the farmers wish the amount to be raised. It is curious that hunting men should think so much about subscriptions. To the average hunting man five or ten pounds can be of little consequence. Nor is it, when it is a question of buying a horse. Let me explain my meaning more fully. A man sees a hunter, which he thinks will suit him, but he does not wish to pay more than seventy pounds. The owner refuses to sell for less than eighty pounds. It is very seldom that that extra ten pounds stands in the way of a purchase. On the other hand, ask the purchaser to increase his subscription by ten pounds, and he will grumble. I have always regarded the subscription as a minor detail in the expenses of a hunting man. Often it does not amount to the cost of his breeches, to say nothing of his boots and the rest of his hunting kit. It must be remembered that in the fashionable Provinces men are as well groomed and turned out as they are in the Shires. The quality of the kit is the same. The quantity in either case, of course, depends on the number of days a week a man hunts. As with clothes, so it is with saddlery. We now come to the vexed question of horse-flesh.

I have already referred to the verdict "Good enough for the Provinces" as applied to a hunter, but it may surprise some of the Melton Mowbray

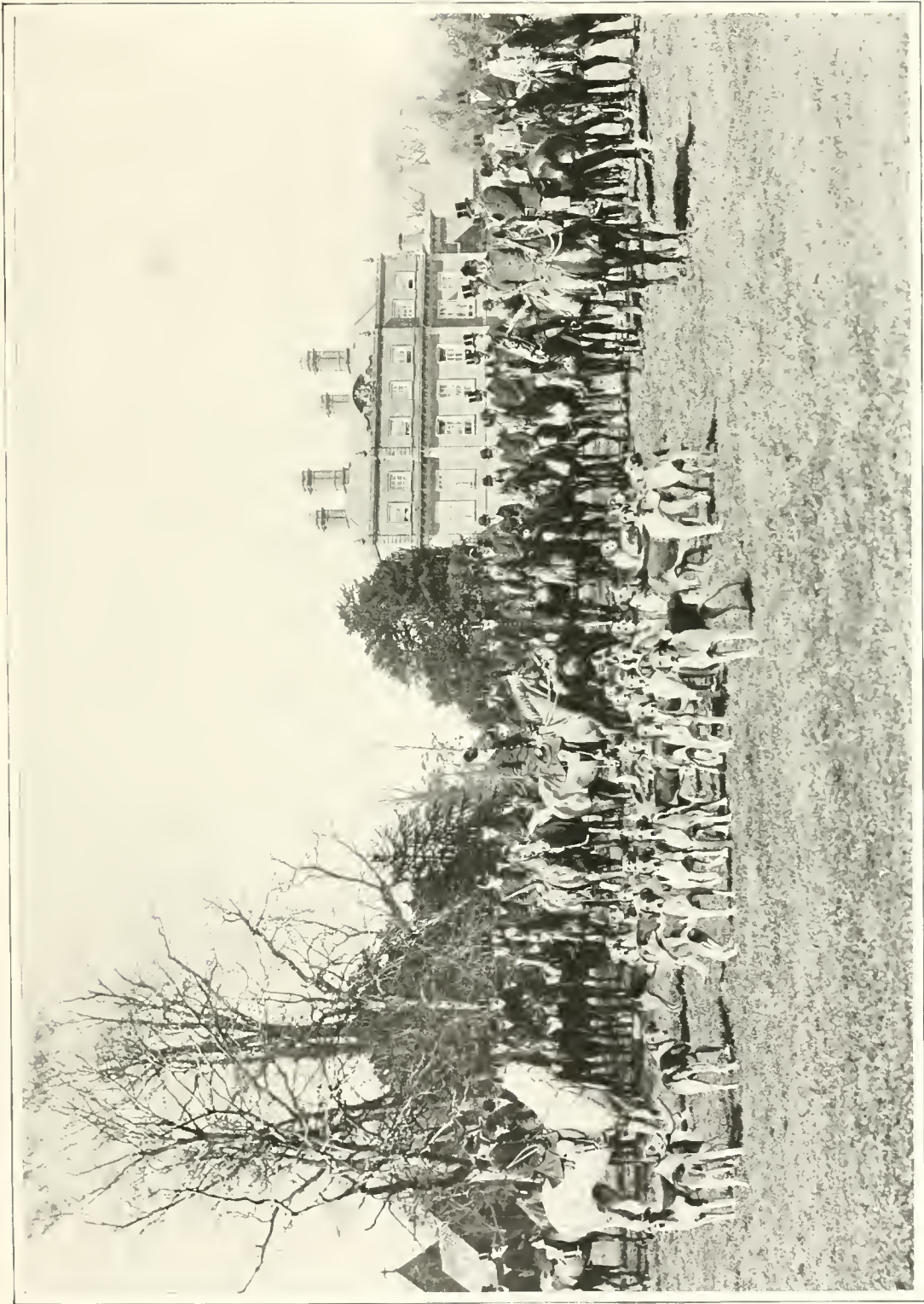
swells to learn that the owner of a thoroughbred weed is often advised to take him into Leicestershire. These mutual recriminations, however, are beside the argument. The majority of provincial countries are more "cramped" than the Shires. As a rule, the enclosures are so small that a thoroughbred has not room in which to extend himself before he has to gather himself together for the next fence. Thus it will be easily understood that a short, compact horse is a much more serviceable animal in the Provinces than a big, striding thoroughbred. A large number of these short, compact horses are only three parts thoroughbred, and therefore, *cæteris paribus*, are not so valuable as the pure thoroughbred. On the other hand, the small thoroughbred is quite as valuable and more difficult to find than his big, rakish-looking brother. Doubtless it is true that thoroughbreds are comparatively scarce in the Provinces; but it must be remembered that the man who hunts regularly in the Shires is, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, more wealthy than the man who takes his recreation in the Provinces. When money is of little or no object, he would indeed be foolish who did not possess the finest stud that a first-rate reliable dealer could get together for him. Where the money is there the best horses will go. Now, if we examine a Quorn field individually, we shall find more rich men than in a provincial field such as the Albrighton, and *a fortiori* more valuable horses with grand galloping powers and a capacity to throw themselves over the huge oxers of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire. With the exception of the Vale of Aylesbury, certain parts of Cheshire and the Stafford side of the Albrighton country, fences rule small in those provincial countries which it has been my good fortune to visit; but what they lack in size is more than compensated for by their quantity and variety. If one means to see sport one must be prepared to jump whatever Providence—in the shape of the farmers—has put in your way. At one moment you may have to creep down and up a muddy bottom where an impetuous thoroughbred would probably come to grief, and five minutes afterwards you may have to face naked post-and-rails, or a deep brook with rotten banks, no

"Shallow-dug pan with a hurdle to screen it,  
That cocktail imposture, the steeple-chase brook,"

but rather the stamp of water-jump described by Whyte-Melville:—

"I'd a lead of them all when we came to the brook,  
A big one—a bumper—and up to your chin;  
As he threw it behind him, I turned for a look,  
There were eight of us had it, and seven got in."

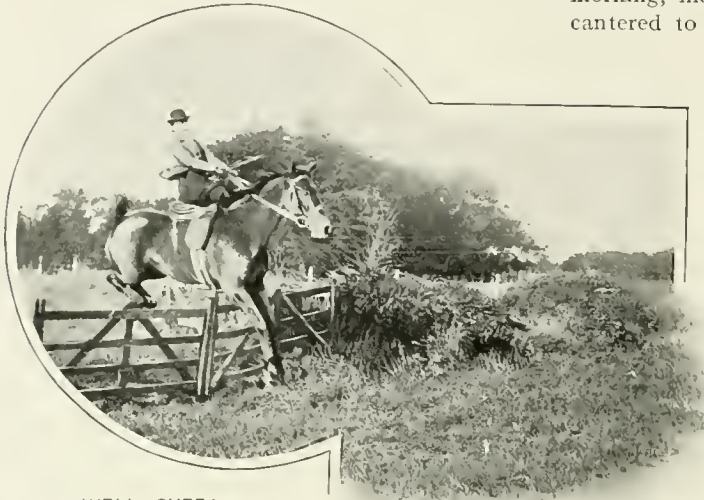
But, if the first requisites in a hunter for the Provinces are the ability and willingness to jump or get over by creeping or climbing anything that



THE ALBRIGHTON HOUNDS: A MEET AT STRETTON



comes in his way, it is hardly less essential that he should possess strong staying powers. In the Provinces second horsemen are the exception rather than the rule, and the horse that leaves



WELL OVER!

(Photo: Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin.)

the stable at nine o'clock in the morning has to keep on going "till the cows come home," and often much later. I can well remember the day when I first rode to hounds, though I was not seven years of age. Hounds met at Hagley on the Worcestershire side of the Albrighton country, a good ten miles from my father's house. We killed our afternoon fox after a long, slow-hunting run at King's Norton, seven miles the other side of Birmingham and twenty miles from home. This was over thirty years ago, when King's Norton was a village instead of a manufacturing town. We rode the twenty miles home through Birmingham, "gruelling" at Edgbaston. In those days there were not the same facilities for boxing horses by rail as exist now, and long rides home were of frequent occurrence, and they are far from being uncommon now. At all events, the provincial hunting man must be prepared for them, and take care that he is mounted on a horse which will not be distressed by them. A very different experience happened to me within the last three years, as I was travelling from Staffordshire to Euston. The train slowed up at Weedon for the convenience of some hunting men, one of whom got into my carriage. The time

was close on five o'clock. My new acquaintance was smothered in a sealskin-collared coat and an immense rug, while a hot water tin was thrust into the carriage after him. He informed me that he had come down from London in the morning, met his first horse at Weedon station, cantered to covert-side, had a fast ten minutes, mounted his second horse, and potted about in the afternoon till it was time to canter back to the station. I may add that my fellow-passenger seemed to imagine that he was a superlatively energetic hunting man. As far as I could gather, he had done little more than give two horses an exercise gallop. When he left me at Willesden Junction I thought of a verse of an old Albrighton hunting poem:—

"They finished the evening in social  
delight,

And drank their toast for to  
finish the night:

'Let's here chase away care, which  
many surrounds,

And see heaven at last, when we can't see the  
hounds!'"

This poem was written to commemorate a famous run with what are now known as the Albrighton hounds, which took place in 1770 under the mastership of Mr. Henry Vernon. Hounds found at Boscobel, close to the "Royal Oak," ran



MISS MARGARET HIGGIN ON "LASSO"

(Photo: Mrs. Hughes, Dalchoolin.)



through Weston Park, the seat of the Earl of Bradford, round the Wrekin, crossed the Severn by Holbrook to Tick Wood, and then re-crossed the Severn to Buildwas, where they ran into their fox. Distance, sixty miles; time, six hours, ten minutes. Also Buildwas was thirty miles from Mr. Vernon's kennels, so horsemen and hounds broke the journey home and were entertained for the night by Squire Giffard of Chillington.

Charles Kingsley tells us that one of the chief delights of fox-hunting consists in "the wholesome feeling of being at home amongst friends."

Now the greatest friends to fox-hunting are the tenant-farmers; unless, as I am sorry to say is occasionally the case, they are the greatest enemies. But where the hunting men know the farmers it seldom happens that there is any friction. My experience is that it is the stranger within their gates that the farmers object to, though he may be a large subscriber towards the expenses of the Hunt. In the Provinces a large proportion of the hunting men reside in the country where they hunt, and are brought into communion with the

farmers in many ways outside the hunting-field. One way, I think, ought to be described in detail, though it owes its origin to the Quorn Hunt. Lord Lonsdale, than whom the farmers have had few better friends, when he accepted the Mastership of the Quorn at the end of the 1892-93 season, at once devoted his energies to doing everything in his power to assist the landowners and farmers. Two sheets weekly of the *Melton Mowbray Times and Loughborough Advertiser* were filled up with four columns, as follows:—First column, names and addresses of vendors; second column, description of provender; third column, the quantity; fourth column, remarks on quality. The idea soon became popular in the Provinces. Provincial newspapers—which are generally run for political purposes—vied with one another to help the farmers by allowing them to advertise *gratis* not only their provender but any horses they might have for sale. The majority of provincial hunting men spend their summers in the

country, or are content with a fortnight or three weeks in London during the season, so that indirectly and perhaps unconsciously they are helping the Master and his Secretary to "summer" the country. Here is a common instance. A small farmer has a litter of cubs in his one spinney or little patch of gorse, of which he is as proud as the proverbial peacock. On coming out of church on a Sunday morning he calls a hunting man aside and communicates the precious news to him, knowing that the news will be carried to the Secretary, who will be sure to call upon him in



AN AWKWARD CORNER.

(Photo: Mrs. Hughes.)

the course of a few days. Briefly, we find in the Provinces a degree of personal intimacy between the hunting man and the farmers which we look for in vain in the more fashionable countries. Moreover, the man who hunts in any country where there is a good proportion of arable land is bound to learn the rudiments of agriculture, lest he should ride over young clover seeds, growing wheat, vetches, or winter beans.

In many provincial countries, in addition to the regular subscription list, there are what I may term minor funds to which the casual hunting man, who only comes out three or four times in the season, can subscribe his two or three guineas, and thus escape the ignominy of obtaining his sport for nothing. The most popular of these funds is the poultry fund, founded for the purpose of compensating farmers and others for the loss of poultry destroyed by foxes. I have mentioned the purpose on account of a little mistake which once came to my knowledge. A gentleman, young

in years and a baby in sport, had had two or three days with hounds during the season and volunteered to contribute his quota towards the expenses of the hunt. "Oh, send a couple of guineas to the poultry fund," a friend advised him. "But I haven't killed any poultry," was the naïve reply. In some hunts there is also an entire horse fund for the purpose of promoting horse-breeding amongst the farmers.

One of the great features in the Provinces is the local puppy show. This is not a Peterborough function attended by Masters of Hounds and kennel huntsmen from all parts of the kingdom; but a private exhibition, at which the exhibitors are the ladies and gentlemen who have walked puppies for the Master during the previous twelve months, and prizes are awarded in the usual orthodox manner. But, as it is the ladies upon whom devolves most of the trouble of walking puppies, the Master, if he be wise in his generation, takes care that the prize is something pleasing to the feminine mind, such as a silver coffee-pot. At one of these shows a farmer's wife was overheard to say to her husband, "John, we've won the coffee-pot. We must walk another puppy and win the teapot." John is obliged to assent, in spite of the fact that the last puppy caused sad havoc amongst his boots. The farmers' races at the local Hunt point-to-point steeplechase meeting are also an important factor in promoting goodwill between the farmers and hunting men, especially when the farmers are entertained at luncheon. It is a pity that, owing to the action of the National Hunt Committee, these point-to-point races are becoming more rare, and it is to be hoped that the Masters of Hounds Committee will see that they are not entirely abandoned. Last, but far from least, amongst the connecting links which bind together the hunting men and the farmers is the Hunt Secretary.

I believe that very few hunting men are aware of the multifarious duties which a Hunt Secretary is called upon to perform. The popular idea is that his work consists in collecting subscriptions and examining the merits of claims for compensation. A personal friend of mine is the Honorary Secretary of the Albrighton Hunt, and I am able to write with authority of the time and energy which he expends in furthering the interests of the hunt. During the summer he is constantly visiting the farmers in every part of the country, so that he knows not only where every litter is located, but also how many cubs there are in each litter. Indeed, it is said that he knows the pedigree of every fox in the country. But he possesses exceptional opportunities. In the first place, he was born and bred in the Albrighton district. In the second place, for nearly, if not quite, thirty years he was a large farmer in the district, so that he knows all the troubles which

the farmer has to suffer in regard to the preservation of foxes. In the third place, he holds the social position of a county gentleman. In the fourth place, Nature has endowed him with that sporting instinct which can never be developed unless it is bred in the bone. Moreover, he can afford to allow his Hunt Secretarial work to be his chief occupation in life. Thrice blessed are the country and the Master that possess such a man as a Hunt Secretary! Should there be a dispute—and disputes will happen in the best regulated Hunts—he is welcomed as *amicus curiæ*. Genial, possessed of a tact which Machiavelli would have envied, if he had been a fox-hunter, and firm withal whenever firmness is necessary, he commands the respect of every section of the hunting field. I admit that such Secretaries are rare. Few men can afford to devote so much time to the work, though it be a labour of love; and the men who can afford the time are seldom willing to bury themselves in their country homes between April and September. Yet, if a country has not been properly "summered," it is vain to expect good sport in November. Cubs, instead of being allowed to run wild, will be preserved within wire netting by men who wish to pose as sportsmen. "There will be plenty of foxes in my coverts this season," boasts the mining millionnaire. "Mangy vermin, you mean," replies the outspoken friend, who has had some experience of the tricks of gamekeepers.

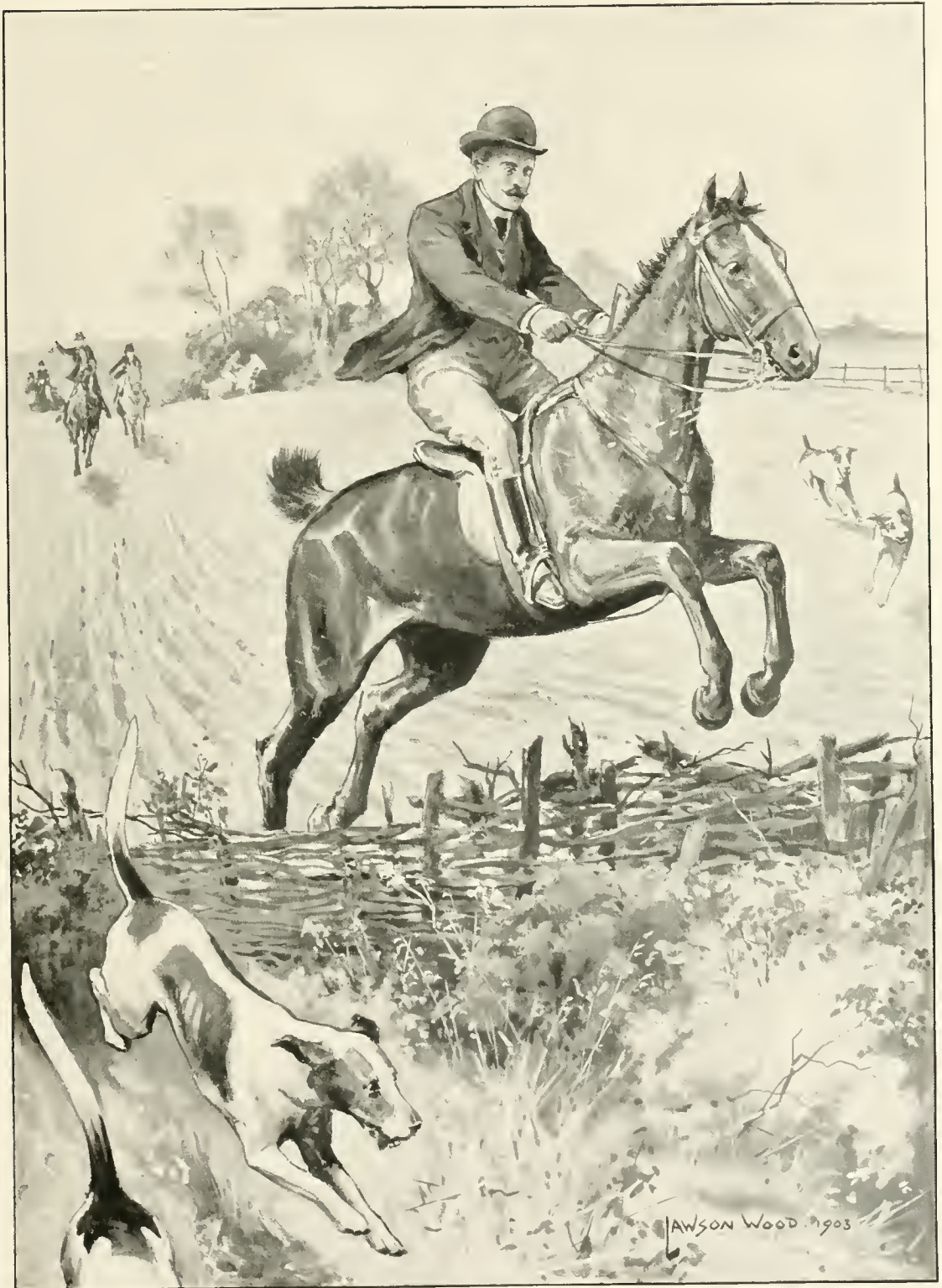
Undoubtedly the worst feature of most Provincial countries at the present time is the prevalence of barbed wire. In large grazing pastures wire causes damage, as cattle instinctively press against the barbs, with the result that when the hides are sent to the tanner's yard they are found to be defective. On arable farms the tenant declares that barbed wire forms the cheapest fence. Some farmers allow the Hunt as a favour to remove the wire in October, providing that it is replaced in April. Unfortunately, barbed wire now has been in use for such a long period that the hedges have become little better than dead brushwood. Moreover, this use of wire is not confined to the small tenant-farmer, who at all events can plead poverty as an excuse. I have known wealthy landowners, whose names are quoted in the papers as friends to fox-hunting, to have it erected on their estates. Whyte-Melville is reported to have said to one of these gentlemen, "I am a good-natured man, as a rule; but if anybody were to tell me that you had a wasps' nest in the seat of your breeches, I should be glad to hear it." Now what is the good of a man telling us that we may ride over his land when he knows that it is impossible for us to do so?

"The foremost place, I claim,

The first in danger as the first in fame.

So spoke Hector to Andromache. But, if Hector





A NERVOUS RIDER.



had been a modern fox-hunter in the Provinces, he would have found that the foremost place at the start might soon become the last place when hounds overran the scent and the fox doubled back. In a cramped country, especially where scent is not good over the plough, it is a favourite trick of a fox to try to elude his pursuers by doubling back. Then it is a case of "the first shall be last, and the last shall be first." The first bite their lips in vexation, but the fate of the last is often considerably worse. I have constantly seen the following incident happen in the Provinces. A nervous rider, who has only come out to see hounds throw off and jog quietly along the lanes, suddenly discovers that the fox has doubled, and that the whole field is sweeping down upon him. Before he can realise his position his horse has whipped round, and, *nolens volens*, he is alone in the first flight, with the consciousness that many of the men behind him would give gold to be in his place, while he would give gold to be out of it. A gate leads into the open country, through which his horse dashes, excited with the novelty of his situation. There is nobody between him and the hounds, who have picked up the scent and look like racing for blood. To his horror he sees them topping a stiff stake-and-bound fence, and his hands tell him that his horse means jumping. He is unable, even if he wished, to pull up, while, to add to his painful nervousness, he knows that he is the observed of all observers. He has never jumped anything before more formidable than a sheep hurdle, on which occasion his friends congratulated him on the amount of daylight which was visible between his breeches and the saddle. However, there is no escape. Another second he is in the air, inches of daylight are visible, but he lands in the saddle. "Not so bad as I thought it would be," he mutters to himself, as he prepares to ride at the next fence with confidence. I have known an accident like this cause a nervous man to become a straight

rider to hounds. Hitherto he had been afraid—and was not ashamed to confess that he was afraid—to jump; now he can hold his own with the best. Certainly, the hunting-field is no exception to the rule that opportunity is everything in this world. There is, however, another side of the question. If the gentleman whose experience I have quoted had come to grief at his first fence, it is not improbable that he would never have appeared in the hunting-field again. All of us have not the nerves of a wild, reckless John Mytton, whose mad horsemanship is still remembered in Shropshire, and a bad accident at the outset often stops a hunting career.

It is a favourite argument of the enemies of fox-hunting that it is the sport of the wealthy few, and they point to the pomp and circumstance which attends a favourite meet in the Shires. Now, fox-hunting has always been the popular sport of the country people from the peer to the peasant. If we restrict the enjoyment of the sport to a few wealthy men, then we shall toll its funeral knell. In the Provinces everybody who contributes towards the sport, whether it be with hard cash or by preserving foxes, or by allowing hounds to cross his land, is welcome in the hunting field. For it is our national sport, and long may it continue to be so!

It would be unjust if, in any article dealing with fox-hunting, no mention was made of Ireland. The great charm of hunting in the north of Ireland is the presence of ladies in the hunting-field, though I am afraid that they make the male stranger occasionally ashamed of himself when they lead the way at dangerous places. They have come out to hunt, not to gossip; they mean going, and they go. If there were more of this "real good sort" we should not hear much of the faddists who decry fox-hunting with a goose-quill and ride in Morocco slippers, with an open umbrella to protect them from the sun.



ON THE QUI VIVE.

(Photo: C. Reid, Wishaw.)

## BANDY.

By C. G. TEBBUTT.



FEN SKATE, WITH PROW SHORTENED  
FOR BANDY.

**B**ANDY, or hockey on the ice, is so far as most of England is concerned a modern game; in the fen districts of Cambs, Hunts, and Isle of Ely alone is it an old sport.

Two generations ago almost all the sports of England were confined to the villages and small country towns, and to this bandy is no exception. If any game can lay claim to have a home, and is indigenous to any locality, then Bluntisham-cum-Earish, Hunts, can certainly make the claim for bandy.

With one foot on the high lands and one in the fens, and its fine skating ground, Bury Fen, between, it is doubtless peculiarly favoured. During winter the lanes are lively with hockey or shinney or bandy on land, and the quiet village evenings are disturbed by the frequent warning cry of "Shinney on your right!" as players persisted in tackling on the left, and therefore laid themselves open to a crack across the shins (as custom allowed) with the bandy stick. One wonders if the present one-sided game of hockey is not the result of this custom.

Sometimes clods were placed at each end of a lane, at others no goals limited the scope of play, and the stronger side simply drove the "cat" along in front of them, forcing their opponents to retreat and at last acknowledge defeat.

On one such occasion, it was a lovely, bright moon-lit winter's eve, and the weaker side were extra determined; and so the "cat" was gradually driven out of Bluntisham and down the hill by the church alongside Bury Fen until Earish was reached—so keenly was the game contested. There must have been many supperless lads, and some sleepless ones, in Bluntisham that night, but no punishment ever damped their ardour. What wonder, with such a love of sport, when their favourite fen or wash was flooded and frozen over hard and strong, and all work was at a

standstill, the boys and young men should play bandy on the lovely, keen ice. The grown-up men, too, now shod with fen skates which were as wings to their feet, would join in the play, delighting to renew their youth.

For almost centuries this fen district has been noted for bandy, and the fen villages and River Ouse towns of Cottenham, Willingham, Chatteris, Mepal, Swavesey, St. Ives, Huntingdon, and Godmanchester have met in friendly contests; but the centre and home of play has always been Bury Fen, and the ambition of all has been to defeat the twin villages. Most of these places have, by the improving hand of the drainer, lost their flooded wash; Bury Fen and Swavesey Mere Fen alone remain. Records of matches played



BANDY STICKS.

1. USED AT THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY BY JOHN JACKSON, OF ERITH, AND NOW OWNED AND USED BY HIS GRANDSON T. MURPHY.
2. WILLOW BANDY STICK USED BY THE WRITER IN 1875.
3. REGULATION ASH BANDY STICK

on Bury Fen date back for a century, whilst tradition goes back much further; and so skilled were its players—consisting of farmers, gunners, lightermen, and tradesmen—that it is claimed,



‘VARSITY MEN PLAYING AT SWAVESEY.

(Photo : Scott & Wilkinson, Cambridge.)

with much reason, that for a century they did not know defeat.

Two long willow branches were used as goal posts, stuck in the ice six feet wide, the tops bent over so as to form a rough arch. The goals were placed as far apart as the ice allowed. There were no boundaries, and players sometimes wandered far afield in their endeavours to out-flank an opponent. Their bandies, or sticks, were generally cut from willow trees, and so curved as to lie nicely on the ice and enable the “cat” or ball to be carried or easily pushed along.

For miles around every tree was searched for sticks of the right curve, which, once found, were carefully treasured, and not to be bought for money. The players were fast skaters, and firm on their pattens, and they excelled in dodging and dribbling and out-pacing each other, the glib, level face of the ice lending itself so wonderfully to their dexterous efforts. Few rules trammelled the freedom of play, and fewer disputes spoilt the enjoyment—a contrast, alas! to some of the professional and even quasi-amateur games one now sees.

True, on one occasion a neighbouring village

thought to lower the colours of the champions by bringing young willow trees, and with rough play to cast terror into their hearts, but it ended in utter failure, and they lost by 12 goals to none. Skill and speed and good temper and even judgment always came to the top, and bandy matches were singularly free from roughness and disputes.

The “cat,” latterly called “ball,” was generally of “list,” but now it is of solid india-rubber.

The village tailor, himself an enthusiastic player, never failed to save the “list,” or edgings, for making “cats” when cutting up a new piece of cloth; and solid, true, light, and elastic they were when turned out by his practised, loving hands. Nor would he fail to tell, as he tucked in the last end so deftly and tightly, how once one of his list balls became during play wedged in between the skate toe and boot of a player, and the lucky man dodging all opponents, skating straight through the goal posts, claimed, and was allowed, the goal.

“Hurt you!! Why, no. How could it? Did not the six-foot Chatteris goal-keeper lie down full length across his goal and let them



THE INTERNATIONAL MATCH AT BERLIN.



shoot at him when he could not otherwise keep us from making goals?" On another noted occasion two teams, by mistake, appeared to play, and G. W. Meadow captained one Bury Fen team, and C. P. Tebbutt got up another, and they defeated both the visiting teams of Swavesey and Chatteris.

In those good old days the young men of the village would as lief be without their "bandy" as an Irishman without his shillelagh; and if the village carpenter came across an arm of a tree—ash preferred—bent to the right curve, he would soon be pestered by buyers and critics, and during a long frost any stick with a pretence of a bend commanded a ready sale.

When hockey or bandy-on-land became popular in the South, and a game of skill and under fixed rules, the players kept themselves fit during a severe frost by playing on the ice; then, under the encouragement of one or two long frosts, matches were played, until in 1879 we find Virginia Water the centre of play, and the club winning matches against Staines, Wimbledon, an Oxford team, etc.

In 1890 an eleven of fensmen came up to play Virginia Water Club on that fine suburban water; the former were skilled in individual play and speed,

and the latter in combined play, passing, and short bursts of speed. The first half was with the Virginia Water weapons, thin ash sticks and bung, and the second half with bandy and ball. In both Virginia Water won. Since then the Virginia Water Club has visited Bury Fen, when they first suffered defeat, and the next time the game ended in a draw.

Now bandy is a recognised sport, with rules for play and a regulation bandy stick and ball.

Only a good frost is wanted for play to break out afresh all over the country, for it is such a grand pastime for pace, for powers of dribbling, accuracy of hitting and passing, and for excitement. It has no equal among games, and no player ever forgets its exhilarating effects; he only longs for longer frost and another game.

The size of ground and rules of play are very much the same as in Association football. Play is begun by throwing the ball up in the middle of the area for play; should it cross the side boundaries it is hit in again by the opposite side. The off-side rule only applies to one's own half of the ground; players are not allowed to raise the bandy above the shoulder, but play is allowed with both sides of the bandy stick.



1

2.

1 OLD LIST "CAT" OR BALL.

2. REGULATION INDIA-RUBBER BALL PLAYED WITH AT BERLIN.



A PRIVATE COURT.

## BADMINTON.

By MISS MURIEL LUCAS.



THE SERVICE

(Photo: Cassell & Co. Limited.)

all the large stations and became a favourite social amusement.

A "game" in those days it could scarcely be termed; it was rather a pastime in which all were expected to join—a sort of glorified "Battle-dore and Shuttlecock," dignified by a few fixed rules.

Sporting people of those days allowed it to be a fascinating amusement, but it seems to have taken over twenty-five years for our not too adaptable brain to discover that in it lay

IN the present age, in which there is so great a demand for active amusements, a lively competition has arisen amongst the games in which ladies take part, and one special game that is fast making for itself a popular name is that of "Badminton."

Badminton was originally played in India, and from the Simla Gym-

the foundation of a new game, which should hold its own and become with those who play it as popular as lawn tennis.

Badminton was introduced into England about thirty years ago, and it was at first played out of doors only. The wind and rain of a few English winters, however, seemed to suggest that covered courts would be more suitable, and it was to meet the expenses which the construction and upkeep of these must necessarily entail that clubs were formed. With the commencement of Badminton clubs, the game began gradually to grow in skill and science. Competition now came in, and the competitors soon discovered that there was much to learn before they could master the diversity of strokes which went to make up a good game, proficiency in which alone could entitle them to the name of Badminton players.

It is believed that Devonshire had the honour of having first started Badminton clubs. (The game itself was introduced into Devonshire by General Sir Alfred Lucas.) Wherever Anglo-Indians settled, however, clubs rapidly sprang into being. Matches between them soon came into fashion, and recognised rules in consequence became necessary. A committee was formed, and in 1898 the Badminton Association was founded, thirty clubs at once affiliating themselves.

On the 4th of April, 1899, a tournament was held for the first time in London, open to all members. The London Scottish Drill Hall was selected for the contest, as being central and



SMASHING.

(Photo: Cassell & Co., Ltd.)

having, furthermore, the advantages of a good light and space sufficient to provide four courts. Three events were arranged, viz. separate doubles for ladies and gentlemen, and mixed doubles, singles not being introduced till the year after.

Challenge trophies were presented for each event: challenge cups for the gentlemen, a pair of miniature silver racquets for the ladies' doubles,

and challenge cups for the mixed doubles. These were to be won three years consecutively, or four years in all, before becoming the property of the winners.

The tournament was an even greater success than the committee had dared to hope. In all, fifty-two entries were made, the greater part by members of suburban clubs. Four persons entered from Devonshire—four ladies. Two of these won the ladies' doubles, the two others were the runners-up. It is said that London players showed a happy sense of superiority over representatives of so distant and slow-moving a county. Devonshire people flatter themselves, however, that they are sometimes to the fore when battles are to be won. They were all the more gratified, therefore, that their ladies, who had been the first to start the clubs in England, should be the first to win the challenge doubles.

In 1900 the number of affiliated clubs was raised to forty-five. Championship singles for both ladies and gentlemen were introduced this year, also mixed doubles (handicap); and with this increase of "events" the committee decided to make the tournament a two days' affair. This year's arrangements proved so great a success that in the next annual meeting few alterations were made. The events, however, which before had been open only to members of affiliated clubs were now thrown open to all comers, and the winners thus became entitled to call themselves "All-England Champions."

The number of entries in 1901 having greatly increased, it became clear that the Drill Hall was now no longer large enough for the annual meeting of the clubs. An arrangement was, therefore,

made with the authorities of the Crystal Palace, and the contest for 1902 was planned to take place in the central transept of that building.

Although the entries for this tournament (forty-nine ladies, forty-seven gentlemen) numbered no more than in the preceding year, the events were increased, ladies' and gentlemen's doubles (handicap) being added to the last year's number. Six courts were here provided and the contests allowed to spread over a third day.

For the first time also representatives from Scotland and Ireland now took part. They did not succeed in winning any of the championships from England, though it was said that some of the Irishmen who were not able to be present would have been quite able to hold their own against all competitors. (The latter country had held its first open tournament earlier in this same year.)

This short statement of facts will show how greatly the game has progressed during the last few years. The quality of the play has also very perceptibly improved. There are now twenty or thirty players in the first class, whereas at the beginning there were but five or six, and the very weak competitor has dropped out altogether.

The games are now, therefore, much more strongly contested than hitherto. The championship trophies have frequently been forced to change hands, with the exception of the gentlemen's doubles. Of this trophy Messrs. Mellersh and Collier, of the Guildford Club, have had the honour of becoming the possessors, having won them for the last three consecutive years.

It is interesting here to note the improvements in the implements of the game, and the arrange-



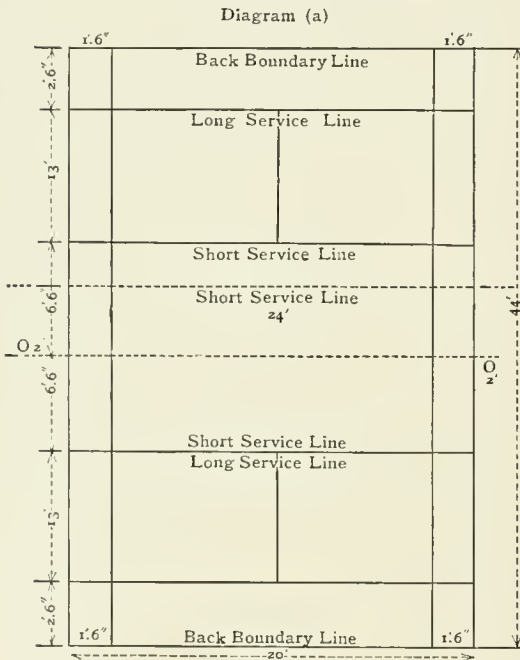
A REGULATION SHUTTLECOCK.

ment of the courts. As regards these latter, the chief alterations now sanctioned are, firstly, the removal of the two small lines that lay between the front service lines and the net; secondly, for the doubles, the introduction of a back service line



$2\frac{1}{2}$  feet within the outer line; thirdly, for the singles, the reduction of the size of the court by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  feet on either side. As regards the former, the improvements are still more evident. The bats used in the early days of Badminton came generally from India, and, though they were nicely balanced, the gut did not prove strong enough to stand the hard hitting which had now become a special characteristic of the game. Some English bats were introduced of a stronger make. These, however, were not popular, the frames being too heavily made. Although they had the advan-

BADMINTON COURT DIAGRAM



tage of lasting longer, few players felt tempted on that account to resign the old in their favour. The "Prosser bat" was next invented, and it is now the general favourite. These bats are in all respects satisfactory. They are well-balanced, the gut with which they are strung is of the finest and most enduring quality, and they have the further advantage over the old make in being a degree longer in the handle.

Improvement in the shuttlecock has been of more gradual growth. The accompanying photograph will give some idea of the great changes that have taken place in its shape and size during the last twenty years. Jacques' Association Shuttlecocks are now the only recognised ones for matches, and much praise is due to the inventor of them. Each is carefully tested before sale, and all are of equal weight and size.

Badminton is essentially a game of quickness. Rapid movement, keen perception, a quick eye,

a supple wrist, prompt decision—these are indispensable qualifications for him or her who aspires to become in any degree a first-class player. In lawn tennis some slight breathing time is obtained by the bouncing of the ball; in Badminton the player must for ever be on the alert and ready to volley the shuttlecock wherever in the court it may be placed, and so fast is the stroke and so rapid the return with really brilliant players that the onlooker is often almost unable to follow the course of the shuttlecock, so quickly does it fly from bat to bat. As far as the play is concerned, the principal points to be studied are good service, diversity of stroke, and the art of placing.

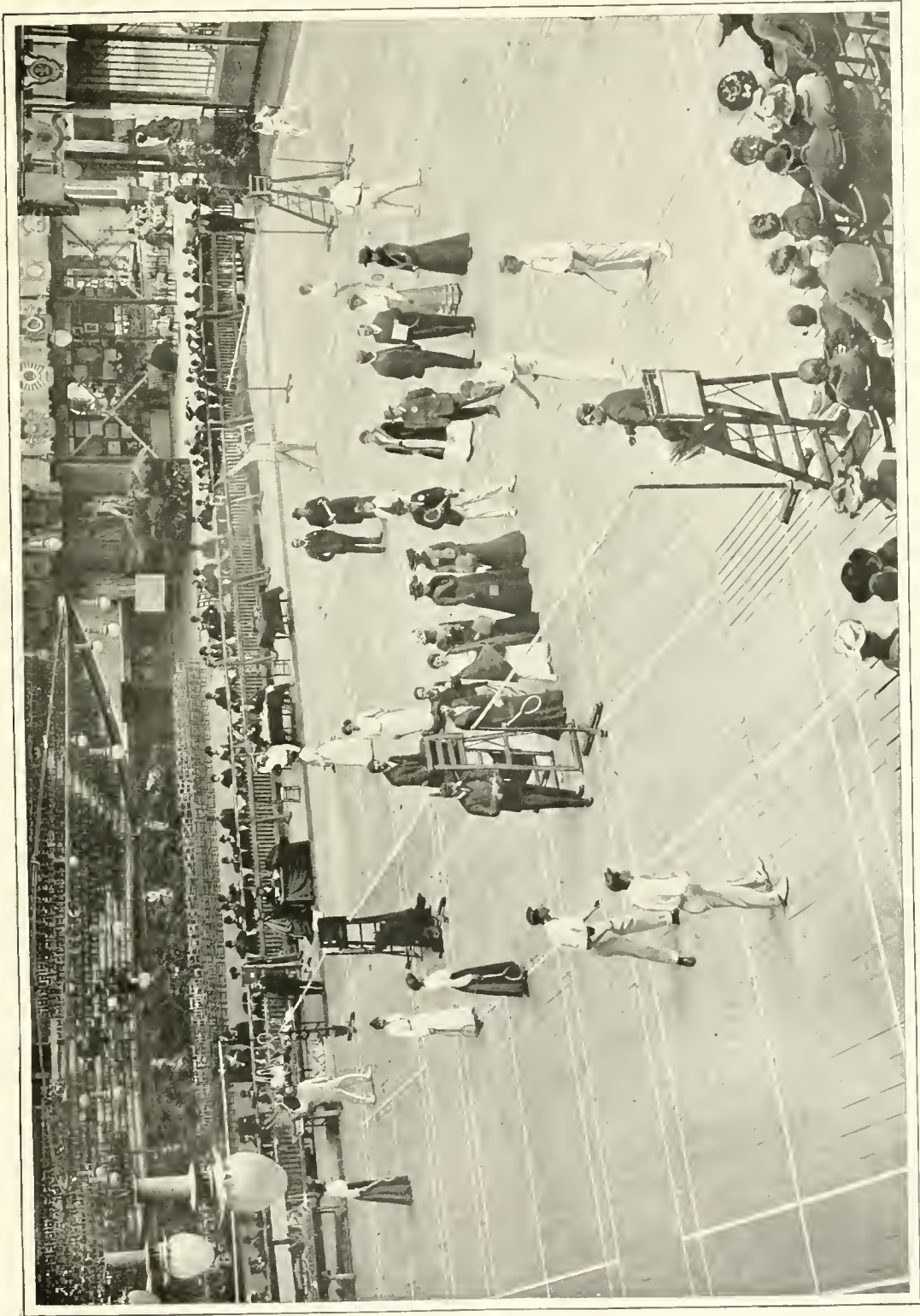
A keen player cannot pay too much attention to good service. A high "lob" on to the service line is the safest service stroke—*i.e.* a high hit to the back of the court. This puts your opponent at once on the defensive. Should he, however, stand back prepared for this, an occasional short serve, just clearing the net, will often make the point without further trouble. As far as the position of the server is concerned, all parts of his own court behind the front service line are permissible. A favourite shot with many players, however, is immediately behind the front service line, where, naturally, the greatest power is obtained for a good long service stroke.

One of the chief aims of the player should be to keep his opponent as far from the net as possible. There are many people who think their object is attained when they have returned a stroke. They do not realise the great importance of preventing the attack falling into their opponent's hands. It is very amusing to the spectator on these occasions to see a player flatter herself that she has done her share, then smile compassionately on her partner who fails to pick up the deadly return which is the general result of such a stroke.

This fault is most common among ladies, and lack of strength, perhaps, may be the cause.

Having accomplished a steady "lob," the next object is to kill the return. This is most effectively done by an overhand smash. There is great art in placing these slams in the weakest spot of your opponent's court. The left-hand side is a favourite place for these special strokes, because, even should the shuttlecock be returned, it is difficult for the defendant to take the command from your hands with a back-hand stroke.

A great deal, naturally, depends in the matter of returns upon your opponent's position. Should he have been previously drawn close up to the net, the best way would be to make a target of him and smash the shuttlecock into him before he has time to place himself on the defensive. In a smashing stroke much is often gained by a smart cut *across* the court, and a good player should be able to do



A BADMINTON TOURNAMENT AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(Photo: Russell & Sons, Crystal Palace, S.E.)



this back-handed or fore-handed, as the occasion demands.

Winning shots, it is true, are often made by dropping the shuttlecock just over the net. These strokes, however, must be rightly timed, only when your opponent is too far from the net to take them overhand, otherwise you will probably receive an uncomplimentary slam in return.

Cross-drops from the back of the court, just over the net, ought to be cultivated. They require much practice and very accurate judgment.

seldom expending strength on a slam when a stroke can be won by a turn of the wrist instead.

In so fast a game there is little time to think of anything beyond the ever-changing emergencies that present themselves. It is therefore a game into which little extraneous to the actual play enters. Even temper runs less chance of being ruffled than in games like croquet, or even tennis, where the attention is not always kept up at such high pressure. Of course, even in Badminton temper may occasionally find place. A lady has



A LADIES' MATCH: EALING v. SURBITON.

(Photo: Cassell & Co., Ltd.)

They are very showy strokes, and stand out as quite the prettiest in the game. Such strokes must be done from the wrist alone. They are a mere matter of adroitness. A simple turn of the hand is all that should be necessary to send the shuttlecock to either corner of the net.

As a game Badminton exacts much strength and power of endurance. The single game is exhausting to the strongest player. Even good men players not infrequently are bound to scratch in a match, lacking lasting power for all three games. It goes without saying that experienced players never trespass greatly on their strength too early in the game. They naturally also pay much more heed to placing than to hard hitting when it is a case of having to last out a series of matches,

been seen in a public tournament so irritated at her partner's play as to request him to remove himself altogether from the court and leave the play to her. He drew aside, but—the game was lost!

A gentleman also has been known to rail so enthusiastically at his partner for missing an impossible slam that he quite forgot to defend himself from a sharp knock of the shuttlecock on his nose, which thus brought him practical proof that all shots are not takable.

Good style in Badminton is principally the clever handling of the bat and ready, graceful movement. All attitudes should be carefully guarded against, as they are liable to provoke a smile from the lookers-on. Such things as a football kick,



a humble drop upon the knees to give your partner a chance, or the pounding of your partner's head, are not necessary items in the programme.

Badminton may be said yearly to have increased its reputation. Over lawn-tennis it has certainly undeniable advantages. It is an all-the-year-round

"degenerate tennis," suitable more for a pastime than a sport. Lawn-tennis players should remember with respect that their more notable game had its origin in Badminton.

Among the ranks of Badminton players many well-known lawn-tennis players may now be found.



A REGULATION BAT.

game. In it men and women seem to be more equally matched than in the more widely-known game.

It is a game that calls for less expense than lawn-tennis, in the matter of both courts and implements. No specially kept lawns or costly cement courts are needed for it. In summer a gravel sweep, or a small grass plot, and in winter a moderate sized public hall suffice; whilst, as regards the implements, the best bats and shuttlecocks cost but half as much as tennis balls and racquets.

It was at one time the fashion to disparage Badminton. Some have thought it was a sort of

Each game has its own individual merits. Lawn-tennis may well deserve the place it has attained, but Badminton has, perhaps, in it the qualities which would give pleasure to the greater number, and none, there is little doubt, who take the trouble to be present at one of the open tournaments would deny that a few games of Badminton would afford them as much exercise as they could desire.

Should any wish to make closer acquaintance with the game, they may obtain the laws and rules of the Badminton Association, revised to date, from T. H. Prosser and Sons, Pentonville Road, London.



SHUTTLECOCKS OF SORTS.

## SOME CONTINENTAL SHOOTING DOGS.

BY PAUL CAILLARD.



"PODENCO" (SPANISH).

IN offering some remarks on the most important of the Continental gunners' dogs, I must be allowed at the outset to reiterate an opinion already published on more than one occasion, that English shooting dogs are far superior to those of Continental breed. For the last forty years, at field trials in France, Belgium, Germany, and England itself, I have had continual evidence of their excellence. Our French pointers and setters, though originally derived from the best English stock and bred by British methods, are, however well adapted to our country, inferior in pace, in endurance, and in scent to the pure British animals. The superiority of these animals was proved by my English prize bitch "Fly-des-Bordes," who gained the first prize for pointers at Shrewsbury, and, at the same trials, beat the best of the setters, just as "Rose-des-Bordes" carried everything before her in the other countries afore-mentioned.

While, then, any comparison between British and Continental shooting dogs is, to my way of thinking, out of the question, it seems only fair as well as interesting to remind the reader that several English breeds had their origin in Continental countries. France, for instance, contributed

the original stock of the well-known Clumber Spaniels, a gift, during the reign of Louis XIV., from the Duc de Noailles to the Duke of Newcastle. The latter nobleman kept them at Clumber Castle, which subsequently gave its name to the breed. As another authentic instance of this indebtedness of England to Continental kennels, it may be mentioned that the English pointer is thought to be descended from a Spanish ancestor, while Spain seems undoubtedly to have produced the original of the modern mastiff, since Spanish "Alanos" were, according to contemporary chroniclers, introduced into England during the time of Queen Elizabeth.

The French "dogue de Bordeaux" bears, by the way, a close resemblance to this Spanish "alano," though the latter is lighter in build and has less of the old brach about it. It is also noticeable that the hounds depicted in the old Flemish tapestries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as hunting the stag and boar are undoubtedly "alanos," and the same dog was later employed in the national bullfights of Spain, though its use for that purpose was subsequently prohibited. Alanos of pure breed are still to be found in Andalusia and Estremadura, and are there used both as watch-dogs and for shooting over.

The "Podenco" is quite a different type of Spanish dog. Its use is at the present time



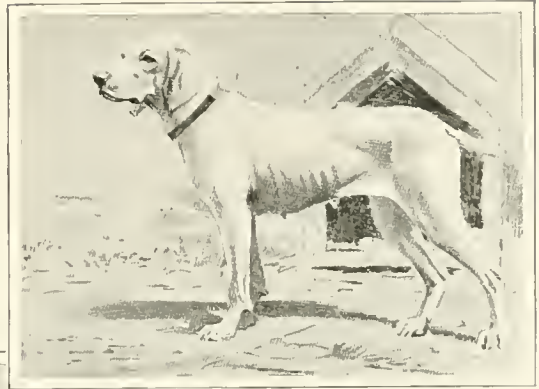
"GRAND BRAQUE" (BRACH-HOUND). (FRENCH.)

practically confined to the districts of La Mancha, Andalusia, and Estremadura. This dog, the "Charniquet," is recognised by its long, pointed muzzle, keen eyes, and erect ears. Its resemblance to a jackal is particularly noticeable when it is small and of reddish colour. In build it is heavier or lighter according to the particular race, and its height is that of an average pointer. The hair of its coat may be either long or short, and the prevailing colour is found to be dirty-white or tawny-red. In spite of its great reputation for scent, the podenco is very inferior in this respect to pointers and setters. Yet in its own country it is an all-round useful dog, being employed for a variety of purposes, hunting stag and bear, retrieving hares and partridges, and coursing. It is keenest after rabbits, in the pursuit of which it has, perhaps, no equal. The podenco is not, however, always a desirable ally, for, though keen in the open, it is not only vicious in the house, but also a terrible destroyer of game, so much so that it is absolutely excluded from preserved land. Excellent, then, as it is for shooting, it is a confirmed poacher and extremely surly in its behaviour.

Italy boasts several breeds of dogs for the gun, and the brachs of that country may be roughly divided into two classes—those over and those under two feet high. Both types of "bracco" have an oval head with long, straight muzzle, pendulous lips, curly ears set in the line of the eye, large and deep chest, short, broad loins, strong, straight legs with the forefeet broad and muscular, and the hind feet with one dewclaw or even with two. Those without dewclaws may be regarded as having some pointer blood in them. In colour, the "bracco" is white and orange, white and liver, iron grey, or roan.

Italian fanciers regard this as the parent stock of not only every Continental breed, but also of English pointers.

There is in Italy another very important dog, known as the "Spinone." In colour it is grey and roan, and although it is, on the whole, not unlike the "bracco," it may be recognised by its less oval head, as well as by the shorter and less supple ear. The coat is all wire-haired, excepting the legs,



"BRAQUE LÉGER"  
FRENCH.



"BRAQUE LÉGER" (FRENCH).

where the hair is quite short, though also rough. It is also shorter and smoother on the head and muzzle. The eyelashes are long and straight, and the lip has bristling moustaches. As in the case of the bracco, the dewclaw on the hind foot is a sign of purity. The "spinone" is con-

sidered an ancient form of dog, and we know at any rate that some of the breed were brought into France as far back as the reign of Henri IV.

There is in Italy an interesting breed of white "spinone," no record of which occurs earlier than the year 1870; and this white race—which comes from the neighbourhood of Alba, in Piedmont—is said to have sprung from a cross with the well-known Russian griffons, introduced by an officer named Ruggieri at the time of the wars of the First Empire. The true Italian "spinone" is



"SPINONE" (ITALIAN).





"SPINONE" (ITALIAN)

the roan breed, and the white race was at first described under the name of "Spinone Ruggieri" or "Spinone d'Alba." It is considered difficult to procure, but I cannot regard this as matter for regret, judging at any rate by the performances of some that I purchased in Italy. As elsewhere on the Continent, these indigenous Italian breeds are, so far as shooting goes, everywhere making room for English setters, pointers, and spaniels.

I come, last of all, to the shooting dogs of my own country. Their origin is lost in the obscure mists of the remote past. According to Pliny, the inhabitants of Gaul kept their packs of hounds, but the pointer came in vogue only with falconry, and nobody has been able satisfactorily to establish the period at which that sport was introduced into France. That the spaniel was, however, known in France in the seventh century the capitulary laws of King Dagobert plainly show. The pointer may, therefore, be regarded as a product of the Middle Ages. It must have proved an invaluable ally to the trained falcon, since not only is that bird unable to strike down so swift a bird as the partridge unless the latter is flushed close to it, but in those times cultivated lands were so few and far between that the birds must have been difficult to find at all. We can, therefore, without difficulty appreciate an extract from a surviving letter written by François de Guise to the Constable de Montmorency:—"I send you a young *braque* to help your falcon find the partridges."

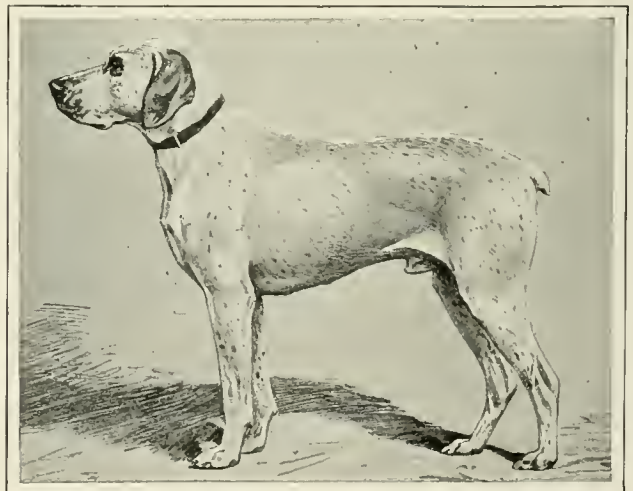
It is difficult to imagine how men taught the art of pointing to dogs, with

which it could not have been a natural acquisition, all the animal's instincts prompting it to run in and seize the bird. A very old work on the training of dogs for sports which dates over a century and a half back, puts the matter thus quaintly: "The education of the pointer is comprised in seeking, in obeying, in pointing. First teach him to know the game; then, when he knows it, make him find it; when he knows how to find it, he must be



OLD FRENCH "BRAQUE."

forbidden to follow it. When he has reached this stage of obedience, he can be taught to point, and then his education is complete, for he knows the language of the chase. Such an animal will show an amazing docility, sagacity, affection, and other valuable qualities." We are also told that in order to prevent the dog from running in on the game



SHORT-TAILED "BRAQUE DE BOURBONNAIS" (FRENCH).

it was made to crouch down; hence the name setter, or sitter.

The principal French shooting dogs are the old *braque*, the short-tailed *braque de Bourbonnais*, the Pont-Anderner spaniel, the French spaniel, and the Barbet spaniel, the last-named being the best of all for the marshes.

The old French *braque* is generally white, with large blotches of chestnut. It is a heavy, thickset animal, with short neck, broad, square muzzle, pen-



BARBET (WATER SPANIEL).

and their scent is by no means so good as that of the pointer. In character they are very docile; and, in fact, they are more active perhaps than they look, working with their nose in the air like a pointer. The pointer is, in fact, sprung from the *braque*, though successive crosses have endowed it with greater speed.

The *braque de Bourbonnais* is a distinct and well-marked variety, and may be recognised by its naturally short tail, as well as by the shape of its head and its characteristic colour. The Bourbonnais

country also produces a kind of spaniel with a naturally short tail, far quicker and better for shooting purposes than the old French *braque*. In colour it may be black and white, white and roan, or white and orange.

The Pont-Anderner spaniel is a most original-looking animal, and it differs entirely from the French spaniel in both colour and shape. The

head, in particular, is quite distinct. It is extremely long and tapers to a pointed muzzle. The hair is short to the forehead, but the skull is surmounted by an immense tuft, which falls in a point over the eyes and almost overlaps the ears, themselves covered with long, fine hair. This gives the animal the singular appearance of wearing a wig, and it bears, in fact, a strong resemblance to the old English water-spaniel, a characteristic breed which must, in fact, have originated on one side or other of the Channel. It is useful in shooting duck or other waterfowl in the marshes.

The French spaniel proper is a fine-sized animal, one of the best



PONT-ANDERNER SPANIEL.

dulous lips, and long thin ears. It has, further, a conspicuous fetlock, straight shoulder, short loin, and short paws with thick, well-divided claws. It has much in common with the brachs of Italy and Germany, of which it would seem, indeed, to be the parent stock. All these *braques* are alike in the field; they are slow in their movements, they range only over a limited ground,



FRENCH SPANIEL.

and keenest dogs left in France. Like the old *braque*, this animal has a long history, being perhaps the oldest breed in Europe and the ancestor of the English setter, which, however much later crossing may have altered its appearance, was at one time exactly like our French spaniel.

The Barbet is another very old breed of spaniel, and is *par excellence* the dog for waterfowl. It alone is quite at home on the marshes, and in even the most severe cold it will swim amid the broken

ice. For the wildfowler in France it is the most valuable companion, and no other among our dogs could bear the same hardships with such indifference. A finished swimmer, it retrieves dead or crippled game to perfection, and in intelligence it is not the inferior of even the poodle.

Such, then, are the principal breeds of shooting dogs in three Continental countries; and it may indeed be said with some certainty that practically all the rest owe their origin to one or other of those here described.



ALANO, FROM THE AZORES.





THE HOUND TRAIL: THE START.

(Photo: C G Mason, Ambleside.)

## FELL-HEAD SPORTS.

By WILLIAM T. PALMER

THE guide race, or more correctly, since the guides as a class have vanished, the fell-race, is an adaptation of cross-country running to the boulder-strewn bluffs of the Lake District of Westmorland, Cumberland, and Furness. Fell-races are picturesque as well as really meritorious contests, and may be witnessed in varying degrees of excellence at many galas held in mountain villages, though the most widely known race is at Grasmere Sports, where the championship is settled. The Pavement End ground presents a lively appearance on the "Spooarts" day, when people flock to it from every part of the dales country. In front rises far-famed Silver Howe, fifteen hundred feet of boulder, scree, heather, bracken, crag, and ghyll. The course is to a cairn marked with a flag and back again, a distance of some two and a half miles, but presenting, owing to severe slope and rough ground, as hard a task as six miles on the flat. The number of competitors in the race varies from eight to sixteen, each a famous runner with troops of excited supporters. The men line up on

the wrestling ring, after crossing which and the wall they enter a long, wide field; beyond this they encounter the first real obstacle, a sunk beck with a wall on the far side, where the ground is much higher. Above the wall is the lower intake at a fair slope, followed by a second, where the angle of ascent is much more severe. Dodging among the outcropping rocks, they reach the boundary wall, and beyond this lies the open fell. At first a shambling half-run is possible over a steep bracken-grown slope, but the soil beneath the wavy green mask is very loose, and the stems frequently cut like a knife. The course has been gradually nearing a pile of crags, which promise some rough and exciting work, but at the very foot of this a steep and very crumbly scree is turned into. To the novice this climb to the right presents great difficulty, as the grit slides away whenever the foot is placed upon it. At the head is a grass platform, from which rises the pile of irregular rocks, the turning point of the race. Once round this, the race gains interest to the spectators, though the competitors are now aware

who must win the race and places. From the sports ground the descent seems wonderful. The men gather speed in a mighty rush to a dangerous extent, but only when a spectator climbs far up into the region of furze and scree can the true speed and dexterity be gauged.

Although Grasmere is the greatest of fell races,

almost perpendicular cliff, great care is necessary to prevent accidents.

The guide race brings and has brought out the best runners within the three counties, but the greatest athlete of the past was, without doubt, John Greenop. He won the premier race of Grasmere six times in succession, and for long did not meet



POLE-JUMPING.

(Photo: C. G. Mason, Ambleside.)

some of the other tracks have peculiar difficulties. The Nether Wastdale race, for instance, is from the centre of that village to a summit of the Wastwater Scree, and involves twice crossing the Irt, a strong stream flowing out of Wastwater. At the Eskdale Sports, where the race is to the summit of Hare Crag, the distance is very risky, as it can only be done quickly by dropping from ledge to ledge of the rock front. As these falls are from six to twelve feet, and the whole is down an

defeat in any evenly-matched race. His career came to an end in 1881, when he met with an accident. The next fell-runner of note was Conchie, of Shap, who won four races in succession and five in all, reducing the record from 15 min. 2 secs. (where Greenop left it) to 14 min. 26 secs. in 1896. Tom Taylor, of Skelwith, twice winner, reduced these figures by  $1\frac{1}{2}$  sec. in 1899, but his running career was cut short by active service in South Africa. The present champion is J. Murray,



of Falstone, who has won on the last two occasions. He, however, has not so far approached record form.

In the programme of fell-head sports the "hound trail" holds a prominent place. The sport is very popular among the dalesmen, carrying some of the excitement of fox-hunting into the summer months. Many of our readers will know the Cambridge University Drag, in which undergraduates are invited to break their necks; and this, with a difference, is on similar lines. The difference is that while at Cambridge the aniseed is so laid that horses may follow and keep fairly close to the hounds; a fell-head trail would be impossible to ride over at speed. The test is for the hounds to run unattended along a severe line of fell, wood, and moor in as little time as possible. It is interesting to every lover of dogs to see the hounds brought out to compete; big, powerful animals they are—not beauties of the rounded type, but trained for speed and endurance and hard going. A first-rate trail hound has, I believe, been timed to do a mile under three minutes, and the average time taken at Grasmere Sports for a course some seven miles in length and exceptionally rough is thirty-three minutes. Anyone reading these figures will be quite prepared to hear that the dogs are very carefully trained for their task, and a good many men make excellent livings by taking charge of and breeding fast-running hounds. Speed is recognised, but not pandered to; for such a rugged and lengthy course the hound has to be stout. Each trainer keeps his particular method of preparation a secret, and it would be unfair if the writer were to indicate the different systems he has seen in operation. Much walking exercise is a feature, and the trainer with one or two hounds in leash is a common figure in Lakeland's byeways. Many practice "trails" are also run over the rough commons as the day of contest draws near, and results are carefully tabulated to find whether satisfactory progress is being made. I once asked old Tommie Dobson, huntsman of the Eskdale Harriers, and in his day a famous breeder and trainer of trail hounds, whether in his opinion the training of hounds to follow such a trail was likely to spoil them for hunting the fox. "No," was his reply, "if a trail hound has the instinct for game in him—and most of them have—he will be at home in any pack in half an hour, and run up to the brush with the best of 'em."

The next native sport to be dealt with is Pole-leaping. In a few of the fellsides it still survives from old association, though now only two or three mediocre competitors present themselves where once a dozen were eager to try. Away from Westmorland there are but few devotees of the art. The pole-leap may be divided into three distinct motions—the rise, the crossing of the bar,



THE HOUND TRAILS.  
(Photo: C. G. Wilson, Ambleside.)



and the drop. The first is easily described. With ever-gathering speed the jumper approaches the mark where he has to plant his pole. This done, he presses all his weight on it that it may not slip, and leaps into the air. When the top of his spring is reached, the leaper prepares to cross the bar, which is, maybe, about level with his chin. A good man will raise the whole of his body by swarming up hand over hand in marvellous fashion, after which he draws his legs up as far as possible. The pole for a second has been perpendicular; now it inclines towards the bar. The jumper, however, throws himself away from it as far as possible, the same "pick" sufficing to send the pole tottering over towards the starting point and leaving the bar intact. Of course, the athlete has to be careful in his descent. He may be falling a distance of between ten and eleven feet, and the impact is consequently heavy. Novices find great difficulty in (first) estimating the distance to the bar, and (second) timing the various motions. To become a successful pole-leaper much skill—which means much practice—is required, as well as exceptional muscular power. The record flight at present is R. D. Dickinson's 11 feet 10 inches at Grasmere Sports a few years ago, but the present exponents cannot come near that.

As might be expected, the dalesmen take great interest in their native Sheep-dog Trials. Every true shepherd is proud of his dog—collie, or bob-tail, or crossbred, whatever it be—and eager to pit it on fair terms against the property of his co-workers on the mountain braes wherever possible. And the sheep-dog trials instituted in many valleys provide that which will most shrewdly test the intelligence of the dog and the command and tactics of its master. An almost circular course is marked out by occasional single and double flags; at the base is erected a small pen of three hurdles with a swinging wicket, while at the distance a pair of hurdles are stuck up with a gap of a hurdle's length between them. Three sheep are released near the lower end of the semicircle of flags. The shepherd and his dog are posted near the pen at the base, some hundred yards away. The test is for the shepherd and his dog to drive the trio of sheep round the semicircle, keeping the flock on the outside of the single flags and passing between the doubles. Sheep are not usually inclined, when in such small companies, to be easily marshalled. The members of the little flock often separate or, at the approach of the dog, dash at top speed in a different direction from that desired. At the "distance," where the tiny flock has to be put through the hurdles, there is usually some extra difficulty, as the animals prefer to bolt above or below the two suspicious obstacles. From this point down to the pen at the base is another

succession of passing single and double flags. To get three active, usually rebellious fell sheep finally to pass within an area six to eight feet square requires diplomacy. Unless the shepherd and his dog work completely in accord, the task cannot be accomplished at all. At a critical moment, when by the most delicate manœuvring the sheep are brought opposite the pen, the slightest movement of arm or leg by the man or inopportune rustle of grass by the dog attempting to move into a new position, will mar the whole, and the sheep will rush past the point aimed at. But after much hesitation the sheep may allow themselves to be lured very near the mouth of the pen; a silent movement of the dog they regard with such alarm that it makes them shrink further and further backward till they are within the wing-hurdles. The shepherd, almost unregarded by his timorous flock, glides near, and at the right moment surprises the trio by slamming the wicket on them. Penned! All through the test the shepherd has been posted near the goal; he is allowed to give his dog no aid save by motions or whistling. The difficulty of communicating will be clearly understood if I say that the duration of a test is usually from eight to ten minutes, and that in order to get round the course in such short time the dog has to keep his sheep at a brisk trot throughout. As I estimate it, the round will thus approach a mile. The reader can, if not familiar with the sport, easily fix on a plot of ground of his own acquaintance about the same area, and thereby gain an interesting insight into the pitch to which the fell shepherds have trained their dogs so that they can co-operate in the most subtle tactics at such distances.

This brief survey comes at last to Mountain Fox-hunting. The land of the fells and lakes is hunted over by five famous packs—the Coniston, the Ullswater, the Blencathara, the West Cumberland, and the Eskdale. Foxes are plentiful, but to get to their haunts on good terms is often the work of several hours. The sport is rendered difficult by the nature of the ground; all must go afoot, for horses cannot negotiate the rugged fells at speed. Bold cliffs with scant handhold, slippery, steep scree, ghylls carved out of solid rock, acres of boulders where progress is made only by dexterously leaping from pinnacle to pinnacle—these are the obstacles to mountain fox-hunting. At other places the scent may lie across wide rolling moors covered with bent grass, and here the pack races along at a terrible speed. A horse would certainly be outpaced; a man can only hope to keep track by carefully watching for scurrying sheep or a twinkling line of dots, maybe a couple of miles ahead. Did the fox go straight, these tremendous bursts would find the pack coming up to him many miles in front of the sweating, struggling field; but Reynard, finding that hounds are overhauling him



THE GUIDE RACE  
(Photo: C. G. Mason Ambleside.)



at his best pace very rapidly on the comparatively smooth backs of the fells, heads carefully uphill, crosses the ridge, and by descending the rocky front usually gains some respite. For Reynard can climb and descend and run over rocks where the pack scarce dare venture, and it is no unusual thing for the hunters to be thrown out by the pack scaling or otherwise negotiating faces of rocks where men cannot find foot or handhold. This is not the only characteristic trick of the tough mountain fox—the greyhound fox has but lately disappeared from here—and I quote the following graphic statement on the subject by the Rev. E. M. Reynolds, master of the Coniston Foxhounds :—

“Were killing as common on the fells as in the shires, not a fox would be left at the end of a season. Here it takes half a day’s good hunting to find. The fox is strong, he is a master of working the wall-tops, he has plenty of runnels to wash in (which often saves his brush), and

plenty of sheep to obscure the line, and of cur dogs to get before the hounds. In bad winters he is for weeks together saved from all pursuit by thick mists, by the violent winds of the fells, or by deep snow and continued frost rendering the steeper snow dangerous alike to hunters and to hounds.”

And the hounds? If the fox is stout, they are much stouter and very patient. A pack of mountain foxhounds has been known to follow a drag for ten miles, and then to unkennel and have a hard run. Indeed, the art of fell fox-hunting lies in the aptitude of pack and huntsman to do this.

The dalesmen follow the fox-hunt with great keenness. The fox is the arch enemy of flock and poultry roost, and his blood is savagely desired. I cannot speak of the huntsmen and masters here, for a book of the most interesting lore could be written concerning their adventures and their good qualities.



A SHEEP-DOG TRIAL



## BEAR HUNTING IN NORWAY.

BY CAPTAIN GERARD FERRAND.

**B**EARS are becoming scarcer every year in the forests of Scandinavia, which is probably the reason so few English sportsmen take part in even a casual hunt after these animals. In Norway, especially during the last forty-five years, their numbers have been much reduced, as the following statistics, taken from the "Norsk-Jægarog-Fisker-Forening's" publications, will show. Thus, from January 1856 to the end of 1860, 1,112 bears, for which premiums were paid, were killed in the whole country; from January, 1861, to the end of 1865, 978; from 1866 to the end of 1870, 738; from 1871 to the end of 1875, 731; from 1876 to 1880, 620; from 1881 to 1885, 501; from 1886 to 1890, 495; from 1891 to the end of 1895, 410; and from the beginning of 1896 to the end of 1900, 313. From this list it will be seen that the monarch of the Scandinavian forests, so far as Norway is concerned, is being slowly wiped out of existence. This gradual extinction of a picturesque and interesting pre-historic animal, a contemporary of the mammoth, cave bear and Irish elk, is a very regrettable circumstance from a sportsman's point of view, as bear hunting, though so often apt to prove a one-sided and disappointing amusement, is yet full of pleasing and exciting surprises, and, with the uncertain element of danger which is always more or less present, affords to the solitary hunter a distinctly fascinating sport. Whether the sportsman is the hunter, or whether the bear himself reverses the situation, as he sometimes has a nasty habit of doing, is quite immaterial, for in either case all the healthy and exciting emotions brought into action by the chase are capable of being enjoyed for a considerable period. Personally, however, I vastly prefer the position of hunter to that of the hunted, having more than once experienced those strange and weird sensations peculiar to the latter mode of sport.

The Norwegian bear is identical with that found in northern and central Russia, Poland, and the Duchy of Finland, and in the wild forest districts of Jemtland, Dalecarlia, and Vermeland in Sweden, and over Swedish Lapland generally. In Norway it is still to be found as far south as Sætersdal, Drangedal, Telemarken, etc.; and, going further north, in Bratsberg, Romsdal, Nedenæs, and Hedemarkens Amts; also in North and South Trondhjems Amts, Nordland, and Finmarken. North Trondhjems and Nordland Amts usually headed the list of bears killed, for in the five years

ending in 1895, for instance, there were seventy killed in North Trondhjems Amt, and over 100 in Nordland alone; but at the close of 1900 these numbers were considerably lower, totalling about 110 for the two Amts. There is only one species



A FAVOURITE BEAR-HOUND.

of bear to be found in Norway, though many hunters will tell you there are two; he is zoologically known as "the brown bear" (*Ursus arctos*). The skins vary as much in colour as the animals do in size and appearance; the finest are those which are black-brown with silver-tipped hairs, and usually belong to the largest specimens; there are many with light brown, greyish brown, and dark brown skins, and even some of a quite light yellow, but these are merely varieties of the same species.

The biggest bear shot by the writer weighed nearly 800 lbs., as it was early in November and he was very fat. The skin measured 7 feet 11 inches from nose to tail by 4 feet 8 inches across the centre of the back when laid out without stretching; but they have been known to run up to over 900 lbs. in weight, and the skin of a large black-brown bear which the

writer wounded late in the year and unluckily lost was measured after its owner was killed in the "Hie" by some peasants in the following January, and the dimensions were 9 feet 3 inches from nose to tail and 6 feet wide across centre of back. The males are considerably larger than the females when full-grown, and vary also in respect of colour. They retire into winter quarters about the middle or end of October, according to latitude and season, and at this period they usually fall into a lethargic state and cease taking food after they have put on their winter fat. The young, of which there are generally two, are usually born at the expiration of the winter sleep, say end of March or April, but this may vary in different seasons and localities, the period of gestation being about seven months. They are born blind and almost naked, but in six weeks or so the fur rapidly develops, so that by the middle of May they are ready to accompany the mother on predatory excursions after food. The winter lair is often formed amongst decayed fallen timber of large size, on a dry hill-side or in a deep wooded dell where no water is likely to drip into it. Bruin



A TROPHY.

(Photo: Murduck, Exmouth.)

takes some days in choosing a place or digging out a hole which will answer all his requirements; if he be disturbed or scent human tracks near his "Hie," he will abandon it forthwith and commence a fresh one in some other locality. When he has

made it large enough to his satisfaction, he will line it with spruce or pine twigs, heather, moss, ferns, coarse grass, and whortleberry plants, carrying huge bundles of it in his mouth, and arranging the bed with his paws. He will keep about the neighbourhood, if undisturbed, as long as there is any food to be found, and until the snows commence. When the forests are well covered with two feet of snow, he will retire for the winter, and the entrance will in time be quite hidden, with perhaps only a small breathing hole left the size of one's hand. When he is in this situation he is easily disposed of by axe or rifle.

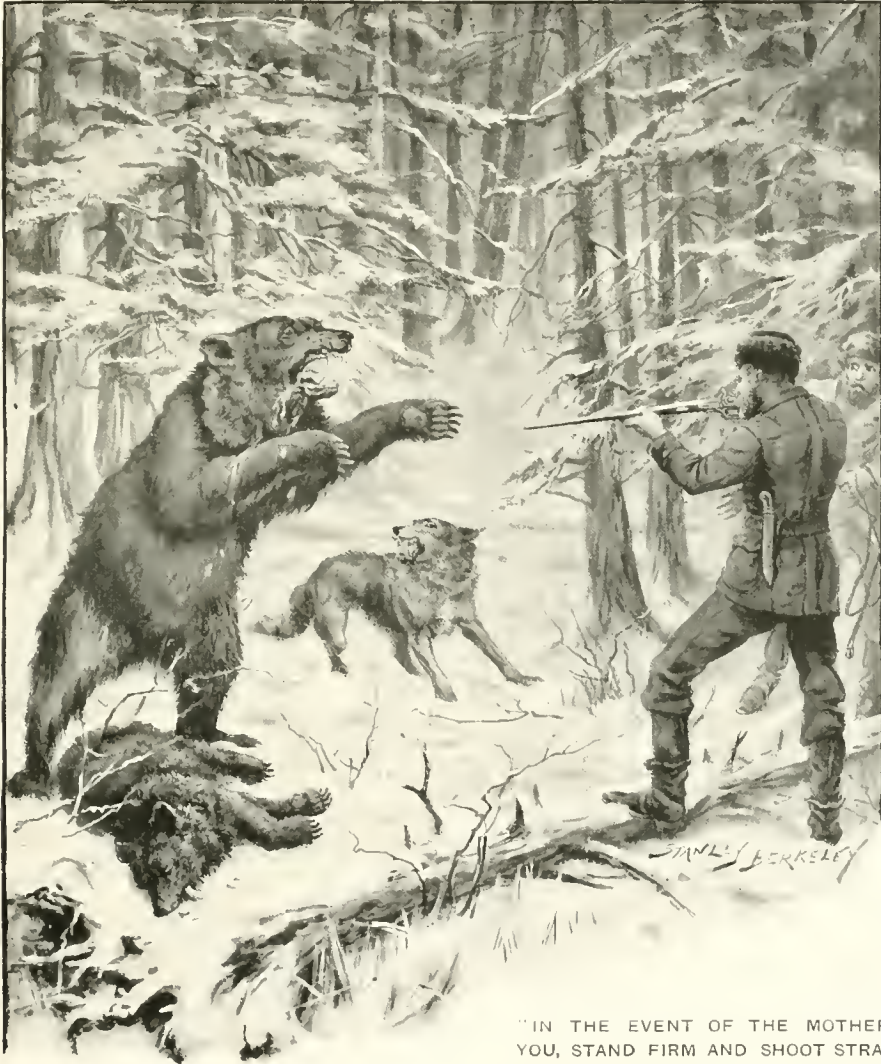
There are many modes of slaying the bear, but to my mind far and away the most sporting one—previous to bringing him to bag—is the actual hunting and continued following of the animal amongst grand mountain and forest surroundings, in more or less favourable weather, during the latter part of the summer and in the autumn. The mere circumstance of routing a chance bear out of his winter den in the company of a well-armed party, and slaying him when half awake, with only his head out of the hole, cannot, strictly speaking, be characterised as bear hunting. Neither can the casual participation in a "Klapp-Jagt," where the animal may be driven up to your post by a horde of beaters and a scratch pack of yelping cattle dogs, be termed bear hunting; nor the laying-up by a "kill" and potting your quarry from behind an ambush when he unsuspectingly returns to feed on the carcass. All these are perfectly legitimate modes of bear slaying, but they can hardly be dignified with the title of bear hunting. This sport, to be properly and comfortably enjoyed, should be followed with only one companion, a hardy, active, and experienced peasant hunter, who is thoroughly acquainted with the habits and feeding places of bears, and in no way fears them. It is a *sine qua non* that you provide yourself with at least a couple of well-trained and reliable bear-hounds, which are worked in a leash, and which you should hunt yourself as much as possible, using them on alternate days. From 100 to 500 kroner are given for well-trained hounds of this kind. They should be fitted with a light, though strong, leather harness round the chest and shoulders, passing underneath and meeting over the back, where a

brass ring should be fixed to the strap and buckle over the centre of the back, and to this a strong narrow leading-strap three or four yards long should be attached.

They are very intelligent animals, and possess

magnificent powers of scenting, and when thoroughly trained to hunt in a leash will lead the hunter surely and silently straight up to his game. They may be bought at various places in Norway, and in Vestra Dal, Ljusadal, and Jemtland, in Sweden. It must be especially borne in mind that nowadays no foreigner is allowed to hunt for any

There is, however, an immense amount of country still left for the keen and active bear hunter, who, if he takes regularly to this sport, must make up his mind to travel about the country for the purpose of finding out the districts most frequented by bears, where he will stand some chance of killing his game. On first coming out of his winter lair



"IN THE EVENT OF THE MOTHER CHARGING YOU, STAND FIRM AND SHOOT STRAIGHT" (p. 261).

kind of game, or even for beasts of prey, in the forests of private owners or in the Government preserves (Statens-Almeninger) without permission or payment, and, according to Clause 12 of the New Game Laws, 1900, all foreigners will be charged 50 kroner annually for a shooting licence. The greater part of the best forest districts in North and South Trondhjems Amts, as also many other tracts, are now almost entirely in the hands of English and German sportsmen for elk hunting; so hunting for bear in these forests by casual strangers would not be permitted without leave.

about the end of April, Bruin is very thin and scraggy, his fur presenting a somewhat tousled appearance. His bill of fare at this time is of a very meagre description, as there is nothing for him to eat but the grubs of the wood ants (*Formica rufa*). During the time he is on this ant diet he smells so strongly of formic acid that I have often been guided by that peculiar odour when following a fresh trail and when, owing to the nature of the ground, I could not see the tracks the dog was following. He is attracted also by any putrid carcass of horse or cow which may



happen to be in his neighbourhood, and greedily devours the carrion. Later in the spring and summer those places where the Alpine sowthistle grows in masses should be looked for. This plant (*Mulgidium alpinum*), called *Tort* and *Björn-græs* by the peasants, is eagerly sought for and devoured with intense relish; it is astonishing the distance bears will travel for it and the vast amount they will eat. The stalk grows up to 5 feet in height and contains a thick, milky juice, with a pungent, bitter taste, the leaves resembling a large coarse dandelion; and if there is a bear in the country where this grows he is sure to find it out. *Angelica sylvestris*, stalks and roots, he will chew and grub up, also the cow parsnip which appears later in the summer. He delights in berries of every description, wild raspberries, red and blue whortleberries, cloudberry (*Molte-bær*), bearberries (*Björne-bær*), crowberries (*Krage-bær*), the latter of which he eats in immense quantities. It grows very thickly amongst the rocks, having somewhat the appearance of black currants. Bog whortleberries, cranberries, as well as juniper and mountain ash berries in the autumn, are included in his bill of fare. There are other unconsidered trifles also, such as wasp and wild bee grubs and combs, beetles, frogs, slugs, shellfish, and such dead fish as they may find washed up on the shores of the fjords, to say nothing of barley, oats, and rye in the peasants' forest clearings; and last, but not least, cattle, sheep, and



MY BEST HEAD.

(Photo: Murduck, Exmouth.)

goats The Norwegian bear often grows to a great size and will put on an immense amount of fat by the end of October, having managed to stow away a vast quantity of berries of all kinds in his capacious interior, as he will often gorge himself for hours at a time if not disturbed. I once watched a large bear with my field glasses for some three hours on an open hillside, where stalk-

ing him was out of the question. On that occasion I really believe the bear managed to dispose of nearly an acre of berries, ripe and unripe, of various sorts and kinds. In early autumn he is often on the feed in the mornings when drizzly rain is falling, with a cool northerly wind blowing, especially after a hot snap, as he often kills cattle



A GOOD HEAD.

(Photo: Murduck, Exmouth.)

and sheep at such times; but in a really good berry season he may be found at almost all hours of the day. If feeding slowly up wind in a strong breeze, he is not by any means a difficult animal to stalk, should there be plenty of rocks and tree stumps large enough to afford cover, as his especial gifts do not extend to unusual sharpness of sight or hearing; but once let this clumsy-looking, grotesque animal catch the faintest suspicion of a whiff from your body carried to his nostrils by an eddy gust of the fickle breeze, then keep your eyes on him and watch him! See him start up on his hind legs as if electrified into action, tossing his burly head from side to side as he sniffs the tainted air and instantly realises the situation. Take notice of his movements as with a loud "Huff, huff" he springs forward with lightning celerity and vanishes into the next parish like a meteor. Look at him scudding over the surface of that swampy bog, scattering the peaty soil and long strips of wet moss far behind him; mark how he gallops, without stopping, up yonder steep mountain side and reaches the summit in a few seconds, while it would take you a good twenty minutes to clamber wearily up the same distance. He will rush along a side wind first of all, then, for a short distance, straight up wind, after which he will suddenly and surely double back in a wide semicircle and travel a long distance down wind to get round you and make sure whether you are following him or not. Should he once realise that you are hunting him, he will

keep a few hundred paces to leeward of you in the most aggravating manner the whole livelong day unless the wind falls or changes and you can manage to make a wide cast round to head him. This manœuvre may answer with a young bear if he has taken alarm from a suspicious sound only, but if he be an old stager and has caught a whiff from you, then you may try all you know, but you will never get within rifle shot of him again the same day. In hot weather bears are most difficult to find, as they will lie for many days at a time in cool, swampy dells in the deepest recesses of the forest, where they often make large round holes, in which they will wallow like hogs. They will also retire to a nice secluded snow-patch some 2,000 feet above timber-line, and having dug out a cool, deep bed in the snow, will remain many days safe from "kleggs," gadflies, and mosquitoes. The brown bear rarely climbs trees, but is an expert swimmer, and can clamber up rocky precipices where no dog can follow. When the first snow falls in October, look out for tracks, and should the "Hie" be located, approach it with the greatest caution, and always up wind. When stalking a bear on the feed, keep well above him and aim behind the right or left shoulder as the case may be. Should he take alarm and bolt straight from you, if within a reasonable distance, shoot at his rump or tail; load quickly, and, if inclined to charge, let him come up and shoot into his chest. If he be undisturbed and right under-

neath you when stalking, aim between his shoulders or loins, or at the centre of his back. As a rule, avoid shooting at a bear on a steep slope just above you. Should you come suddenly on a she-bear with cubs, mind and kill the old one first; if the cubs escape, fix up the carcass and lie in wait near it. In the event of shooting a cub first, and the mother charging you with a savage, rasping "Huff, huff," stand firm and shoot straight. Never approach a dying bear, or even an apparently dead one, with unloaded rifle, but proceed very cautiously and be ready to fire. If you want the skull for a trophy, do not smash it with your finishing shot, as one in the neck behind the head is quite as effective. Bears will go on growing until fifteen or twenty years of age, putting on more flesh and muscle every year; but thirty-five years would perhaps be about the limit of a bear's life in a wild state, supposing he escaped rifle shots, traps, and poison.

*Weapons.*—The .303 magazine rifle and the Winchester 45'90 being now so much in vogue, it seems quite antiquated to suggest a .500 or .450 double express, but these latter are good, useful weapons, especially with a half-expanding bullet with a thick and solid base, having a small shallow hole at the apex, and the cartridge loaded with smokeless powder, cordite, Schultz, or E.C. Such weapons I have proved to be not only effective at close quarters, but accurate and efficient at long ranges.



BEAR HUNTERS' CABINS.



A SHELTER-HUT OF THE OLD STYLE.

## MOUNTAINEERING.

BY A. J. BUTLER.

THE inclusion of what a generation ago would have been called rather the "pastime" of mountaineering among the recognised sports of mankind is perhaps more significant than everyone may have noticed. In their original meanings, no doubt, the terms "sport" and "pastime" are identical; yet it will hardly be denied that to the ordinary mind they convey very different ideas. Though we may not always be able to say precisely under which head a particular form of recreation ought to be classed, in some cases we shall have little doubt. Walking, for example, though an admirable exercise, and, under proper conditions, an agreeable pastime, has never been reckoned among the sports. Yet it was as a development of the walking tour that modern mountaineering undoubtedly began. Walking always has been, and fifty years ago was almost exclusively, the studious University man's recreation; and the founders of the Alpine Club were largely University men, in many cases college tutors and the like. It would hardly be an exaggeration to parody the famous, if apocryphal, remark ascribed to the Duke of Wellington, and say that the early victories over many of the great Alpine summits were won on the high roads of Cambridgeshire.

The work of these first pioneers of the new amusement was largely that of explorers. Maps were few and bad. Many peaks were known by different names in the various valleys which led to their feet, and of course presented a very different appearance according to the direction from which they were viewed; and it cost a good deal of trouble sometimes before the many were reduced to the one. The converse now and then occurred. One of the most entertaining chapters in Alpine history is that which relates how a peak which had been pointed out to many a tourist in the view from Mont Blanc and other heights, and had even found its way into Ordnance maps under the name of Mont Iséran, with an assigned height of over 13,000 feet, was shown to have no existence, or at best to represent three or four different summits bearing in its supposed direction, when looked at from different points. Remote valleys were penetrated in those days, and villagers whose ideas of the world and mankind had till then been limited by the area enclosed within the mountain ranges which formed their horizon were startled by sudden inroads of strangers speaking strange languages, who descended on them, often at what to their primitive ways must have seemed a most unseasonable hour of the night, demanding



shelter and refreshment. Even the guides who accompanied visitors would in many cases have hardly been recognisable as fellow-citizens. Fortunately, the inhabitants were usually hospitable, and ready to put their best hay and such provisions as they had at the travellers' disposal. The writer once came across a curious instance of the seclusion in which the people of these upland valleys lived. He was crossing with a friend from Evolena to Zinal, by a path now traversed often enough, but in those days so little frequented that

a year or two before it had been selected by a Swiss *mauvais sujet* as a convenient locality for highway robbery and murder. The track dipped into a little glen, near the foot of a great glacier, where stood a hut, one of the well-known Alpine dairy-farms, in which the cheeses are made throughout the summer. It was tenanted by a solitary man, who gave the travellers such refreshment as he had and entirely declined any payment. One of them thereupon took out an English halfpenny, and offered it as a keepsake, observing that it bore the portrait of the Queen of England. After proposing to pay its value in the currency of

the country, the good man proceeded to inquire if our King were not a very old man. We said that we had no King, and that the Queen's husband had died not long before, at no great age. Then an idea struck one of the party, and he uttered the name, "Palmerston?" The rustic's face lighted up at once. "Ach! ja; der Palmerston," he said, with instant recognition. For once he had found a point of contact between him and the outer world. The railway he spoke of as a marvel which he had heard of but never seen.

Besides the love of exercise and adventure,

science attracted many of the first climbers to the Alps. The first president of the Alpine Club was a distinguished botanist and geologist; Forbes and Tyndall visited the Alps with avowed scientific objects, though doubtless the fascination of climbing seized both of them before they had seen the last of the mountains. To this day "contributions to Alpine literature, science, or art" are recognised as a qualification for membership of the club.

These incentives, however, to some extent lost

their force as time went on and every valley had been thoroughly searched, every peak of any importance climbed, every possible pass over every ridge traversed. It was impossible to pretend you were exploring, when the whole chain had been surveyed and its topography duly recorded in large-scale maps. There could be little more of setting out in the morning with a delightful uncertainty as to the valley in which you were going to sleep that night. Unless you had, under the new conditions, settled, not the valley only, but the inn to which your day's walk was to bring you, and secured your quarters there



"KOMMEN SIE NURI" (See p. 265.)

(From a Drawing by H. G. Willink.)

into the bargain, there was a fair chance that you would find every bed occupied and, as is apt to happen in such cases, a chilly welcome. But this prevision in a region where the possibility of a particular expedition so often depends on the weather, and where the weather is so notoriously uncertain, was not always feasible, and a new fashion in mountaineering arose, to which the large and fairly comfortable hotels that had sprung up in most of the places whence it had been customary to start for the greater peaks and passes, materially contributed. Instead of roaming



CHAMOUNIX AIGUILLES.

*(Photo: Dr. Norman Collicie.)*

for a month or so with sack on back, along a previously planned-out line, taking his chance of what fortune might send him in the way of weather and lodging, the holiday maker took to settling down at some "centre," and "doing" such mountains as were to be reached thence, without the necessity of spending more than one night at most away from clean sheets and well-appointed dinner tables. Before long the way up every big mountain was minutely known, and the approximate time required for the expedition ascertained. Under these circumstances, ascents by the recognised routes began to lose their interest for the more adventurous, and novelty had to be sought, not in the thing to be done, but in the way of doing it. The routes followed by the first pioneers of the Alps had usually been adopted after much reconnoitring as the easiest and safest; but every mountain has several ridges and several faces, and so long as any of these remained unexplored, new "problems" awaited the climber. Minor summits, too, existed in plenty, many of them presenting far greater technical difficulties than the monarchs of the group, and demanding, if not more physical endurance, at any rate greater gymnastic powers than had generally been needed for the conquest of those. "Form" began to be talked about, and something of a technical jargon sprang up—not, perhaps, the most attractive, if an unavoidable, feature of the process by which a "pastime" develops into a "sport."

Another method by which it was sought to escape the monotony of expeditions undertaken with almost certainty of success was to dispense

with professional aid. Hitherto the guide had been looked upon as an indispensable component in every party whose operations were to be conducted above the snow-line. The guides who came to the front during the first twenty years or so of modern mountaineering were an admirable class of men. All of them were men with whom mountaineering was a diversion, almost as much as it was with their employers. By profession carpenters, shoemakers, blacksmiths, or whatever it might be, and as a rule owning a little property in land and stock, they had for the most part acquired their knowledge of the mountains on hunting expeditions. In these they had gained the steadiness of hand and eye, the sureness of foot, the resource in emergency, the eye for a country—and a country often set at a remarkably steep angle—which made them such invaluable companions. The reliance, both moral and physical, that could be placed in them was unbounded. The writer was once a member of a party consisting of three tourists and two guides of

this class. They were ascending a steepish glacier close to the rocks which bounded it. The weather was bad, and the snow was soft and not, perhaps, very safe. The leading guide suggested that one of the party should scramble on to the rocks as far as the rope allowed, and see whether they offered better going. They proved to be glazed with ice, and probably impracticable for more than a short distance, and the snow was not left. As they were going along, one of the party said to the guide: "Suppose the Herr had slipped from the rock and knocked us over?" "I was firm, and could have held you all," was the calm reply, and as the speaker was the most modest of men, it was probably true. Another time a gentleman and his guide, one of the best at that day going in the Alps, were descending a steep slope of ice, or hard snow. Above them was a party led by a less competent man. One of the tourists slipped, and in a moment the whole party were sliding rapidly down to nowhere in particular. As they shot past the pair in front, their guide was heard to exclaim, "We are all lost!" "Not yet," observed the older hand, hooking the pick of his axe through the rope which was round the body of the other. His own rope was properly taut between himself and his employer; the jerk consequently came on both at once, and the fallen party's downward career was checked. The remarkable power of balance possessed by these mountain men is shown in the illustration on p. 263, which, though drawn from description, depicts the actual incident with sufficient precision. In this case a tourist and his guide descending a



valley in the afternoon had occasion to cross the torrent flowing from a large glacier. The force of these torrents is difficult, till you have experienced it, to realise. When not more than knee-deep they will take most men off their legs. This one was perhaps four yards across—too wide, at any rate, for a standing jump, which was all that the nature of the ground permitted, to be safe. After a little search a spot was found where a rock stuck up in mid-stream. A hop on to this and a hop off effected the passage comfortably. Next morning their way lay for some distance up the same valley, and the same stream had to be recrossed. On reaching the "jumping-off" place, however, they found that the rock which had the day before been dry and warm in the afternoon sun, was covered with a solid coating of ice, making a repetition of the manoeuvre a trifle hazardous. It had to be done, however. The guide jumped, landed on the slippery surface, which, it may be said, was just large enough to hold two pairs of feet, and observed to the "Herr," in the guide's favourite phrase, "Kommen Sie nur" ("You have only got to come"). The tourist, knowing his man, just hurled himself at the stalwart figure, and was duly caught and held.

Such men were the guides from whom those who first climbed for pleasure learnt mountaineering, and of them, as of those whom they led, very few met with any serious accident. Those who have since been most successful in expeditions without guides were either trained in their school, or followed the precepts that they inculcated. Above all things, they knew when to turn back. A well-known story illustrates this quality. "It 'goes' all right, Melchior," said a too venturesome climber to the first guide of his day, whom he was trying to induce to take a risky route. "Perhaps it does," was the answer, "but I don't." Had all modern guides possessed his independent judgment, and his fearlessness in adhering to it, some valuable lives would have been saved.

Nothing has more tended in recent years to facilitate mountain-climbing than the multiplication of "shelter-huts" or "club-huts," which has

gone on all over the Alps. The early explorers had to be content with, at the best, a hay loft—and, after all, there are few places where you can sleep better than in a barn half full of new dry hay—often with a cave in the rocks, or even a bivouac in the open. Then some enterprising innkeeper from the valley erected a rough hut at a convenient spot on the mountain side, and charged pretty heavily for the accommodation supplied; or in a few cases some private benefactor did the like, and charged nothing. These early huts were, for the most part, merely one-roomed hovels,



DESCENDING THE UNTER-GABELHORN.

(Photo. Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond.)

where guides and tourists cooked, smoked, and slept in the same narrow space. No special provision was made for lady tourists, who, indeed, were not very frequent in those days. The last five-and-twenty years, however, have seen a great change. Under the auspices of the German-Austrian and Swiss Alpine Clubs, and more recently of the Italian Club, the districts with which those clubs are more closely connected, and especially the Eastern Alps, are now furnished with comfortable shelters for climbers in almost every place where there can be the least demand for such things. Many of these so-called "huts" are in reality little inns. They are well provisioned



with preserved foods of all kinds, often with wine and beer. In many cases a caretaker is in charge through the summer; where there is none, the tourist makes out his own bill according to a fixed tariff, and deposits it with the payment in a box provided for the purpose, entering his own name (with his guide's, if he has one), and the sum paid, in the visitors' book. The equipment of the huts



FULLY EQUIPPED.

(Photo: G. P. Abraham, Keswick.)

often includes ropes, axes, and other implements of mountaineering, to be used in cases of emergency, if an accident has occurred in the neighbourhood. So far there have been few, if any, instances in which the confidence thus reposed in tourists has been abused. The huts stand at altitudes

varying from 7,000 to 10,000 feet, and the labour of an ascent is, of course, enormously reduced by their means. It may, however, be doubted whether their multiplication has not done a good deal to knock off the old romance of mountaineering, and to foster the gymnastic at the expense of the adventurous element.

Mountaineering as a sport has the merit of being inexpensive, so far as the necessary outfit goes. Axe, rope, stout boots, closely nailed round the edge of the sole and sparsely elsewhere, and a "rucksack" (originally the game-bag of the Tyrolese hunter, which has now gradually superseded the old knapsack), will leave change out of a five pound note. Shirts (flannel) and stockings should be fairly new; other clothes can hardly be too old, provided they are still strong. The writer has found a light mackintosh bag convenient, to be slipped into the rucksack. Articles of clothing, toilet, and such like can be packed in this and kept dry, leaving the top of the sack for provisions or miscellaneous articles like gaiters or gloves, which are occasionally required at short notice. If a leather handle be attached, it can be used as a handbag on the railway. Guides are, of course,

an expense, particularly if engaged for single expeditions. The regular climber, however, usually retains his guide beforehand for the whole period of his proposed tour, in which case the terms are more moderate. Generally it may be said that the cost of a guide in Switzerland is about double what it is in the German Alps. Against this may be set the fact that the mountains are bigger, and many expeditions more arduous. For Englishmen, at any rate, the Alps of Switzerland and Savoy will always remain the classical ground of mountaineering.

### MOUNTAINEERING FROM A WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW.

BY MRS. AUBREY LE BLOND.

THOUGH the first climbers of the Alps were men, it was not long before women began to claim a share in the pastime. It is strange that, while the women who mountaineer nowadays belong exclusively to the upper classes, the pioneers of female enterprise on the Alps were peasant girls of Chamounix and Valtouranche respectively. The first woman to ascend Mont Blanc was Maria Paradis, who went up in 1809. She has left a quaint and spirited account of her experiences. It may be translated and condensed as follows: "I was only a poor servant. One day the guides said to me, 'We are going up there; come with us; Travellers will see you afterwards and give you presents.' That decided me, and I set out with them. At the Grand Plateau I could not walk any more. I felt as if I must die, and lay on the snow. The guides held me up on each side and dragged me along. At the Rochers-Rouges I could no longer move, so I said, 'Chuck me into a crevasse and go on yourselves.' 'You must reach the top,' answered the guides. They seized hold of me; they dragged me, they pushed me, they carried me, and at last we arrived: I could see nothing clearly; I could not breathe, I could not speak!"

Maria was rewarded, however, for her sufferings, as she made quite a fortune through describing her experiences.

On September 12th, 1867, six guides set out from Breil to try and learn the way up the Italian side of the Matterhorn. The daughter of one of them accompanied the party. They all got within 350 feet of the top, from which point two of the guides gained the summit, the young woman and the remaining four guides awaiting the return of their companions at the base of the last precipice.

The ascent of Mont Blanc by Mademoiselle d'Angeville in 1838 was the first recorded mountaineering feat by a lady. The enterprising Frenchwoman, not content with this single achievement, returned summer after summer to



DESCENDING THE ORTLER, IN THE TYROL.

*(Photo : Mrs. Aubrey Le Blond.)*

the mountains, and went up many snow peaks, continuing to climb till very late in life. She was forty-four years of age when she accomplished her first and greatest ascent.

In 1869 mountaineering for women may be said to have entered on a new phase. Up to then notable ascents by ladies were of rare occurrence, and no woman had undertaken, season after season, a series of ascents which rivalled in difficulty those carried out by men. In that year, however, the Misses Pigeon electrified the climbing world by their descent of the Italian side of the Sesia Joch, a pass crossed previously on only one occasion, when the party ascended from Italy. They had such trouble getting up the wall of rock and ice on that side, that they pronounced it impossible for anyone to go down it. The astonishment of the Alpine Club can therefore be imagined when it was reported that two ladies had crossed it from Switzerland to Italy. Nor was this all, for the party included only one guide, his assistant being an incompetent porter who was so clumsy in his movements that one of the ladies went down last on the rope, preferring to have him beneath her rather than above. A proof had now been given for the first time that women, hitherto taken up like sacks of corn by muscular guides, were capable of learning to climb with no more assistance than is ordinarily given by one member of a party to another.

The first ascent of the Matterhorn by a lady was



AIGUILLES DE BLAITIÈRE.

(Photo: Dr. Norman Collie.)

made in 1871 by Miss Lucy Walker, and the first crossing of that peak from Zermatt to Breil was accomplished the same year by Miss Brevoort. Both these ladies made many other notable ascents during their long Alpine careers. The Misses Pigeon were the first ladies to traverse the Matterhorn from Breil to Zermatt. They had an unpleasant experience on that occasion, for they were confined by bad weather in the Italian hut from the 18th to the 21st August, 1873, and in descending on the Zermatt side were surprised by darkness before the cabane could be reached, and had to pass the night on the open mountain side. They were accompanied by three first-class guides, one of whom was the famous J. A. Carrel, so the party was a strong one and no harm came of their adventure. Miss Brevoort introduced to the Alps her nephew, now the Rev. W. A. B. Coolidge, who probably "holds the record" of Alpine ascents.

A lady who, soon after this period, began a successful series of notable and difficult ascents was Mrs. Jackson. Her climbing career was, after many years, brought to a sad close by frost-bite due to exposure on a winter traverse of the Jungfrau, when the party had to find shelter for the night in a crevasse.

Perhaps no woman has accomplished so many hard climbs, nor has made them in such quick time, as Miss Kate Richardson. Few men have such a large number of difficult ascents to their credit. Miss Richardson's time on the Meije is probably still a record, and it would be hard to think of any mountain in the Alps which she has not been up. It is impossible, however, to refer to more than a few of the many skilful women climbers, though one must not omit the names of Mrs. Mummery, Madame Norman Neruda, Mrs. Bullock Workman, Mademoiselle Paillon, and more particularly of Mademoiselle Eugénie de Rochat, who, like Mrs. Workman, is year by year adding to her fame.

Mountaineering in winter has not been neglected by the fair sex. In 1876 Miss Stratton made the first winter ascent of Mont Blanc. Miss Brevoort accomplished some first-class expeditions in mid-winter in the Bernese Oberland, as in later years did Mrs. Jackson.

Women have not gone as far afield for mountaineering as have men. The Himalayas, Rockies, and peaks of Arctic Norway are the only ranges, except the frequented mountain districts of central and southern Europe, where women seem to have made any notable ascents.

Fatal accidents to women have been much fewer than to men—so few, in fact, that they can be here enumerated. The first lady to perish in the Alps was Mrs. Marks, who fell into a crevasse on Mont Blanc. Miss Sampson was killed by falling stones on the Zinal side of the Trift Pass.



Dr. Hopkinson's two daughters perished during a guideless ascent of a rock peak near Arolla, the whole party, consisting of Dr. Hopkinson, his sons and daughters, meeting their death through a fall,

more important matter for a woman than for a man. She should always endeavour to secure the very best, and when she has found a first-class man whom she likes, she will be wise to engage him a year ahead. The advice of an experienced mountaineering friend should be taken before selecting a guide, and the choice of the second man had better be left to the leading guide. With a couple of thoroughly reliable guides a lady may go wherever they are willing to take her. No doubt congenial companionship is pleasant, but a lady who climbs alone with two guides will usually do much more satisfactory work than if she invites another lady to join the party. Ladies are seldom able to carry a knapsack, and this means that the two guides must do all the portage, while there is no doubt that guides feel the responsibility of climbing with ladies more than they do with men. One lady who is a sound mountaineer and a healthy, level-

headed woman and two good guides make up a strong party, unlikely to come to any harm, while the combination is nowadays so usual that it does not, as formerly, excite any remark that a lady need trouble about.

In conclusion, it may be added that perhaps the soundest maxim for all climbers, men and women, on a serious expedition is always to keep something in hand, never closely approaching the end of their provisions, the limit of their skill, or the bounds of their strength.



THE SÉRACS OF THE GÉANT GLACIER AND MONT BLANC DU TACUL

(Photo: Dr. Norman Collie.)

the cause of which will never be known. The fatal accident to Miss Bell in 1901, while descending from the hut on the Italian side of the Matterhorn, brings the list of ladies who have lost their lives on climbing expeditions to an end. It is true that Mrs. Arbuthnot was killed by lightning on the Schilthorn, but this might have happened at any exposed spot, and cannot be classed as a mountaineering accident.

It is often asked, "Is climbing a sport suited to women?" The best answer perhaps would be, "Only some men and some women are suited for mountaineering." What a climber needs is soundness of all bodily organs, staying power, a moderately good head when looking down precipices, coolness in sudden danger, self-reliance, and willingness to learn both the theory and the practice of mountain climbing. He does not require exceptional activity or unusually powerful muscles. In so far as a woman is gifted with the needful qualities, she is fitted to become a mountaineer, and all that has been written with regard to men who climb applies equally to her.

The choice of a guide is an even



A CLIMBER'S KIT.

(Photo: G. P. Abraham, Keswick.)



ON A NORWEGIAN SALMON RIVER.

## SALMON AND SEA TROUT IN NORWAY.

By "JOHN BICKERDYKE."

**N**ORWAY!—"Gammel Norge," as Anglo-Norwegians affectionately call it. The mere word conjures up pictures of glorious mountains, rugged sea coasts, great roaring rivers; memories of mighty falls or milky glacier streams that leap down precipices; thoughts of deep inlets of the sea, on the rocky sides of which cluster little groups of wooden houses, the dwellings of hospitable, kindly, hard-working people; last, but not least, of glorious salmon or free-rising sea-trout, scarlet-bellied char or lusty grayling, with some of the finest sea-fishing available in northern latitudes. Few have visited the country for fishing who do not return to it again and again, and who do not become sincerely attached to this wondrous land of the Midnight Sun. The phenomenal increase of bag-nets in the sea, with other destructive agencies, has certainly prejudiced the salmon-fishing of late years; while the rivers have, to a great extent, fallen into the hands of the middleman, who lets them at the highest possible rents, much to the vexation of those English anglers who for many years held them direct from the farmers at rents admittedly lower than they were worth. Free salmon-fishing is practically unprocurable, and even sea trout-fishing is not easily obtained without renting a river. The tourist angler has still, however, at his

disposal hundreds, even thousands, of lakes containing quantities of trout. The best of these waters, it is perhaps unnecessary to say, lie far out of the beaten track, but even on the orthodox tourist's route there is in places very fair fishing for trout and grayling.

The first contingent of English anglers leaves Hull or Newcastle early in June in well-appointed boats that cross the tempestuous and soul disturbing North Sea and convey the passengers to Bergen or to some other more northern or more southern port. Then follows, as a rule, a further voyage by steamboat up or down the coast as the case may be, and this, though it certainly delays the angler's arrival at his river, is one of the most interesting and delightful stages of the journey, for the spring is a beautiful season in Scandinavia. Winding in and out through narrow channels, between mainlands and islands, now running up some deep fjord, now standing out to sea, the coasting steamer finally deposits its passengers and their belongings on some little stone quay guarded by a wooden posting house. Here they charter a carriole or stolkjærre, and a clever, sure-footed little Norwegian horse soon bears the hopeful angler up the valley to the farmhouse that overlooks the river. Here and there those who rent salmon fishings have built houses unto

themselves, a wise plan in the case of long leases, for house building is cheap in Norway. In June and July the salmon should be running up fast, but sport depends almost entirely on the condition of the river. In Southern Norway the rivers are for the most part fed by rainfall, so that, while he can very often have more than enough rain, the angler is, on the whole, inclined to pray for wet weather. Further north, where the rivers are to a great extent fed by glaciers, a hot and sunny day will melt the snow-ice and cause a corresponding rise of water in the river, whereas, on the other hand, cold weather, unless accompanied by much rain, reduces the flow of the river and is fatal to sport.

As in Scotland and Ireland, the salmon rivers fall under several categories, such as the smaller streams that can, with a little wading, be cast over from the shore; those, somewhat larger, which necessitate a deal of wading; and those, largest and deepest of all, in which most of the fishing has to be done from a boat. On some of these last, as for instance the Namsen, the fish are mostly taken by harling with spoons or phantoms, and at times with flies. When the river falls dead low, as it may indeed do for weeks together, the unfortunate salmon fisherman is hard put

to it, but he often in these trying circumstances gets a good fish or two on the prawn, while he finds consolation for his indifferent sport with salmon by the presence of large brown trout and, in some of the rivers, grayling. There are few rivers, too, which either do not flow out of lakes or near large sheets of water giving trout or char fishing; but sport with these smaller members of the salmon family is not, save in Southern Norway, at its best until later in the summer. Quite a feature of the June and July salmon fishing in Northern Norway is the almost entire absence of night, or, at any rate, of darkness. Anglers on their first visit are naturally reluctant to go to bed for the first few nights; but this is a mistake, for the nerves get unstrung, and the first big fish that rises with savage plunge is almost sure to be lost by the angler bungling it and breaking the cast.

Burly sea trout begin to run up the rivers and haunt the fjords at the end of July. The sea-trout fishing of Norway is, it must be borne in mind, far finer than anything that we have in Scotland or Ireland, barring perhaps some favoured waters in the Hebrides and Shetland, and even these rarely yield fish equal to those of the northern rivers of Norway, where ten-pounders are quite common and sea-trout are even caught of over 20 lb. The sea trout that is being weighed in the illustration turned the scale at 10 lb. just after I had caught it in one of the rivers that run into the Nord Fjord. The Norwegians in the picture are brothers. Anders, the younger, is weighing the fish; while Jens, the elder, makes it, by reason of his six feet and some odd inches in his stockings, look smaller than it really is. It was on the same river that a lady, daughter of my fishing companion, caught a sea trout of 22 lb.

Both sea trout and salmon fishing sometimes necessitate boating of a remarkable and exciting character. Rivers that abound in rocks and rapids among which the average Englishman would imagine that no boat could live for five minutes are regularly and thoroughly fished from the graceful native craft. The boat is usually towed up stream by a couple of ropes, after which the adroit boatman lets it drift down stern foremost, rowing all the while vigorously against the stream and piloting it from one little eddy behind the rocks to another, generally landing the fly fisherman the moment he hooks his fish. As a matter of fact, the strength called for in these manoeuvres is not quite so extraordinary as would appear, for by taking full advantage of every turn and twist of the stream, and working, as I have said,



GAFFING A 10-LB. SEA TROUT.



from eddy to eddy, only moderate strength need be put forth, except when, now and again, the boat has to be held right out in the current in order that the angler may be able to fish a likely spot. Sitting in the stern of so cranky a craft as it drops down stream amid the rocks and roaming water seems ticklish work, but the angler may safely put implicit trust in his boatman and give his undivided attention to the fishing.

The sea trout run all through August, and in this month there is also the best fishing for trout, char, and grayling in Northern Norway. In the southern portions of the country the same fishing would be at its best about a month earlier. Not far above a favourite landing-place of the author's, a certain river opens out, like so many others in Norway, into a large glacier-fed lake full of char, and when these short-rising fish are on the feed the creel may be filled. The angler, however, who has journeyed as far as Norway in search of sport will doubtless, even though he cannot perhaps afford the luxury of salmon or sea trout, look for something larger than these. High up in the mountains, then, are many lakes in which trout are both large and plentiful, and a little enquiry among the farmers, some of whom are keen sportsmen, will put the visitor in the way of these, and he may then lead a life of idyllic simplicity in some wooden farmhouse among the mountains. Here he will be treated with every kindness by the good people of the place, and he may revel in such trout fishing as perhaps never entered into his wildest imaginings. The life will, it is true, not be one of luxury, for his bed may be no more than a box filled with hay, while the food may consist solely of flodbrod and trout of his catching; but in most cases he will, no doubt, have provided

himself with the articles that Englishmen have come to regard as table necessities. There is probably no boat on the lake, but he will have had one carted up from the river down in the valley, and in this he drifts at will day after day, catching beautiful and well-conditioned fish that run from  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. to 2 lb. or even 3 lb. Some evenings he will perchance lay aside his fly-rod and take a turn at trolling, catching thereby some of the monsters of the lake. After a while he will tire of this slaughter of unsophisticated fish and he will seek a change in the pretty trout stream that runs into the lake—just such another rocky stream as the Devonshire Dart. Up the course of this he may push his way for miles, catching trout that leap and show sport according to their size at every few yards. There may be days on which he is accompanied by the farmer's son, who fishes by means of a codline and a hook decorated with a fragment of red rag.

A few of the fish even rise at this crude attraction and are hooked, though the more artistic procedure of the stranger is infinitely more killing, and excites the admiration of the natives, who stand amazed at a prodigality that can reconcile itself to the use of silk fishing lines!

Loth to leave so delightful a spot and one so prolific in trout, our angler lingers on till, maybe, the first sprinkling of snow on the hilltops warns him of the approaching end of summer. Meanwhile, he has probably explored the countryside and discovered still other waters on which to cast the fly, a search that has brought its successes as well as its disappointments. At last, however, comes the sad leave-taking, the payment of a very modest bill, and the warm hand-shakings with all the good people, who cordially invite him to return and catch more trout next year.



OUR NORSKE GILLIES.

## WOODCOCK SHOOTING AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY A. G. HULME BEAMAN.



CROAT BAG-CARRIER.  
(Photo: A. G. Hulme-Beaman.)

low-lying coverts round Constantinople. One gun, driving out in the morning from town, and returning to tea, once a week, averaged fifteen birds through November and December on the slopes of the Alem Dagħ; whilst another, shooting at Cherkessenki, on the European side, bagged 170 cock, together with a few partridges and pheasants, in ten days.\* After the first heavy snowfall, which, to be useful, must have continued for two or three days, all the cock are driven down from the hill-tops to the seashore, and very large bags can be made by anybody who is able to avail himself of the first clear day. As the snow never lies long on the ground, he should start absolutely on the first, and not on the third or fourth day, after the fall. There are several places on the Gulf of Ismidt, such as Dil Bournou or Tutun Chiftlik, where birds are sure to be found in great numbers under such conditions, and thirty or forty couple might be shot without much difficulty beyond that of reaching the place and tramping about the swampy flats in bad weather.

The question of dogs is always a difficult one, and opinions differ somewhat as to the value of

THE desiderata for a successful season amongst the cock at Constantinople are, first and foremost, a good "passage" (or flight), and then good dogs, good staying power, and practice at the sport. A certain number of birds will always arrive during the first fortnight in November; but that number seems to vary considerably, and it depends on subsequent weather as to how many stay. In 1900, which was a good year, a very large flight came in early and remained till Christmas, the birds being plentiful in the

imported or country-bred animals. Dogs from England are peculiarly liable to sickness during their first eighteen months, especially if young, and an old trained dog has to unlearn most of what he has been taught. At home he must not "break fence," whereas in Turkey he must always be ready to worry through any sort of cover; and whilst an English setter is thrashed if he does not drop to shot, a dog out here is expected instantly to dash off and retrieve his bird. In fact, retrieving is almost as important as finding, and often half the birds fairly and cleanly killed would be lost without a smart and sure retriever. The woodcock are usually found in thick, high covert, and the gun may not actually see more than two, out of five birds that he kills, at the moment of firing. It must suffice for him to see the cock rise, and he then has to fire as instantaneously as possible at the spot where he lost sight of the bird through the leaves, which are still thick on the boughs in November. Sometimes the bird may be heard to fall, but often it will not be till the dog returns with or without it that one knows whether it is a kill or a miss. Some time ago I had an illustration of this while shooting some very thick coverts in a south wind, when the cock are always restless and seldom sit under the dog's point, but run and rise as far and as fast as they can directly they are aware of being approached. Probably



THE SHOT.

(Photo: A. G. Hulme-Beaman.)

\* In November, 1902, two professional sportsmen killed with their own guns 1,200 at Strandja at the foot of the Balkans, about three hours by rail and four by foot from Constantinople.

thirty birds or more were flushed, out of which I saw perhaps twelve or fourteen rise, and only three at the actual moment of pulling the trigger. Yet my bag was ten, the dog having retrieved seven which neither I nor my cartridge-carrier knew to have been killed. There are, of course, coverts which are low, and where the shooting is comparatively, if not positively, easy, but they are mostly preserved or far off, and in the early part of the season, especially with the south winds which

soon as the tinkling ceases it may be evident that he is on point. Without some such guide it would be impossible to keep in touch with a dog in covert where he is not visible at more than five or ten yards distance. A decent dog will, of course, always hold his point until his master arrives on the scene. It might be thought that the tinkle would scare the cock, but experience has proved this not to be the case, perhaps owing to the fact of sheep and cattle often wearing similar bells. On



LUNCH TIME.

(Photo: A.G. Hulme-Beaman.)

prevail throughout November, the cock seem to prefer the thickest brakes of oak and thorn.

All the best country-bred dogs have remote strains of foreign blood in them, but often bear very slight resemblance to our ideals of pointers or setters. The photographs shew two typical country-breds, one of which looks more like a hound than a pointer, till she straightens out on point, while the other carries his tail like a Pomeranian whilst walking, but lowers it into orthodox position when questing or setting. It is seldom either of these two will pass a cock, dead or alive, within twenty or thirty yards in the thickest cover, and both can be relied upon to retrieve infallibly and tenderly to hand under almost any circumstances. They were trained by village professional sportsmen, and if one of these men can be persuaded to part with his dog, it will generally be found a much better investment than importing from abroad. It is the custom, born of necessity, to attach a bell to the collar of the dog, a small mule-bell being as good as any, in order that as

the other hand, a hare will seldom allow a belled dog to come near him, unless very unsophisticated, or in a neighbourhood where hares have not come to know the meaning of the sound.

Most shooters are obliged to take a native of the place to carry cartridges, lunch, and game, and these men are usually obtainable at any village which sportsmen are in the habit of visiting. A native gunner is, however, to be avoided in this capacity, or should at least be prohibited from bringing his gun, which he will surely try to insist upon doing. The attendant should never be allowed to walk more than two or three paces behind, and must be told to mark birds where possible; and he should not be permitted to speak unless spoken to, as, though a woodcock may mistake the approach of a man for that of an animal, as soon as it hears a word spoken it makes up its mind to go, and seeks the safest and most sheltered outlet. One of the secrets of success in woodcock shooting is absolute silence until ready to shoot, when the words "Hie in" or "Apporte"



to the dog on point are all that is needed. A man who is always shouting to his dog, or talking to his companion, will never kill many cock in Turkey.

Accommodation of a rough sort, but fairly comfortable, is always to be had, consisting usually of one room with a big open chimney piece called an "*odjak*," giving a cheery glow and quick drying for wet clothes, and another room for sleeping, with mattresses on the floor, and thick quilt coverlids. Such quarters will be charged for at about five shillings a night, including small services. Food should be taken from home, as village fare is of the most frugal quality, and also plenty of change of dress, as either from perspiration or rain, or both, the sportsman will hardly have a dry stitch on him by evening, and a chill is as easily taken as it is difficult to shake off. The very best foot gear, without doubt, is a pair of ordinary tennis shoes, rubber-soled, costing about three shillings, and lasting two or three days of nine or ten hours each. Order them a size or two too large, and wear a thin soft, and a thick rough, pair of socks, and the feet will feel no soreness or fatigue. Nitro-powder is not easy to

procure, but apart from the inconvenience of hanging smoke after the first barrel, the ordinary powder of the country will be found to answer all killing purposes. A gun with a good open pattern for the right barrel, and a strong choke for the left, is best. Either the bird is fired at in covert at not more than twenty yards, and, if missed, is not seen again, or else it occasionally gets up wild in more open ground and wants a long shot. The choke is also useful in case of coming across a deer or pig at close quarters, as not infrequently happens when after woodcock. Most Turkish sportsmen commence business at dawn and continue till sunset, but my own experience is that the best hours are from two to four, and the mornings are seldom fruitful. Cocks lie up an hour or so before sun rise, and the dew obliterates the night scent. Towards noon they shake themselves and begin to move about, and are, of course, much easier for the dogs to find. Space fails to say more than that the Turkish woodcock is like the Turkish peasant—not difficult to get on with when you get to know him, but you have got to know him first.



"ONE OF WHICH LOOKS MORE LIKE A HOUND THAN A POINTER, TILL SHE STRAIGHTENS OUT ON POINT (p. 274)."

(Photo: A. G. Hulme-Beaman.)



OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE : OXFORD COMING OUT.

(Photo : Bowden Bros., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.)

## FOOTBALL AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

BY B. FLETCHER ROBINSON.

IF you ask any undergraduate, whether past or present, he will tell you that the joys of football are never the same after leaving the Universities; and when you consider the question, I think you will agree that he has right on his side. Every Oxford and Cambridge player is full of young enthusiasm for the game. There is no professionalism, nothing indeed to lower his opinion of the sport he loves.

And then the honour of it! Statisticians will tell you that a "Blue" has a subsequent market value, to be expressed in pounds, shillings, and pence. This may be true, though the idea is horrible enough; but at Oxford and Cambridge the "Blue" is filled only with the glory of his position, to the exclusion of mercenary calculations as to the subsequent advantage that it may mean to him. His friends are proud to be seen walking in his company; even his tradesmen are lenient in the matter of bills. As for the dons and the other various University authorities, proctors included, they look upon him with a kindly eye; for not only does he represent his University, but he also represents his college in inter-collegiate matches, and of all games none are more hotly contested than these.

In short, he knows that he is a very splendid fellow from whatever point of view you look at him.

When football first came to Cambridge it was regarded both by the dons and the undergraduates with doubtful eyes. Rowing was already in full swing. The Etonians and Westminster boys had introduced it, and it was generally regarded as a gentleman's pastime, to be included with those older sports of hunting, riding, and real tennis. Football had no definitely settled rules, and seemed a rough, wild game at best. It is said that on several occasions the spectators rushed in to stop the free fight which they imagined to be in progress. Besides, as several public schools had developed distinctive games, there were many different styles of play.

It was not until the late 'sixties that the game began to be played to any great extent.

Cambridge appears to have started football earlier than Oxford, and there are records of a dribbling game that existed in 1855. An old Etonian, a cousin of that celebrated Rugby player, E. T. Gurdon, who was up at Trinity about 1850, says, indeed, that in his day a compromise between the Rugby and Eton games was played,

though more for exercise than with any serious intention. At the commencement of the 'seventies the Rugby and Association games had split up never to join again. Indeed, as early as 1863 the Cantabs had been regularly playing a form of the Association game, though there was no "off-side" play until 1867, when the rule was passed as it now stands.

The Rugby game, as played at the Universities in the late 'sixties, was rather a fearsome proceeding. Indiscriminate hacking was the worst feature, and in this Cambridge followed the Rugby school. To hack hard and to take punishment manfully might almost be described as the end and object of the play. Of course, elderly football players, whose ancient triumphs, as seen through the pleasant shades of the past, awake nothing but happy memories, are still willing to contend that the hacking system was neither so dangerous nor so brutal as we hold it; but this is simply absurd. Many an old University player can show scars which are the relics of wounds received under the old barbarous rules. Indeed, the first upward step that Rugby football made in the Universities was the abolition of the entire system of hacking an opponent in the scrum or tripping him up when he was running with the ball. A quaint anecdote which throws light on these early days is related by Mr. Arthur C. Guillemard.

"I well remember," he writes, "seeing the crack 'hack' of one season, after coming through the scrum, finish off his triumphal march by place-kicking the half-back in front of me clean off his legs."

It was, indeed, about this time that the letter of a surgeon to the *Times* alarmed the University

authorities. His statements as to the dangers of football were very exaggerated, but they were supported by many letters from anxious fathers, and it was even threatened that Parliament would be petitioned to abolish so dangerous a pastime. Almost the first step taken by the Rugby Union, which was formed in 1871, was to abolish the evil practice of hacking, to the joy of all true lovers of the game in the Universities and the great disgust of those who trusted in their boot-makers to bring them football fame.

At first, Rugby was all the rage at the Universities, and in 1873 Oxford and Cambridge played at the Oval their first Rugby match, with twenty men a side.

In the subsequent developments of the games of Rugby and Association, the Universities have distinguished themselves rather in the former than in the latter. Indeed, it was not until the professional footballer took hold of the Association game that it was raised to the high standard it now possesses. Brilliant players the Universities had, but they were natural rather than artificial. The kick-and-rush tactics were those that prevailed, and the man who had speed of foot was all important.

With Rugby it was different. In 1882 the Oxford team, coached by that most famous player, Arthur Budd, and captained by the equally famous Harry Vassall, developed the passing system amongst halves and three-quarters. It was the first great step towards scientific play, and the Cantabs, who played each for his own hand, were beaten four years in succession. It was at this time, too, that the long, low passing amongst the forwards was introduced. A. Rother-

ham, who was also a member of Vassall's distinguished dark blue team, showed to the outside world what were the true duties of a half-back. He was not to neglect the three-quarters, nor to consider himself a mere unit for communication between the forwards and the three-quarters. His was to be the happy medium, either to run himself and thus make openings for the men behind him, or to pass at once as the occasion demanded. It was an Oxford team also which originated the wing forward, whose duty it was to carry the ball away from the side of the



OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE: ASSOCIATION—A GOOD SAVE.

(Photo: Bowden Bros., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.)



scrummage. In later days the finest exponent of this method of play was that marvellous athlete, S. M. J. Woods, of Cambridge. This Oxford trick, which so greatly increased the rapidity of play, caused the number of the three-quarters to be increased from one to two, and afterwards to three.

Even after the games of Rugby and Association football were firmly established in the outside football world, there was a strong opposition in the Universities themselves against those who played. The boating men were seriously annoyed to find the strong and heavy athletes, who should have made good oarsmen, "running after a piece of leather." At Cambridge the opposition was so strong that the boating men absolutely refused the football players their "Blue," the representative colour of the University. Great bitterness prevailed, and the matter was finally settled in 1884 by a meeting of the undergraduates in the Union Society's Debating Hall. Great was the oratory over the question of the hour; but finally, by a considerable majority of the undergraduates there assembled, the representatives of University football, whether Rugby or Association, were given the right to wear the coveted coat of blue. At

Oxford the rowing men were more generous; and, though not without some grumbling, they granted in 1883 the dark blue coat to their football representatives.

They had the good



OXFORD V. CAMBRIDGE: OXFORD TAKES A CORNER.

(Photo: Bowden Bros., Buckingham Palace Road S.W.)

sense to realise how popular the game was becoming, not only amongst themselves, but through out England.

Let us turn now to University football as it is to-day. Each college has its team, and often two teams. They are commanded by a captain and secretary, the secretary becoming, *ipse facto*, the captain of the next year. The grounds are maintained by the colleges, for all such athletic expenses as football, cricket, and rowing are lumped together and paid for by a voluntary tax on the members of each college. The University team is controlled in a similar way, although the captain and secretary have a committee to assist them in their work of choosing the team which is to represent the dark or light blues. It is an arduous business, this selecting of the University team. At the commencement of each season a certain number of trial matches are played. One match will be between the seniors who have done well in the preceding



A FRESHMEN'S MATCH, CAMBRIDGE.

(Photo: Stearn & Co., Cambridge.)

year and not yet gained the highest honours ; another will be between the freshmen who have joined in the October term. Amongst these latter the Scotch schools, those famous nurseries of football, are sure to have many representatives. Indeed, the sarcastic say that for a freshman to wear the red stockings sacred to Fettes and Loretto is enough for him to obtain the immediate notice of the committee.

The first match in which the University plays against an outside team is an important event. The old blues are eagerly watched, to see if they have improved in their play, while the new additions to the team are on their mettle. So the

therein from the training for the boat race. The selected eleven or fifteen are allowed to smoke, though they are requested not to indulge over-much in that luxury. They take smart runs before breakfast, eat plain food, and retire to bed at an early hour.

There are few more nervous moments than when the University player moves out of the pavilion of the Queen's Club ground, in West Kensington, to play in his first inter-University match. The air always seems so particularly cold and raw ; each man is quite certain that the other side is marvellously strong, and that he is in for a beating and consequent disgrace ; but when the photographing and similar annoyances are over, and he is off after the ball that the kick-off has sent over the heads of his opponents, he is himself once more, and life is still worth living.



A SCRUM AT QUEEN'S CLUB.

(Photo : Hill & Saunders.)

season goes on with fresh trials and fresh changes through eight or nine matches until the great day of the inter-University match draws nigh. The selection committee meet in final conclave and pick the team that have the right in future to wear the blue cap, with or without the silver tassel. What jealousies, what heart-burnings there are, only the undergraduate knows ! The Rugby match is played at the end of the autumn term, the Association match during the spring term.

There is little of that severe training which precedes the inter-University football matches in America. With the Yankees the game is far more complicated, and the trouble taken in coaching the teams is remarkable. Indeed, there is a story told of how the schemes and tricks of the Harvard team, which were the result of months of practice, had to be entirely altered owing to its being discovered that a Yale man had been watching their manœuvres from a neighbouring water tower ! In England, however, the teams go to none of these extremes. Even the training is light, differing



LONDON AND 'VARSITIES v. REST OF THE SOUTH : A SMART PICK-UP.

(Photo : Bowden Bros., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.)

Alter the match comes a dinner and consequent rejoicing, and then it is a rush for the station and the football tour in the case of the Rugby players. The touring team has a very pleasant time of it, whether the end of their journey be Edinburgh to meet the Scotch teams, or Cardiff to meet the Welsh teams, or Dublin to play the University and other Hibernian clubs. Each night they suffer from the generous hospitality of those whom they visit ; but with men in such good training late hours have small effect. Indeed, I remember one match in Dublin where dinner was followed by a concert, and the concert by a supper, and the supper by a concert, which ended in the chasing of the dons round the quadrangle, yet the team the following afternoon played a mighty hard game and won.

Of University players there have been so many brilliant exponents of both games that it is hard to mention any particular names ; but there were one or two whom all men who saw them perform will remember. There is Cobbold, for instance, that prince of Association forwards, and G. O. Smith, that wonderful centre. In the Rugby game H. B. Tristram was, perhaps, the most marvellous back that ever represented his University. No one will ever forget that day, now many years ago, when MacLaghlan, one of the most dangerous forwards that ever played for Scotland, rushed away clear of his pursuers and was met but a few feet from the line by the Englishman. It is said that the shock between the two was heard all over the field ; and when the spectators saw Tristram emerge, they cheered until the air shook again.

S. M. J. Woods was another marvellous Rugby player. He stuck to a wing game and was nearly always first away from the scrummage. He had

great pace and extraordinary strength, and when he collared an opponent, he always saw, in his own phraseology, that he did not get up again in a hurry.

McGregor, who played back for Cambridge, and who is still better known for his Middlesex cricket, had a remarkable aptitude for gathering the ball. His long arm would shoot out and take the leather almost as if it were the cricket ball and he behind the stumps. Martin Scott, again, whose career an injured knee brought to an abrupt conclusion, was one of the finest halves that ever played. He was extraordinarily strong, and would wriggle through his opponents by many a curious trick. In the remembrance of later heroes we must not forget some of those who figured in far earlier days. H. Vassall, E. T. Gurdon and his brother Charles are historic names amongst Rugby forwards. There have been few finer half-backs than A. R. Don Wauchope ; and G. C. Wade, G. C. Lindsay, and E. Storey were marvellous three-quarters.



OXFORD v. BLACKHEATH, AT OXFORD: SECOND GOAL TO OXFORD.

(Photo : Bowden Bros., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.)



## SEAL SHOOTING.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL A. A. A. KINLOCH, C.B.



BULLET USED IN  
SEAL SHOOTING.

IN the British Isles, with the exception of red deer, and occasionally roe deer, the seal is the only animal that can possibly be counted as "Large Game," and that affords a worthy mark for the rifle. Seals may, indeed, be killed with large shot, such as B.B., at short ranges, but I consider its use to be un-sportsmanlike. The real pleasure of sport consists in its difficulty, either in approaching game or in hitting it. What sportsman would care to shoot

a tame deer in a park, or a pheasant sitting ?

I have found a miniature .310 rifle, by Greener, most effective. The bullet is hollow-nosed, and the powder cordite. Seals are found in greater or lesser numbers all along our coasts. My experience is confined to "Ultima Thule," where they abound ; and I have lately hunted them in the vicinity of Fitful Head, a bold promontory on the south-west coast of the mainland, known to all readers of the Waverley Novels as the site of Norna's Cave, described by Sir Walter Scott in "The Pirate." On the northern and southern sides of this headland are "voes," or bays, which are the resort of large herds, which shift their quarters from one to the other, or stray to greater distances, according to the direction and force of the winds, or if much disturbed.

The northern bay is enclosed by perpendicular cliffs, rising to a height of about 400 feet above the sea, and, except in one place, quite inaccessible to the boldest climber. In the bay are a number of low rocks, which at ebb tide are sometimes the resting places of vast numbers of seals, reposing after stormy weather, and delighting to bask in the sunshine on warm days. An acquaintance of mine once counted eighty-six thus enjoying themselves. The southern bay is much more open, with a gently sloping beach ; but there are several low rocky islands, about two miles from the shore, on which the seals frequently lie up.

They may occasionally be found in most unexpected places. One day my daughter, when walking along the beach not far from the hotel

where we were staying, stepped on to a low flat rock, and found herself within a yard of a large seal which was lying on the edge. She told me that she could have touched it with her umbrella !

Seals are very inquisitive, and will often closely follow a boat or approach a rock if a cap or handkerchief is waved. Their senses of sight and hearing are very keen, but I do not know whether they detect the scent of human beings as readily as most wild animals do. Those that I have shot on rocks have always been approached up wind. They do not, however, rely only on their own vigilance, but trust much to gulls and other sea birds, whose cries of alarm on being disturbed are at once understood and acted upon.

When lying on rocks their attitudes are often very grotesque, their ungainly bodies being twisted into queer shapes ; they rather remind



AN EASY MARK.

one of chrysalises. If high above the water among boulders, they are sometimes very difficult to make out, as their colour harmonises so well with that of the surrounding stones. On the first occasion that I found three thus situated, it was a long time before I could detect them, although I have had a long experience of "Large Game" shooting and can see a wild sheep or goat on a

hillside at a glance. In the instance referred to I at last saw them and killed one.

There is no form of sport in which there is such uncertainty as regards securing one's game. Unless shot stone-dead, a seal is rarely recovered, except in very shallow water. If any life is left,



A GOOD POSITION.

the animal, whether lying on a rock or swimming, slips into the sea or immediately sinks, and usually disappears in the heavy masses of tangle and other seaweeds, five or six feet long, which form a sort of submarine jungle. When shot dead in the water a seal usually floats for a minute or two and if a boat is promptly rowed to the spot it may be gaffed and secured.

No animal that I know of bleeds so profusely. If struck in a vital part, the blood pours out in torrents, reddening the sea for yards around. I suppose that, as it spends most of its life in cold water, a large supply of blood and rapid circulation are necessary to its existence. When found on a rock and successfully stalked, there should be no difficulty in bagging a seal; but shooting from a boat is a very different affair. Even on the calmest day there is a certain amount of motion on the sea, for which allowance must be made. It is even more difficult than shooting from the back of an elephant, whose roll, though also disconcerting to a novice, is more regular. A true sportsman always regrets useless waste of life, and the loss of wounded animals; but in seal shooting there is the consolation that a badly wounded animal must quickly die, and that its destruction

is probably a benefit to the fishermen and no loss to anyone.

When hunting seals one may sometimes have the unusual experience of encountering a shoal of "ca'ing," or bottle-nosed whales. I have twice been among them; but on neither occasion had we any chance of driving them ashore, as is sometimes successfully done.

I do not know how long seals can remain submerged, but it must be a very considerable time. I once timed a solitary one, which was quite undisturbed and unconscious of my presence, and found that it reappeared at intervals of almost exactly seven minutes. I watched it for about an hour. Sometimes only their muzzles appear above the surface of the water, as they merely come up to breathe, and no one unaccustomed to see them could possibly know what they were. More commonly their entire heads are shown, and may be instantly recognised, especially in profile. When their curiosity is excited, they frequently raise themselves high enough to expose their necks and shoulders, and in this position doubtless suggested the idea of the fabulous mermaid.

I was unfortunate as regards weather during my two months' stay in Shetland, and was only able to visit the haunts of the seals about half a dozen times. It was not because the sea was always too rough for a boat to reach them with perfect safety, but the swell from the broad Atlantic made it quite impossible to land on the rocks or to shoot with any approach to accuracy from a boat.

On the first occasion that I went out I must have seen at least a hundred seals, but all in the water. I might have had several shots, but being inexperienced I waited for better chances, which did not occur. As it was, I only fired twice, and killed one seal, which sunk in deep water just before the boat could reach it.

Next day I was lying on a rock, waiting for some seals to come within range, when a whistle from the boat, which was lying concealed behind me, caused me to look round, and I saw a seal watching it within a few yards. This time my shot was fatal, and the seal was easily gaffed.

Next time I went to the same rock, and on carefully looking over found myself within five yards of a seal lying on the opposite slope. I could only see its head and shoulders, and on killing it was disappointed to find that it was a very small one. I think this was the only chance I had that day.

It would be tedious to describe each day's

experiences. I did not fire many shots, as I did not wish to wound and lose animals, so waited for good opportunities. In spite of this, several that I hit, and undoubtedly killed, sank in deep water and could not be recovered. I do not think that I missed more than two or three altogether. The third that I killed was lying among boulders with two others, and was most difficult to see, but I managed to make a good shot. The fourth was lying on a projecting rock, and a bullet through the neck prevented it from even slipping into the water. We were on our way home, when a seal came up to have a look at the boat within easy range. There was a little swell, but I made a lucky shot, and a crimson patch on the sea showed that it was fatal. The animal continued to float, and my boatmen soon had it on board.

I was unlucky in not securing a really large one. The only chance I had was at one lying on a rock. The shot was rather a long one, so I aimed behind the flipper, instead of at the head or neck as usual. The bullet must have hit about the right place, and I saw the seal flinch and roll into the water, which was very deep at the spot, with a forest of seaweed at the bottom. He did not reappear, and was doubtless killed.

Several of those that I lost were eventually cast ashore, but in such a state of decomposition as to be utterly useless.

A resident informed me that about two years ago he shot a "Great Grey" seal, 11 feet in length, which weighed  $5\frac{1}{2}$  cwt. It was lying on a rock in company with one of the still rarer "Harp" seals.



SEAL SHOOTING NEAR FITFUL HEAD.





RANELAGH.

(Photo: W. A. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)

## THE GAME OF POLO.

BY T. F. DALE.

**M**ODERN polo is the growth of a few years. The game as played at Hurlingham, Ranelagh, or Rugby to-day has little in common with the game of twenty years back, and still less with the historic sport of the Persians or the rough yet skilful form of it which survives in our protected States of Manipur, Gilgit, or Nagar. We are concerned with the game as it is to-day.

Polo has established itself firmly among us. As cricket and football are the pastimes of the young man, so polo is the game of the middle-aged. Strength and activity are not so necessary as skill and experience. A cool head is worth more at polo than a strong arm. Within certain limits weight is an advantage, for, other things being equal, the heavier will beat the lighter team. Polo takes up but little of the time of a busy man in a working day. The mental qualities it demands are as important as the physical ones. Courage, quickness of decision, self-control are necessary. Thus, as has been remarked, polo is popular because it fills a vacant place among our national games. It prolongs the period of youth and activity for many years for those who would without it have become indolent and inert in body and mind. What cricket and football are to young men polo and golf are to their elders. Not that polo is not a young man's game, too, but for obvious reasons it is one that only a few can begin early in

life, and it is possible to achieve considerable success if we start it in mature years. The late Mr. T. Kennedy was a very fine player, and he never had a stick in his hand till he was nearly forty. Of two other well-known players, one did not begin till he was over fifty, and the other was, it is said, ten years older before he learned the game.

Let us now try, as far as it is possible on paper, to see what the game is. If you go to a polo match, there will be eight men gathered on the ground, four on each side. The umpire rides up and throws in the ball, which is made of willow root, is  $3\frac{1}{4}$  inches in diameter, and weighs about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  oz. Polo balls are painted white, so that they can be easily seen by players and spectators. Each man is mounted on a pony, which must be more than 14 hands 2 inches in height. All carry a stick, with mallet-shaped head. The sticks are made of malacca or rattan cane, and of plane or beech wood, though ash or mahogany are recommended by some players. There is no prescribed length or weight for a stick; each player suits himself. In practice the extreme variation of length is about 4 inches from 50 to 54 inches. As soon as the ball is thrown in, it seems, perhaps, to a spectator new to the game that there is nothing but a confusion of waving sticks and circling ponies; but presently one of the players will

strike the ball away towards the goal posts, which, as the ground is 300 yards long, and the start takes place in the middle, will be about 150 yards away. There you will see the sides lengthen out and gallop down towards the posts in pairs. The object of one side is to drive the ball through the goal posts; that of their opponents to prevent them. By degrees you will see that each player has his place in the game and his particular duties. If they are good players, they will be arranged thus, supposing the sides to be A and B:—



They are galloping for B's goal. No. 2 A is actually hitting the ball, back for No. 4 B is trying his best to stop the ball from going past him, and No. 1 A is striving to ride No. 4 B off the ball. Then No. 3 B is doing his best to hinder No. 2 A from hitting the ball by either hooking his stick or riding him off, *i.e.* by interposing his pony before his antagonist, so as to prevent the latter reaching the ball. We have now seen what the two forwards on one side and the two backs on the other ought to be doing. There are still four players left. No. 3 A ought to be backing up No. 2 A and prepared, if the latter loses possession of the ball, either to take it on or to enable No. 2 A to do so again by hitting the ball to him. No. 4 A is waiting some two or three lengths behind to send the ball forward should it be struck back by any of B side. On the other hand, No. 2 B must be on the look out to impede No. 3 A should he see that the last-named player has a chance of hitting the ball, while No. 1 B waits on No. 4 A to prevent his hitting the ball. But now let us suppose that No. 4 (or back) of B side hits the ball, which he will probably do by a back-handed stroke either on the off or the near side of his pony as occasion offers. This back-handed stroke is one of the most important in the game, and as we will suppose No. 4 B to be a good player we note what the results are. In the first place, his stick will fly round, and you will hear a sharp crack; he has hit the ball full and clean, hard enough to go back as far as his No. 1, but not so hard as to reach No. 4 A, who would then backhand it again. There is often great skill displayed in placing the ball. Mr. John Watson, for example, can place the ball where he will, so can Mr. Buckmaster or Major Poore (7th Hussars) or Colonel Rimington (Rimington's Scouts). Perhaps the very best hand at placing the ball from a back-hander is Major Maclaren. By placing the ball I mean giving it such force and direction as shall enable your own side to obtain possession. Thus, we

have imagined that No. 4 B has backhanded the ball so that it will be within reach of his own No. 2. At the same moment that he strikes the ball he will shout, "Turn your ponies!" and you will then see one of the prettiest sights of polo, when each side turns like one man, and with scarcely a pause are galloping away in the direction opposite to the one they have been going, thus:—



B's side are now attacking A's goal, and the position will be exactly reversed, for B will be doing all they can to drive the ball towards A's goal-posts, while A will do all they can to hinder them. By degrees, as you become accustomed to watch the game, you will see all this and much more. Polo is really a very simple game—not an easy one. It has few rules; of these many are not often called for, but there is one rule which just now is the subject of a great deal of discussion. I refer to the offside rule. The object of the rule is the same as it is in a game of football; but the rule at polo is more severe on the offender. The penalty is the same whether the offside was intentional or not. The idea of the rule is to prevent the forwards, and particularly the No. 1, from hanging back to "sneak" the ball away should it come behind the back, and this, of course, it effectually does prevent, as will be seen from the wording of the rule, which is given on next page:—



RACING FOR THE BALL.  
(Photo: W. A. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)

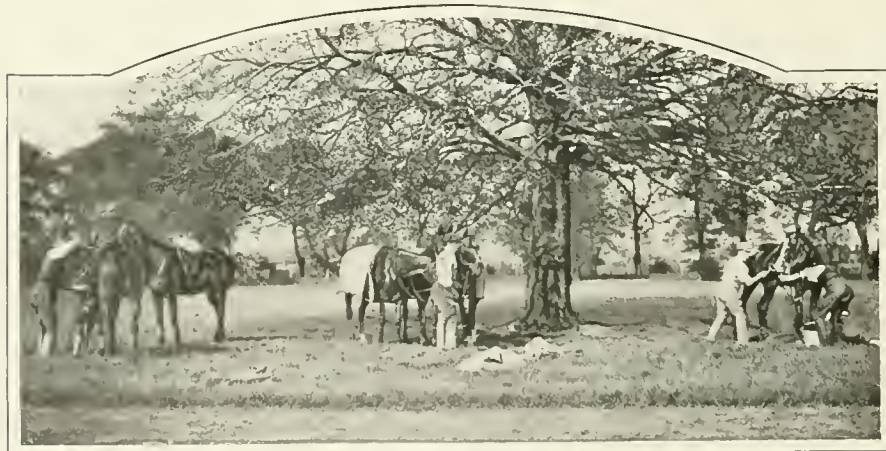
Rule 18.—No player who is offside shall hit the ball, or shall in any way prevent the opposite side from reaching or hitting the ball. A player is offside when at the time of the ball being hit he has no one of the opposite side nearer the adversaries' goal-line or that line produced or behind that line, and he is neither in possession of the ball nor behind one of his own side who is in possession of the ball. The goal-line means the eight yard line between the goal-posts. A player, if offside, remains offside until the ball is hit or hit at again.

The effect of this rule on polo is very great. This is very evident when we compare our game with the American, in which there is no offside. First of all, then, the English game is notable for the lowness of its scoring. The backs, if equally good players, are so much strengthened by this rule that the defence is stronger in first-class polo than the attack. The reverse is true of American polo, where the scores, even in the best matches, are much higher. The American is a more open game, and the players are more often galloping with the ball. Unless the ball is sent to him by his No. 2 it is rather the exception than the rule in England for No. 1 to have possession of the ball. In England he cannot race with No. 4 for the ball and take it away; he can only "ride" that player, for No. 4, the moment he found he could not reach the ball first, would pull his pony back; there would then be no one between No. 1 and the ball; he would be offside, and would have to leave the way clear for No. 4. He is thus out of the game for the time, and may neither hit the ball himself nor prevent No. 4 from doing so. Therefore it has come to pass that No. 1 is engaged first in keeping himself onside, and, secondly, in

it has the effect of spoiling the ponies he rides. For this reason good No. 1 players are few, and the best are soon chosen into teams where they occupy pleasanter and more important places. Since the Rugby system of combination has come into vogue the place of No. 1 has become in some degree pleasanter, as he is made practically interchangeable with No. 2. Either of the two men performs the duties of the place in which by the rapid movements at polo he finds himself. But there are many people who have felt that with the abolition of offside the game would be improved. The American players, although they greatly admired both our play and players, were not at all converted to offside; nor, so far as I know, did a single one of the many players who came over here in 1902 for the International matches advocate its adoption on his return to his own country.

On the question of the retention of the rule in English polo I offer no opinion, but those who advocate it contend that the rule makes for combined play, that it is less trying to the ponies, that it tends to keep the ball longer in play (these seem satisfactory), and that if it restored the No. 1 to a more desirable situation it would reduce the back (No. 4) to the position of a goal-keeper, and that it would be difficult for him to come up into the game when wanted as he does now. On the other hand, it is argued that the more open galloping game would not interfere with combination to any great extent, that the ball would probably be sooner out of play, that it would make polo more popular, and would possibly make it easier to establish a working handicap.

But to return to our game of polo. After the game has gone on with varying fortune for a time, a bell will be rung. This signifies that the players have been playing for ten minutes. As soon as the ball goes out of play, *i.e.* is struck over any of the boundary lines, the players will leave the ground in order to change ponies, a



WAITING THEIR TURN.

(Photo: W. A. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)

impeding the opposing No. 4, but seldom hitting the ball on his own account. For this reason the place is not popular; it is often assigned to the youngest and least efficient player, and, above all,

minute being allowed for this purpose. The play consists of four or six ten minutes' periods, and in the latter case a five minutes' interval is allowed after the third ten. Those who are accustomed





HURLINGHAM: THE UMPIRE THROWS THE BALL.

*(Photo: W. A. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)*

to watch polo always pay particular attention to the play in the third and fourth periods. In a great majority of matches, during one or other of these the decisive struggle occurs. For every game of polo there are, or should be, two umpires. These ought to be chosen for their knowledge of the rules, and to be well mounted. The duty of umpires is to check foul or dangerous play, and to decide all disputed points.

We may now turn from the players to the ponies. These ponies come from the following sources of supply, and may be considered to be esteemed in the order named:—English (which includes Irish and Scotch), Americans, Argentines, Arabs, and Barbs. A polo pony is a cob not over 14.2 Hurlingham measurement. He must be up to 14 stone for ten minutes at polo; have good riding shoulders, a light forehead, a long rein (a short thick neck is a fatal defect); he or she (for the best ponies are often mares) must be quick to start and ready to turn, therefore short-backed ponies are theoretically the best, though I have known some good long ones. Polo ponies must have blood and quality, yet not be light or weedy; a pony must have weight, or it is liable to be knocked off its legs in a bumping game. Such ponies are not too common, but it is perhaps surprising that they are found at all; but every effort is being made to breed them, and there is a Polo Pony Society (12, Hanover Square) entirely devoted to the encouragement of the breeding and showing of riding ponies, the best of which may be suitable for polo. If we go on to the polo ground at Hurlingham or Ranelagh, we shall note that ponies are of several classes. First of all, there is the thoroughbred dwarf, but with some substance; there are so few of these ponies that they need not detain us: Lord Shrewsbury, Mr. Whitworth, and a few others like them, but they

are not everyone's pony to ride. All the best polo ponies of the day look more like miniature hunters, yet have they a certain look or character of the pony about them. The fact is that many of them have pony strains from Welsh, Dartmoor, Exmoor ancestors. Thence they derive at once their docility and their hardiness. They can gallop almost like little racehorses, they can (as we saw at the international turn better than the best cow-ponies, and they last a great many years at the game. Several of the best known have played for six or seven years in tournaments.

Next to English come the American ponies. They are good little horses—ponies they are not. Their early life is generally that of a cow-pony in Wyoming or Texas. They are very hardy and seldom go wrong, and are, of course, very much cheaper than the English ponies. Argentines are very like Americans, save that they are generally cob-like and shorter in build. For beginners in our country clubs there is nothing like them. In fact, for all except the first-class players the Americans or Argentines are probably more serviceable as they are easier to ride than the English or Irish, and more patient of a slow or sticky game. Lastly, there are Arabs and Barbs, of which only a few are now in use for polo.

From the ponies we turn to the ground. This is nominally a parallelogram 300 yards by 200 yards, but in practice the grounds are seldom more than 170 yards, while 150 yards will do very well. The larger grounds are too severe on the ponies. In India, where full-sized grounds are the rule, boards are not used, and the periods of play are eight of only five minutes each, and the match lasts forty minutes of actual play as against sixty in this country. The ball goes out of play oftener where there are no boards to keep it in, and thus gives a breathing time to players and

ponies. In England it is the custom to place boards down each side of the ground. These boards are from 9 to 11 inches in height. The turf on the inner side is sloped away for two or three inches in order to prevent the ball from lodging under the boards. The introduction of these boards makes the English game somewhat different from the Indian, and a cannon off the boards, though it is condemned in words by the best authorities, is frequently resorted to with success. A scoring board, a bell, and a pavilion, which may be as splendid as that at Ranelagh, with its bath-rooms, its tea-rooms, its clock-tower, or may be no more than a tent pitched for the occasion by the side of some country polo ground, are the other appliances of a polo club in town or country:

From the appliances we turn to the clubs, of which there are now at least 60 in the United Kingdom, affiliated, as a rule, to the County Polo Association; 180 or more in India; 44 in America; 65 in Australasia; while polo flourishes in Argentina and in South Africa. In Europe Spain is the most polo playing of the nations, while Berlin and St. Petersburg have each a single club. This calculation does not include English regimental clubs, which have been disorganised by the war in South Africa, but which are sure to revive when the various corps are settled down in permanent quarters; for polo is essentially a military sport, and a learned German, writing of the Prussian Army in one of the leading German military papers, expresses his opinion of the utility of the game as an exercise for soldiers, and wishes that Prussian officers were as fond of it as English are. Of polo the Hurlingham Club is the headquarters, and its polo committee are the legislators for the game. To them we owe the code of rules which prevails everywhere except in India and America. These two countries have polo associations of their own, and are governed by a code of rules differing from the Hurlingham one in some respects. The present tendency, however, is for all the codes to assimilate to each other by degrees. Hurlingham was not originally founded as a polo club. It has grown up by degrees to its present position. Hurlingham

was founded in 1868 by Mr. Frank Heathcote as a pigeon-shooting club. In the days of the old Hurlingham the present polo ground was an orchard, but Sir Walter Smythe, who was the founder of Hurlingham polo, and Mr. Sutherland, the head gardener, gradually and with infinite pains and labour made the smooth



RIDING IN PAIRS.

(Photo: W. A. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)

expansive of turf we see now. Various tournaments were established, of which the Champion Cup (1877), the Inter-Regimental Cup (1878), and the County Cup (1885) remain the principal events of the polo game to this day. But Hurlingham is not without a rival, for the Ranelagh Club, which, after being for some time merely a chapel of ease to Hurlingham, was re-started at Barn Elms in 1895, and rapidly rose to great popularity. Ranelagh has a magnificent match ground, which the committee are never tired of improving, and by far the finest pavilion and the best stabling for ponies of any club in England. Liverpool, Rugby, Holderness, and Cirencester are among the leading county clubs. While in Ireland polo flourishes almost everywhere, and the County Cup at Dublin is one of the most interesting contests of the polo year.

Lastly, it may be asked, is polo an easy game to learn? Well, if a man is a tolerable horseman with a firm seat, one who can ride without hanging on to the pony's mouth; if, moreover, he can play with some skill at cricket or lawn tennis or hockey, he should with a moderate amount of practice be able to take his place in a member's game at a local club after from three to six months of practice. All the higher arts of polo—the combination, the passing, and many strokes—can only be learned in the game itself. But the beginner can master

certain points by means of careful practice at home. He can learn to hit sharp and clean, and can attain to a certain control of the ball. The first point is the pony. No beginner will ever do any good with a pony that wants much riding, still less with an entirely raw one. Buy in the autumn the best and steadiest pony (preferably an American or Argentine, that can be found. Then spend some leisure hours in learning to hit the ball. This need not take long. Half an hour a day on the pony and another half-hour on a wooden horse. This latter can be made by a village carpenter. It should be 56 inches from the ground. Mr. Miller says that no saddle is required, but I think that it is an advantage to put an old saddle on its back. There should be a couple of boys to bowl balls. I have heard of an enthusiastic polo player's wife being impressed into the service to bowl for him, but that depends on circumstances. Every stroke, whether from the pony or the dummy horse, should have an object. Vague hitting is no use. If a convenient meadow be handy a couple of the usual Willesden goal posts, eight yards apart, may be put up in the middle of the field, so that they can be practised at from opposite sides. Never allow yourself to hit a ball without knowing what you want to do. The learner should begin at slow paces, not hitting too hard and keeping his arm straight, since bending the elbow leads to sluing or tipping the ball, a fatal fault. Begin by hitting always on the off-

side of the pony; afterwards you may go on to various angle strokes or to near-side forward strokes and back-handers. Be careful to have the ponies' legs equipped with polo boots, and try above all things not to hit him with stick or ball. Never catch hold of the pony's mouth to steady yourself. Near-side strokes, which should not be attempted until some certainty in hitting the ball on the offside has been attained, are not so difficult as they appear. Three things are necessary for this kind of stroke—to ride with long reins, and bring the left shoulder well back, and to have the right arm working freely. I may note that this is a stroke that can be better practised at first on the wooden horse, as there is considerable danger that an inexperienced person will hit the pony instead of the ball. There is much more to learn, most from practice and some from books, for though books cannot, indeed, teach us everything, I am sure that it is profitable to any player of a game to read what has been written on the subject. But my allotted space is full, and those who have read the above will at least be able to understand something of the game of polo when they see it, and if they desire to make a start on their own account they will never regret it. The only fault to be found with polo is that if once you have played, you care little for other games afterwards. It is the most exciting and the most interesting of all our games of to-day. It is doubtful whether man will ever improve on it.



HITTING A GOAL.

(Photo. W. A. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)



## WRESTLING.

By PERCY LONGHURST

“OF all the athletic amusements of the people, wrestling is beyond doubt the best.” Thus wrote Christopher North a century ago; and although in the days of the grand old professor cricket was in its swaddling clothes and football practically unknown, I uphold his assertion with the utmost vigour, although the modern athlete, secure in his ignorance, may read it with a smile of derision.

For the Squire of Elleray was not one of those who write with but scanty knowledge of their subject. If he knew not cricket or football, there was scarcely another form of physical recreation with which he was unfamiliar. A fine boxer (did not a professional pugilist to whom he administered a sound thrashing on the banks of the Thames declare that his conqueror “must be either the devil or Jack Wilson”?), a good jumper, excellent shot, and untiring walker, he was a very fair performer at the game which he so consistently and enthusiastically upheld. Many a fall did he try with the celebrated Windermere champion, John Barrow; and it is related that on one of his excursions up Scawfell with the well-known keeper of the Wasdalehead hostelry, Will Ritson, the pair, when the summit was reached, “took hod,” and set to work to fell each other with the heartiest good will.

It is a thousand pities that wrestling should have so declined in public favour, for as an exercise there is nothing to surpass it; and as a sport, well, if you have true English blood in your veins and can appreciate a vigorous, intensely exciting contest wherein brawn and muscle, skill, activity, and pluck, have the fullest of play, you cannot but feel interested in the game “that’s played ‘twixt the knee and the tee.”

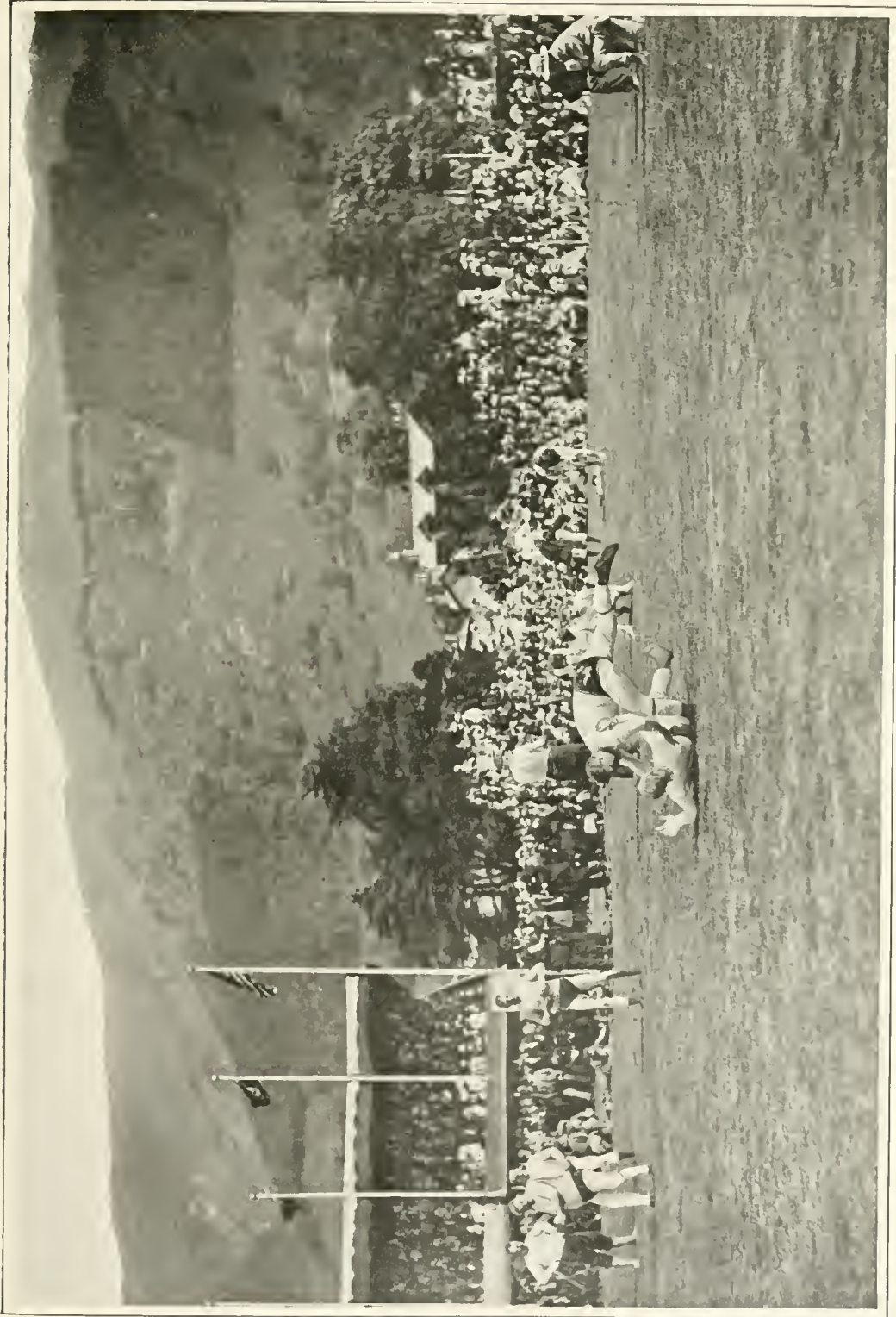
Small wonder is it that the sturdy Englishman of mediæval times loved the game and played it in all parts of the country. Quite right that the men of London and the suburbs thereof should hold a three-days’ wrestling carnival at Clerkenwell in every August, about the date of the feast of St. Bartholomew—a carnival at which the Lord Mayor himself presided. Eccentric, no doubt, was the eighteenth century squire of Bunny Park, in Nottingham (Sir Thomas Parkyns), who would have none but good wrestlers as his house servants, testing their abilities himself; but the worthy squire loved the game, and knew that no letter form of physical pastime existed.

To see the game as it is played to-day one should go to Grasmere, the best of the few survivors of the innumerable gatherings which, half a century and more ago, were held throughout the North of England. There is less picturesqueness in a Lancashire ring with the wrestlers crawling about on their hands and knees; and as for the West country, a man might travel for a week through it and then never get a hint even that until forty years ago there were more wrestlers in Devon and Cornwall than could be found anywhere in England, always excepting Cumberland and Westmoreland.

No; it is best to see the game as we play it in the North. If we chose the third Thursday in August, although we were going to a place nine miles away from a railway station, we should see gathered around the ring some 7,000 or 8,000 people. Of all classes they would be, from the magnates of the counties to the hinds from the scattered farms of the dales and fells. Some might be interested in the Guides Race, more perhaps in the Hound Trailing—and both are described elsewhere in these pages—but all will be looking forward with eagerness to the wrestling, for which there will be 150 or so names on the card.

Let us get into the huge circle of spectators, sturdy dalesfolk, whose speech is as broad as their backs, and who are discussing the merits of the athletes who will soon be in the ring. While we are waiting for these last to appear, a few words on how we play the game up here may not be out of place. It is very simple. The wrestlers take hold around the body, each with an equal grip; play begins when the hands of each man are joined, and you must remember that breaking the grip is counted as equal to losing the fall; and the first one who goes down, even if he touch the grass with his knee only, is declared the loser. If both men go down together the one who touches first loses the fall; while if the umpire cannot decide the point it is called a dog-fall, and wrestled over again. It teaches a man to keep on his feet, does this game, and, as you will see, skill and science have a big advantage over mere weight and strength. Promises well, you say? Why, there is no better sport to be found.

Here come the wrestlers, big men and little men, anything from ten to eighteen stone in weight, and you need not think the heaviest man of them



HEXHAM CLARKE FELLING HIS OPPONENT.

(Photo: W. Biddry, Grasmere)



is going to win, although he looks as if nothing short of an earthquake would overturn him. Pair by pair they set to work, "back-heel" and "hype," "click" and "buttock," and all the other clever moves these rough fellows have evolved. You will not understand the science of the game, perhaps; but you will see that anything more fair, more simple, and yet as interesting, it would be difficult to find.

Watch yonder grandly-built wrestler; he is Hexham Clarke, the recognised champion. Have



GETTING HOLD: AMATEUR COMPETITION,  
STAMFORD BRIDGE.

you noticed how gently he has brought his opponents to earth? No violent exertion of his evidently great strength, but some subtle stroke or twist which lays each man flat on his back. But see! He is called upon to do battle with a heavier and stronger man than himself—and Hexham turns the scale at 15 stone, yet is as upright and active as a game-cock; but Jack Strong of Carlisle—well is he named, you think, as you glance at his massive thighs and thick legs, worthy supports of the huge body above—has the advantage of close on 3 stone, and you think it impossible for such a Hercules to be overturned.

Hexham is not afraid; breast to breast the pair stand up, and their arms are lying along each other's ribs with a grip suggestive of that of a grizzly bear. Their hands are soon fast, and every man around the ring holds his breath as he watches them. For a few seconds they remain motionless, then Strong suddenly straightens his back with a mighty effort, and Hexham, in spite of his fifteen stone of bone and muscle, is lifted in the air and swung around as if he were a child. All over, you say? Not a bit of it; Clarke lands on his feet again like a cat and tries to steady himself—but no, he is lifted and swung again. It is now or never, thinks the redoubtable Carlisle man, and round

goes Hexham in a complete circle, and all seems over but the shouting. But he is on his feet once more, and Strong is not ready to lift him again; the previous efforts have been too great. This is the moment for which the champion has been waiting; his grip tightens, and he heaves the colossus clean off his feet and for a second holds him suspended, his legs quivering beneath the terrible strain. Then his left elbow drops a trifle, he raises his left leg, and with the inside of the stocking foot strikes at the outside of the Herculean leg, low down, giving a twist at the same moment, and everybody bursts into a deep-chested, deafening cheer, as, overthrown by the cleverest of outside strokes, Jack Strong of Carlisle goes down on the thick turf.

Pair after pair "tak' hod," from the man of five-and-forty to the youngster of nineteen. George Steadman was many years over fifty before he retired, while Dick Chapman of Patterdale was but nineteen when he won the Champion's belt on the Swifts at Carlisle in 1833. Here you will see brought into play that beautiful chip invented by Abraham Brown, the jovial curate of Egremont, the chip called the "buttock," which sends the victim flying heels over head across his opponent's back; or Dick Wright's famous "breast stroke," with which "the handsome joiner of Longtoun" could fell any man in England. More often you will see a man try the "hype," the chip of which Wilson of Anbleside was so great a master, or the "swinging hype" with which Jackson of Kennieside, the four-years' champion of England, is so closely associated. Nor is that veteran chip, the "back heel," grown ineffectual with age, as many a man finds to his cost.

It is glorious sport, and to the folk who believe "a good stiff clam among t' fells an' a snug seat around some russlin' ring" the best of all enjoyments, the names and deeds of bygone champions are of real importance. At least they are not forgotten, and you may learn of many a heart-stirring exploit.

There was Jemmy Fawcett of Nenthead, a 10½ stone demon, who was game to wrestle any man, however big and strong. A terrible fellow to hold was Jemmy; he once met the strongest man in Cumberland, a 16½ stone giant named Pakin Whitfield, whose back was so broad that Jemmy was forced to tie a handkerchief to his left wrist and hold the other end in his right hand in order to encircle him. Whitfield tried to draw Fawcett to him and lift him, but the little man would have none of it; he "gait in among his legs," and brought him down heels over head, to the accompaniment of shouting and hurrahing that "varra nar split Crossfell."

No wonder was it that another giant whom Jemmy laid on his back said, as he picked himself up, "Jemmy Fawcett's neet a man at aw; he's



a divil, a fair divil, and neabody'll convince me to thi contrary."

Nor is the name of Will Richardson of Caldbeck forgotten. "Belted Will," he was called, for when he gave up the game he had no fewer than 240 belts hanging up in his house at Netherrow. For nineteen successive years did Richardson win the head prize at the Fauld's Brow meeting, and between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-eight he lost not a single fall, although he attended every meeting for miles around.

But it would fill a small volume to give the names and exploits of the long list of champions

—only three or four years—that they were constant competitors in the Northern rings. The former is now nearer sixty than fifty, and Lowden is but little less. Eighteen or 19 stone was Steadman's weight; while Lowden was perhaps a stone lighter, yet they had the science as well; and no man, except perhaps Jamieson of Penrith or Jackson of Kennieside, would have had much chance against either. Yet on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion superior science (for your light-weights are the most skilful of wrestlers) gained the victory, and the 9½ stone Willie Park of Cockermouth upset huge Geordie Steadman. It was in 1877 that the heavy-weight prize at Grasmere went to Steadman, and for many years it was



STEADMAN AND LOWDEN IN HOLDS.

(Photo: W. Baldry, Grasmere.)

from Adam Dodd, the "Cock of the North," down to those twin giants George Steadman and "Handsome George" Lowden, whose burly figures are familiar enough to all interested in North country wrestling. I would like to tell of John Weightman and Tom Nicholson, of the great Tom Longmire (the champion who showed Charles Dickens how to "tak' hod" when that great man visited the Ferry Sports in the early fifties); but space is limited. Nor can I say aught of that other well-known pair, Wright and Jamieson, or of Tom and Ralph Pooley of Longlands, and "the demon" Tiffin, all of whom were in their prime when the great contests were held at the Agricultural Hall in London under the auspices of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Wrestling Society forty years ago.

But Steadman and Lowden must have a paragraph to themselves, although it is not long since

either he or Lowden who took the champion's belt; but in Hexham Clarke they found a troublesome customer, and when in 1887 Hexham won the belt at Newcastle against 112 competitors, he was hailed as the coming champion; and to-day he is the champion, and has been for the past ten years.

A pity it is the London gatherings were not continued, but perhaps the game was declining in its native home. Football has been growing in favour, and there is not as much wrestling as formerly. Christopher North once told a story of a political friend of his who passed through the country at the time of the election when Mr. Brougham was opposing Lord Lowther, the sitting member. Everywhere nothing was talked of but the coming contest, so said the politician; but he feared neither of these candidates would have a

chance, as from what he had heard the final struggle would be between Tom Ford of Egremont and Will Richardson of Caldbeck—men of no property, he feared, and probably Radicals. Well, the game may not be quite so absorbing to-day, but when 8,000 people go to Grasmere and over 10,000 assemble to watch the ten score of competitors at the Decies Games, as was the case this last summer, it cannot be said that wrestling is yet quite defunct.

In Ireland, for some reason connected probably

fortune again. In later years Donald Dinnie turned his attention to wrestling; but, probably because of his mighty strength, he found he got on better at the style into which ground wrestling enters. The so-called Scottish style of wrestling is a combination of the back hold and the Lancashire, the latter coming into play if the fallen man does not go down with both his shoulders touching the ground.

Why the Lancashire, or catch-hold, style, which permits of catching a man anywhere you please—



STEADMAN FELLS LOWDEN.

(Photo: W. Baldry, Grasmere.)

with Paddy's love of the "shtick," wrestling has never been very popular. The style, when played, was that similar to the collar and elbow of "Tom Brown's School Days," a challenge to wrestle being given by the trailing of a coat around the ring with the request that someone would be good enough to "shtep on the tail of it."

Scotsmen, however, have given the game greater consideration, although even the men of the Border have acquired no great science, in spite of the fact that they sometimes competed in Northern rings. Wrestling was one of the items in the St. Ronan's Border games and other such meetings, but only one Scot ever attained fame over the Border. That one was he of whom the Borderers sang:—

"Jamie Scott o' Cannobie  
He hied to Carel toon;  
And mony a borderer cam' to see,  
The English lads thrawn doon."

The English lads, some good ones too, were "thrawn doon" on this occasion; but Jamie was content with one success, and never tempted

head, arms, legs, or around the body—and encourages struggling on the ground, should appeal to many who do not like the Northern style, I cannot conceive. The fact remains, however; and in the few London gymnasia where wrestling takes place the catch-hold is the style in vogue. In Lancashire the local interest taken in wrestling is immense and has been for very many years. The style is common in America, and many a Lancashire wrestler has journeyed to the States to try conclusions with America's champions. The names of Acton and Bibby are very prominent in these international struggles, while the present heavy-weight champion, Tom Cannon, has also made a name for himself as a wrestler in the Græco-Roman or Continental style.

A bout in this style lasts much longer than one under the Northern system, so long sometimes that one gets tired of watching the interminable rolling and scrambling on the ground which with some men is the most important part of the game. Certainly it provides scope for the exercise of judgment and quick invention, as well as requiring

unlimited activity and stamina ; but to one who believes in the first-down-to-lose system the Lancashire style is not acceptable. Were the ground wrestling eliminated there would be little to say against it, as undoubtedly it calls for the use of great skill and science, as well as being decidedly useful as a means of self-defence.

Why it is that wrestling in Cornwall and Devonshire has died out, and the men of the two counties have lost their ancient reputation of being the best wrestlers in England, I cannot say ; but it is a fact, and a melancholy fact, too. The game, as in the North, was learnt in childhood, and there was usually a contest for boys under twelve years of age at the village gatherings, or "revels," as they were called. Prizes were small, perhaps a rabbit or hare for the youngsters, or a sovereign to be divided between the best of the adult wrestlers, and the game was followed with a keenness for which we must go to the North to find a parallel.

Scientific wrestling it was, too. A Cornishman or a Devonian who has "played" it (wrestlers were always called "players" in these parts, will tell you it is the finest exercise and pastime there is on the earth, and that his style is the best and most ancient of all. But then there was the use of the terrible boot, the cruel kicking at an opponent's shins, which was always part of the game, although in the sixties, when contests in this style were of frequent occurrence in London, the men wrestled in their stockings. A man who did much wrestling, especially if he were a Cornishman who crossed the border to find an opponent, would have his legs from knee to ankle covered with deep scars as a result of the deadly work. Perhaps this kicking was the cause of the bitter antagonism between the Cornishmen and the Devonians. The former were not so good in the use of the boot, and liked getting to close quarters and making play with the proverbial "Cornish hug." Being, as a rule, short, thick, "stuggy" fellows, very difficult to move, and very powerful, they were most formidable to the more active Devon men, if once allowed to get in close. The latter were certainly

more skilful in the use of the loose canvas jacket, by which alone the hold could be taken, while their leg chips were extremely clever.

Holds, which were necessarily above the waist, might be altered as often as required, providing the jacket only was grasped, and a man had to be thrown squarely on his back before he was defeated. Heavy were the falls that resulted, and for a man to be "heaved" heels over head, or thrown by the "fore-hip" (the Cumbrian "buttock") or the "outside lock" with all the thrower's full weight on him as he went to grass, or projected over his opponent's head by means of a "flying mare," was no joke. The kicking, too, was not without its drawbacks to the kicker, for sometimes an active man when his adversary raised his foot would click the standing leg, and lay the kicker flat on his back with a mighty thud. The great advantage of the style is that it teaches a man to make the fullest use of his legs in overthrowing an opponent ; and this and the use of the jacket as a means of securing a telling hold combine to give a West country wrestler an immense advantage it called upon to defend himself against a chance adversary.

In London the rendezvous of West country wrestlers was a little public-house at Hackney Wick, a resort famous for the pedestrian matches which used to take place there ; and here in the sixties came a score of sturdy representatives of the game from either county to fight out the question of superiority: "Inside lock," "outside lock," "clamp," and "flying mare" were once more brought into play as they had been on summer evenings in the field by the side of the village inn ; and loud would be the Cornishmen's shouts as Pollard or Treglaslyn would lay his opponent down hard on the turf ; shouts which would be met with answering cheers from the Devonians when Jack



A CLEAN FALL: THE MIDDLEWEIGHT FELS THE LIGHTWEIGHT.

(Photo: W. Baldry, Grasmere.)

Lewis or Joe Menear of the strong arms asserted supremacy over the men from the "delectable duchy." Ah ! the days have passed, and although I never saw the contests, with my own eyes, I can picture in my mind what they were like, and I regret that the attempt to keep up the game failed.





THE "DERBY": TOD SLOAN GOING TO MOUNT 'HOLOCAUST."

(Photo: W. A. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)

## MODERN RACING AND THE DERBY.

BY E. T. SACHS.

THE history of racing in England may be divided into three epochs, the first being the period antecedent to the eighteenth century, when rule and order were introduced into the conduct of the sport. Since then annual races at York were established in 1709, and in the first few decades of the century took place that importation of Turkish, Arabian, and Barbary stallions which exercised such enormous influence in establishing the speedy breed of thoroughbreds with which racing is now conducted all the world over. Then, and for many a year afterwards, races were devised to favour stamina, and it was not until 1768 that a race for three-year-olds, distance two miles (the six-year-olds ran four heats of four miles each—sixteen miles in all), was introduced at York. The temptation is great to dwell upon that interesting period, when Queen Anne not only presented Queen's Cups, but herself ran horses for them and in other races. In various places in Yorkshire, at Lincoln, Newmarket, and Epsom, to mention the principal courses, racing was for a very long period carried on in what may be termed a free and easy manner compared with present day custom, and one is inclined to give the second epoch a life of about 150 years, the third

division of time commencing with the new order of things now prevailing. Very gradually at first, but more rapidly towards the end, as the racing public changed in character and caused its demands to be considered, the old plan of fostering stamina gave way. During the first half of the eighteenth century the four-year-old was the infant amongst racing thoroughbreds, and he was sent not more than two miles, whilst five-year-olds even were not asked to race four miles more than once per day. The practice of running four-mile heats was persevered with throughout the century. Racing two-year-olds never entered the thoughts of anyone at a time when the influence of the chase was all-powerful and racing had not come to be entered upon as an everyday business for money-making purposes. There was betting in plenty, but racing was still a sport pure and simple for a very lengthy period. The beginning of the change was the spread of railways, the rapid transit of men and horses bringing about undreamed-of revolutions, and from that time things have gone on changing, the end being by no means reached. The St. Leger, in the modest guise of a Sweepstakes for three-year-olds, was established in 1776, ten years after the commencement of Doncaster races, and

the Epsom Derby in 1780, preceded by one year by the Oaks. The Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas were inventions of the early years of the nineteenth century, whilst the epoch of what so many think to be the chief curse of racing, where the thoroughbred is concerned, two-year-old racing, may be said to have begun with the institution of the Criterion Stakes at Newmarket in 1829.

At a considerable interval after the institution of railways came that prime mover in recent events the proprietary racecourse, run solely with an eye to dividends. Under the old system, which prevailed for a very lengthy period, the well-to-do supported the meetings by means of subscriptions. At York, for instance, a subscription was understood to be £10; but in those times the finest horses were run for £100 stakes, and even less. To trace the steps by which everything connected with racing has risen in cost would necessitate a volume. Everything has gone hand in hand, and it is difficult to say which is the most astounding, the exorbitant nature of stallions' fees, the prices paid for well-bred foals, yearlings, and two-year-olds, the amounts earned by jockeys, or the affluence of trainers. In differing degrees, they all transcend beyond belief the state of things that prevailed early in last century. The stake for the

first St. Leger was £300, and in subsequent years it was sometimes much less; in the first year of the twentieth century the stake was nearly £6,000, the winner earning for his owner £5,425. The enormously increased initial cost of the animal and the enhanced expense of training and running it have rendered the material increase of stakes a necessity, though an equally important factor has been the competition amongst gate-money meetings.

Practically all meetings of importance come into this category, for without the money taken at the gates and that paid by club members, they could not exist for another day. As it is, in a majority of important events the owners run for their own money and not for anything provided by the executive of the meeting. Now and then, though less frequently as time wears on, one hears the complaint made that the great matches for a thousand guineas or more a-side that were so prevalent in the past are never heard of; but their absence does not denote the disappearance of the sporting spirit. The necessity for them no longer exists, and it is certain that a longer purse is required to enable a man to enter thoroughly into the game of racing than was formerly the case. This feature, in its turn, has brought about a mighty change in the personnel of the owners.



THE DERBY: BEHIND THE COACHES ON THE HILL

(Photo: W. A. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)



Formerly the men who raced on the largest scale were such as lived with, in some cases for, their horses. Nowadays it is the millionaire, anxious to find an outlet for his millions that is not unattended with public glamour, who is in the best position to figure as the owner of thoroughbreds, and it is not an unheard-of thing for one such to be a matter of £50,000 on the wrong side, all outlays included, as the result of one season's racing.

The very rich men are supposed to be, and with rare exceptions are, engaged in flying at the highest game—the Epsom Derby always at the top; but besides these there is, looking at the cost of racing, an astonishingly large number of minor owners racing out of pure liking for the sport, and with small chance of making the game pay. The late Duke of Westminster, whose loss to the Turf is simply irreparable, was known to be satisfied if both ends met, and the Eaton stud had few compeers. Anyone curious as to the meaning of a present-day racing establishment should pay a visit to Sir J. Blundell Maple's stud farm near St. Albans. There can be seen a wealth of brood mares such as the owner of a hundred years back could never have imagined as being either expedient or possible, and having inspected these and other costly occupants of the farm, there will be no need for casting an eye over that other model establishment, the training stables at Newmarket, to realise that the £21,370 with which Sir Blundell headed the list of winning owners for 1901 would be more likely to leave a deficit than a profit.

The general tendency of modern racing is to make hay while the sun shines, and, as programmes have been arranged in the immediate past, the owner has been able to gather very early crops by reason of the lavish endowments that have been attached to two-year-old racing. A tardy realisation of the fact that the frequent racing of two-year-olds is highly detrimental to their after career has caused the Jockey Club to legislate towards an amelioration of the evil. Recognising the absurdity of preaching against a practice whilst simultaneously offering bribes for its continuance in the shape of heavy stakes, legislation has been effected which prohibits adding more than £200 to a two-year-old race before June 1st.

The effect of the enormous stud fees that are paid for the services of the best stallions has, of course, been to enhance enormously the value of the stallion, and as it pays very much better to put a horse to the stud on such terms than to keep him in training on the chance of winning races, the earliest opportunity is taken for changing his scene of operations. After his four-year-old career there is nothing left for a horse on the present-day turf, even in the not too probable event of his remaining sound in his fifth year, excessive two-year-old racing being held to blame for this

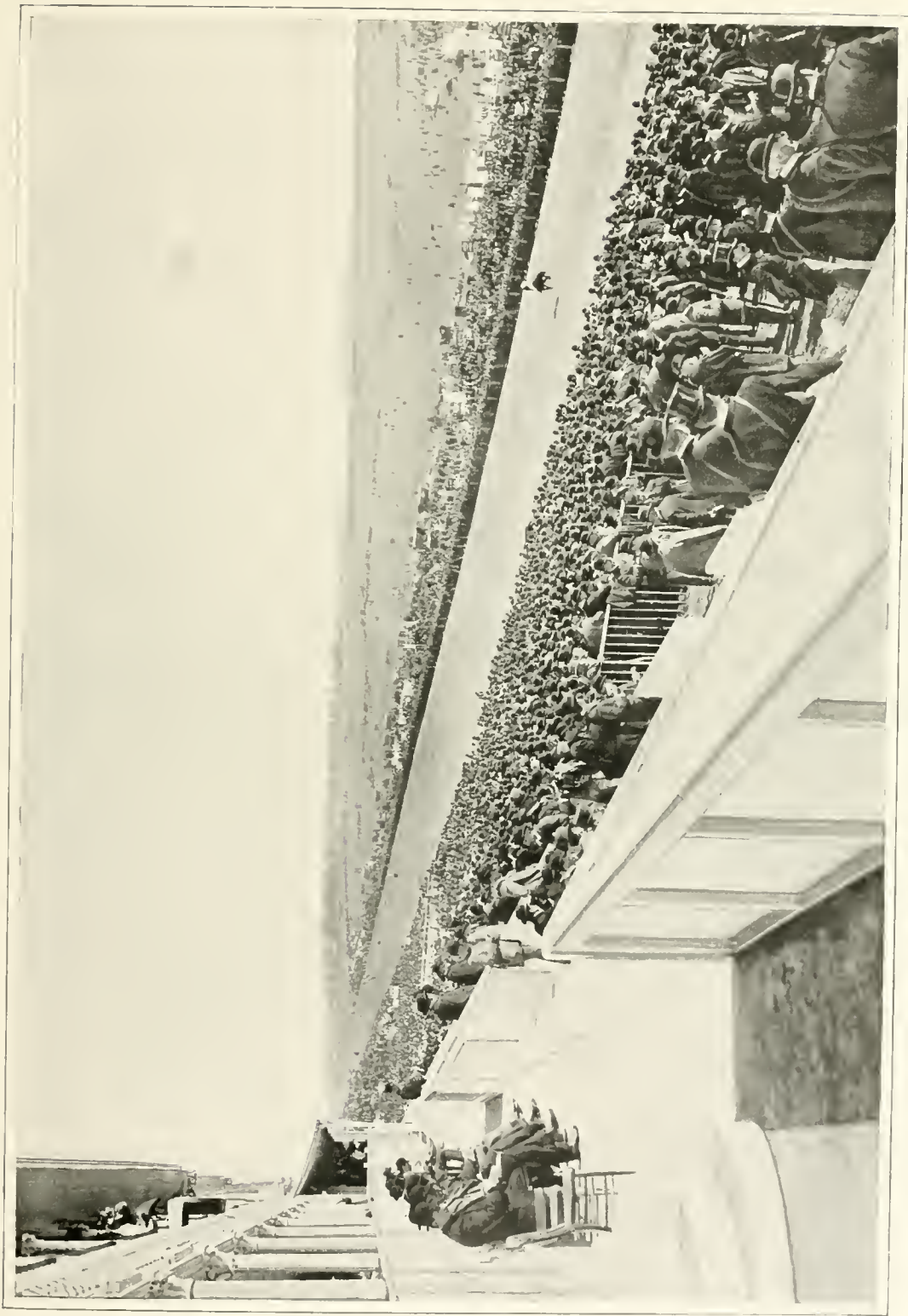
state of things, so different from what prevailed a century back.

The demands of the gate-money-producing public, which is supposed to require plenty of horses to bet upon, led to the overloading of programmes with five furlong races to the neglect of distance races, and one of the principal reasons for the existence of the Turf is acknowledged to be the improvement of the breed of horses—a feature which is entirely lost sight of by up-to-date clerks, of courses trying to please their ring patrons. The Jockey Club has legislated with a view to correct this serious evil, and, it is hoped, will do more by force of example at its own meetings at Newmarket. Having gone from the extreme of four four-mile heats on the same day to the other of five five-furlong scrambles (earlier in the nineteenth century half-mile races were common, and they certainly were the more merciful of the two to the two-year-old), the attempt is being made to strike a middle line, but the process will have to be gradual.

Under our present system it is not likely that another Eclipse will again be seen. This historical horse was bred by the Duke of Cumberland in 1764, consequently he was born too soon to figure in the Derby, instituted in 1780; but the race was won by his sons three years out of the first five. Seeing that over the Derby course at the time it is run a four-year-old is set to give a three-year-old 17 lbs., it is strange that the pride of place in the world of horse-racing should be given to the inferior horse. The horse of the year all the world over is the winner of the Derby, and this favoured animal has been a very moderate racehorse indeed on several occasions. It would be as difficult to say which was the worst winner of the Derby as to decide which out of the 123 on the list is the best. Perhaps the claims of Gladiateur, the French-bred colt that won in 1865, would be the most difficult to disprove. Like the St. Leger, the Derby had a modest beginning, but the stake now has a minimum value of £6,000. This step was taken in order that the pecuniary value of the event should bear some relation to its "classic" importance, in view of the three races for £10,000 each that had been instituted.

Although a race which most owners would make great sacrifices to win, the Derby has not been free from the attacks of the sordid. Cases in which pressure of a pecuniary nature has prevented the starting of very probable winners are still too recent for direct reference, and there was the notorious Running Rein case, in which a four-year-old named Maccabeus was falsely described as the three-year-old Running Rein and so won the Derby of 1844. Disqualification, of course, followed so soon as the facts were proven. The present moment is not a favourable one for holding optimistic views of our thoroughbreds,





THE DERBY : VIEW DOWN THE COURSE

(Photo : W. A. Rouch, Strand W.C.)

but bad times have ruled before, and there was nothing very encouraging in the few years that preceded the coming of Isinglass, one of the stoutest horses which the present generation has seen ; and, sandwiched between more moderate ones, for Derby winners, followed such as Per-simmon, Galtee More, and Flying Fox. It is an unfortunate thing for the reputation of the Derby that now and then the best three-year-old

does not win it, as in duty bound it should do, through the omission to enter it, which must be done in foal-hood. If horses were endowed with human feelings, many a Derby winner must have felt dejected at going about in false colours as the best of his year. When a horse passes the post the winner of the Derby, his position at the stud is thereby assured, though in other respects he may not merit it.



THE DERBY : "FLYING FOX" ON THE WAY TO THE COURSE.

(Photo : W. A. Rouch, Strand, W.C.)



IN FULL CHASE.

## HUNTING WITH THE CHEETAH.

BY HERBERT COMPTON.

THERE can be few more exclusive sports than that of cheetah hunting, indulgence in which is now confined to native rajahs in India. The object may be described as coursing antelope with cheetahs or "hunting leopards" trained for the pursuit. Sir William Jones, the famous Oriental scholar, asserts that cheetah hunting was originated by a king of Persia about the year B.C. 865, but the bas-reliefs on Assyrian and Egyptian monuments discovered in recent years suggest a much greater antiquity. It is probable that the sport reached its zenith during the Mogul dominion in Hindustan, for it is recorded that certain of the emperors kept many hundreds of cheetahs for their amusement, whilst about the same date we read of the existence of hunting leopards in the establishment of some of the kings of France. After the capture of Seringapatam by the English in 1799, two of Tippoo Sultan's hunting cheetahs were sent home to George III., and the Duke of Cumberland attempted to initiate a cheetah hunt in Windsor Forest; but the animals would not face the stag. They broke away from the enclosure in which the experiment was being conducted, and presently killed a fallow deer in another part of the royal park.

The cheetah is an interesting animal, scientifically speaking, for it exhibits such a mixture of feline and canine characteristics in both form and

habits that one might almost regard it as a transition form between the cat and dog groups. Superficially it appears to lend some authority to the designation of "leopard" so often applied to it, resembling that animal in markings, but a closer scrutiny reveals many traits which are purely canine. Its long and slender legs, its non-retractile claws, its dog-like feet, and the contour of its skull are anatomically opposed to feline formation. On the other hand, its spotted coat, its method of stalking and capturing its prey, its habit of purring when pleased, and its non-gregarious nature in its natural state—all wild dogs hunt in packs—demonstrate feline characteristics. It is a beautiful animal, a good specimen standing 32 inches at the shoulder, or about as high as a tall deer-hound, and measuring 7 feet from its nose to the tip of its bushy tail. The colour is light tawny, marked with numerous dark spots on the upper part of the body and sides, and white underneath.

Mr. Lockwood Kipling, in his interesting book, "Beast and Man in India," tells us that the cheetah cannot be trained to hunt, but must acquire its capacity for chase in its wild state. In order to capture these animals the native *shikaries* make search for certain trees where the cheetahs are wont to repair to whet their claws, and lay snares in their vicinity. When an animal is caught it has to undergo a long process of training, which



amounts, in fact, to intimidation into tameness. In the early stages of this education the poor brute is subjected to the most cruel treatment, starved, constantly scared, kept continuously awake, picketed in a public place—the village street for choice—and constantly threatened by its master rushing towards it, whirling a sheet over his head to frighten it. As a result it becomes, after much tribulation, “piteously and abjectly tame.” There is now some amelioration of its misery: it is handled more gently, a little coaxing is vouchsafed, and it is kept in closest touch with its master, chained to his bed, sharing it with him at night, and treated much like a dog might be. This is the whole extent of its training, the object of which is to familiarise it with man. No attempt is made to teach it to hunt beyond rendering it obedient and tractable.

In the beginning of the last century no Indian rajah's sporting establishment was considered complete without its hunting cheetahs, and many native noblemen and not a few European officials kept one or two for their delectation. In the Eighteen-fifties we read in an old sporting book that the price of trained cheetahs varied from Rs.150 to Rs.250, which cannot be held an extravagant sum when the labour of catching and training them is considered. They appear to have been kept in all parts of the country from Mysore to the Punjab, and from Guzerat to Bengal. In these modern days, and with the diminished number of antelope in India, a cheetah hunt is a rare sight; and in one of the latest the writer heard about, it was discovered, after the antelope had been coursed and killed, that it had previously been partially hamstrung, so that the cheetah might be sure to catch it!

The writer has a very clear recollection of a cheetah hunt which he witnessed at Baroda in 1872. Through the kindness of the then political resident he obtained leave to go out with two of the Guicowar's hunting cheetahs. The start was made in the dim dusk of earliest dawn, for the sport has to be followed in the cool of the morning or evening, as the animals refuse to hunt in the heat of the day. The cheetahs lay huddled up under quilts in a couple of country bullock-carts that were to carry them to, and be used at, the scene of action. Each was attended by a keeper and his assistant, to whom they were greatly attached, if you might judge from the lavish way in which they purred when stroked or fondled.

The Guicowar's hunting preserves were some six miles distant. It was Christmas time, and the cold of the early morn in Guzerat at that period of the year requires to be experienced to be believed, so bitter is it. The march was made at the stereotyped pace of two miles an hour, the cheetahs lying curled up asleep under their coverings until the sun's rays began to gather some

little heat, when they sat up on their haunches, just like dogs, and gazed around with blinking eyes, enjoying the warmth. The country consisted of a huge plain planted with cotton, and the soil was of that black variety for which the cotton districts of India are famous, which gapes and cracks into fissures during the hot weather and is the horror of the hog hunter. Here and there a clump of trees denoted the existence of a well or village, but for the most part the interminable plain was bare of everything except the interminable cotton.

At length the cultivated portion was passed and waste land reached, interspersed with stunted mimosa and bamboo jungle, which constituted the hunting preserve. A little previous to this hoods had been slipped over the eyes of the cheetahs, and sundry preparations made for the coming hunt. Presently a herd of about a dozen antelope was sighted, three of them being bucks, whose black glossy skins and white bellies shone in the sun. The carts were now halted, and after a short confabulation one of the cheetahs was selected for the hunt, whilst the other remained behind. The herd was about three-quarters of a mile distant, and the direction taken by the cart was a diagonal one towards it, but gradually edging in nearer the quarry. One keeper squatted low in the cart, holding the cheetah down, which seemed perfectly well aware of what was expected of it.

The Indian antelope is so accustomed to the presence of carts in the cotton fields that it has lost fear of them, and provided they are judiciously manœuvred, it is comparatively easy to approach within a hundred yards, or even a less distance, of a herd. On this occasion the deer took no notice of the cart until it had nearly come within the required distance, when a suspicious old doe sniffed danger, and looking up, stamped its foot. As a consequence, the driver, well trained to this sort of strategy, sheered off a little, only to resume his approach when the doe continued browsing.

Thus, with the exercise of a little patience, we came within the required sphere, and the keeper who had been holding down the cheetah whispered a word to the driver and gave a low peculiar chirrup to the cheetah, which at once cocked its ears and elevated its head. The next moment the hood was slipped off its eyes, the leash withdrawn, and in the fraction of a second it had sighted the quarry. Springing lightly and gracefully to the ground, it crept forward with amazing speed, crouching low on its belly, and taking advantage of every tuft of grass and inequality of the surface to veil its approach.

But the old doe which had been the cause of the first check was evidently on the alert, for almost before the eye could travel from cheetah to herd it had taken the alarm and was off, followed by

the rest of its companions. Simultaneously the cheetah extended itself and bounded forward with lightning leaps and springs; but the effort was made too late, and it had not traversed fifty yards when, with that want of pertinacity which

On this occasion there was a lordly buck grazing some few yards distant from its companions, which afforded the cheetah a fine opportunity. It managed to creep quite close to it before being discovered. Off went the black buck, not with



"WITH ONE MONSTROUS LEAP LANDED ON ITS HAUNCHES."

is characteristic of the animal, it gave up the chase and squatted sulkily on the ground until the keeper ran up and secured it, and after slipping the hood over its eyes, gave it a good scolding. He excused its failure by saying it had been too recently fed, as the order for the hunt reached him after feeding time the evening before, and to ensure success the animal should be taken out fasting.

It was now the turn of the second cheetah, and, after sighting another herd, exactly the same preliminaries of approach were gone through again.

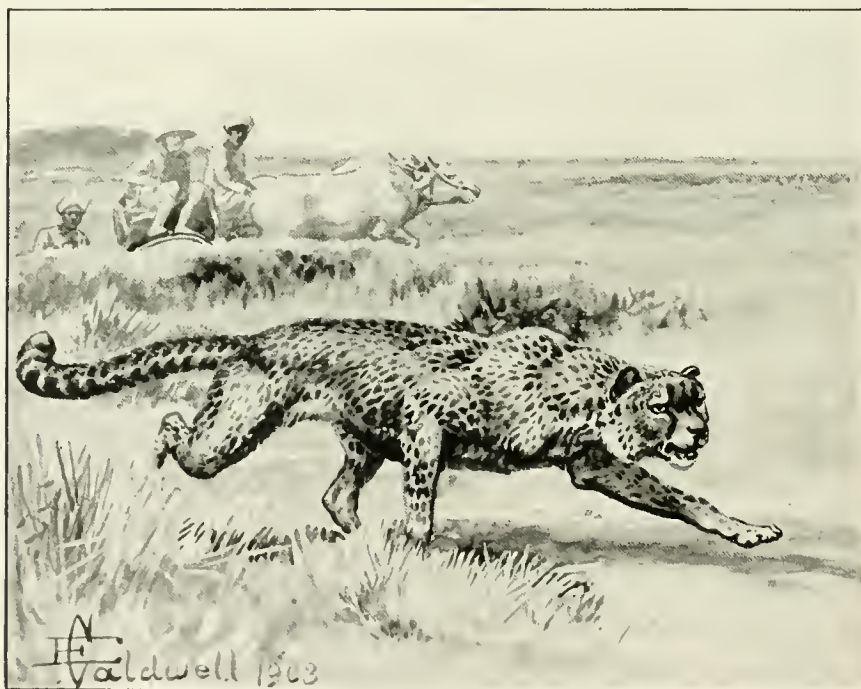
those graceful leaps and springs which it generally affects when first startled, but pelting along, low to earth, scared into its utmost endeavour by the sudden apparition of its pursuer. But it had no better chance than the bicycle rider who, with a standing start, has to compete with a rival who has a flying one. In half a dozen bounds the cheetah had caught it up, and with one monstrous leap landed on its haunches. In the very act of doing so it gave the buck a slap upon its rump, with the set purpose (it was explained) of causing the victim to turn its head round and try to prod

at the cheetah. In doing so, the buck displayed its throat, and the cheetah, propelling itself forward by what seemed a muscular contortion, seized it in an instant and bore it to the earth.

Whilst the struggle was yet going on, the keepers rushed up, and, heedless of the growls and snarls of the cheetah, cut the buck's throat, caught some of its blood in a sort of ladle, and offered it to the cheetah, who, partly by coaxing, partly by threats, was induced to leave its victim. The hood was slipped on, the leash fixed, and as soon as it had finished lapping from the ladle it was lifted into the cart, and the cheetah hunt was over for that day! The whole proceeding from the time of loosing the cheetah to that of returning it to the cart was so rapid that it allowed no time for sustained excitement, and when it was all over we asked ourselves whether the game was worth the candle. It was a momentary spectacle, and a brutal one to boot. Nor can it ever be anything but a "lightning sketch," for if the cheetah does not catch its quarry in the first spurt, it never attempts a long chase, being in this respect quite spiritless.

It has been stated by some writers that the antelope are so paralysed with fright when the cheetah is loosed at them that they are unable to fly, and become an easy prey. This does not accord with the writer's experience. He is rather inclined to think that, so far from fear paralysing, it lent wings to the flight of the quarry.

In this connection a kindred form of sport may be briefly alluded to, and one which is infinitely more interesting. This is hare hunting with a lynx. The writer was fortunate enough, during a shooting trip in Kattywar, to make the acquaintance of a Mahomedan gentleman who kept a hunting lynx and to enjoy several evenings' sport with him. The lynx, which was hooded, was carried in the arms of a keeper along the edge of the cactus hedges that bounded the fields, with a few beaters thrashing them from the far side. There were plenty of hares, and, as they bolted, the keeper unhooded the lynx and threw it forward in the direction of the hares. Although the sport was on a miniature scale, it was far more interesting and exciting than cheetah hunting, whilst a goodly bag was the reward of an hour's stroll every evening.



IN THE FRACTION OF A SECOND IT HAD SIGHTED ITS QUARRY" (p. 302).





ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA AT LORD'S.

(Photo: Cassell &amp; Co., Ltd.)

## AUSTRALIAN CRICKET AND CRICKETERS.

By W. J. FORD.



MURDOCH.

(Photo: E. Hawkins &amp; Co., Brighton)

IN the year 1862 H. H. Stephenson, the great Surrey player, took a team of English professionals out to Australia. If he had been told, after his return from a triumphal progress through the cricketing communities, that exactly twenty years later an Australian team, visiting England, might defeat an eleven consisting of the flower of

porters of English cricket can find lies in the fact that of the eleven defeats suffered during the seasons mentioned, eight were inflicted in Australia, where from the nature of things English sides are relatively weaker than are the Australian sides that beard the British lion in his own den. Indeed, the axiom may be laid down that, while the Australians can, from the nature of the arrangements made, almost invariably command, even in England, the presence of their very best eleven, England can never be adequately represented in Australia; with the result that while England is still ahead in the aggregate results of test matches, it is under the Southern Cross, and not under the Great Bear, that the bulk of her defeats have occurred. From a purely sentimental point of view there is another thing that tells slightly against the mother country, viz. the fact that the "old man," when "beaten by the boy," feels his defeat the more poignantly because it has been inflicted by his own offspring and his own pupil; his sense of responsibility is naturally the greater, though he can readily recognise in the hour of defeat the fact that he has met in the "youngsters" a foeman amply worthy of his best effort.

he would probably have smiled the smile of incredulity. Had he lived to be told that in a series of test matches, as the representative matches are called, played between the two homes of cricket in the seasons of 1898-99, 1899, and 1901-02, England could only manage to win three matches out of twenty and had actually contrived to lose eleven, incredulity would probably have been intensified into downright disbelief: he might even have given his informant the lie direct. Both these things are now a matter of history, and the only consolation that the sup-

It was during the very first Australian visit that we awoke, all unexpectedly, to the fact that there was a second Richmond in the field on that fateful day, when Boyle and Spofforth dismissed a most powerful team of the M.C.C. for such miserable scores as 33 and 19. But in that year, 1878, no test match was arranged. In 1880 the two countries met, and England won, by no means easily, after a desperate duel as far as the highest

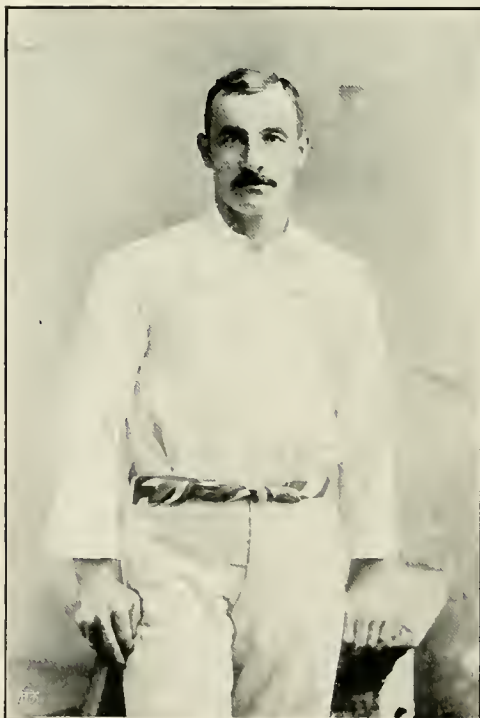


FERRIS AND TURNER.

(Photo: E. Hawkins &amp; Co., Brighton.)

individual score went, between W. G. Grace and Murdoch. It was reserved for 1882 for England to lose the only representative match by seven runs, amid a scene of excitement so great that a man actually dropped down dead when the last wicket fell. Yet the last five English batsmen had only to get nineteen runs between them to have won! It was a rude awakening, and a broad hint to us that it was possible that our slumbers might be similarly disturbed in the future. Whether, however, our vanity has been tickled by victory or smitten down by defeat, we have always been able to find ample satisfaction or compensation in the proved power of our adversaries. It would have been hard, indeed, if victory had never fallen to the lot of those elevens in which have been included such bowlers as Spofforth, Turner, Ferris, Palmer, Ernest Jones, Noble, and Giffen; such batsmen as Murdoch, Hill, McDonnell, Massie, Bonnor, Lyons, the Bannermans, Giffen, Horan, Graham, S. Gregory, S. P. Jones, Trumper, Iredale, Darling, and Barrett; such wicket-keepers as Blackham and Kelly—in fine, such a succession of cricketers, all good fieldsmen, and all skilled in some other department of the game as well. It is not belittling our English batsmen to say that, setting aside the champion of all champions, the names of Murdoch, Giffen, Hill, Trumper, and Moses (who never visited us) may range level with any batsman that England has produced,

for they, when at their best, would always have been in the very highest flight. The same may be said of Spofforth, Turner, Ferris, and Palmer as bowlers, while it has always puzzled impartial critics to find a reason why Blackham's wicket-keeping should be postponed to Pilling's; so admirable were both that we may say with the Greek poet, "Neither won the day; both departed unvanquished." On the third point of the game, fielding, it has always been the fashion to say that the Australians are our superiors; but this point, except as far as throwing is concerned, I for one decline to concede, though admitting the universal and all-round excellence of the various visiting elevens. Nor do I hold that it is fact, though it is fashionable with some people to say so, that the Australians have taught us anything, save in so far that we all learn something when we meet strong antagonists. Thus I fail to see any artifice that our bowlers have acquired from Australian bowlers; any strokes that their batsmen have taught ours; or any device in fielding, saving the single one of making the wicket-keeper, though standing close to the wicket, dispense with a long-stop. True, Boyle and others used to stand very close to the batsman at mid-on, and some of our fieldsmen began imitating them; but the practice being found ineffective, as well as positively dangerous, was soon abandoned. Boyle, who is credited with having "invented" the place, is also credited



GIFFEN

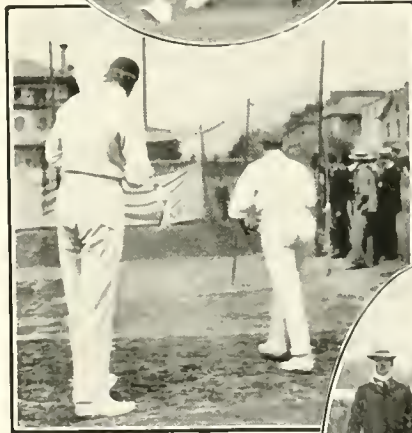
(Photo: E. Hawkins &amp; Co., Brighton.)



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5

SNAP-SHOTS AT LORD'S.

1. KELLY AND TRUMPER LEAVING THE PITCH AT THE NETS; 2. ARMSTRONG AND NOBLE. 3. PRACTICE AT THE NETS; GREGORY AT THE WICKET 4. NOBLE AND HOPKINS. 5. TRUMPER AT THE NETS

with having had some very narrow escapes from sudden and violent death.

There are few who would not concede that, powerful though Australian batting has been and is, it is as a whole inferior to that of Englishmen in scoring power and especially in style: indeed, of stylists we have seen but few from the Greater Britain of the South. They have been the exception and not the rule. It is to bowling that the larger share of the victories must as a rule be attributed. To draw comparisons is not merely odious, but difficult, nor is the task made in any way easier when the persons compared have been acting under different conditions; yet few people, cricketers of experience, who were asked the question, "Who is the greatest bowler ever born?" would not guardedly reply, "There has been none greater than Spofforth." But it was Spofforth himself who paid English batsmen the highest of compliments by averring that on a good wicket, he could seldom get an English team out for less than 300 runs. Spofforth's days, however, were the days when 300 was a winning score; but they were also the days of Grace, very nearly at his best. For accuracy, for variety of pace and pitch, for control of pace and break, "the demon bowler," as Spofforth was appropriately called, has never had

a superior. Yet Spofforth in his early days was a famous batsman. I have it from his own lips that the question asked by cricketing enthusiasts on Saturday evenings was originally, "How many runs did Spofforth get?" However, as far as bowling is concerned, we may leave the question of the supremacy at the point at which we arrived earlier, viz., that the Australian has had no superior. Not far behind the Demon came "The Terror," Turner; but the terrors of Turner were greatest when he was helped by the state of the wicket. On a true, fast pitch he was distinctly inferior to Spofforth, and both possibly, under such conditions, lagged behind Palmer, with his twin break and tearing yorker. Good judges, however, affirmed with regard to Palmer that his leg-break was his ruin, as in the cultivation of it he lost the accuracy of his length. Equally effective, but of a different nature, was Giffen's bowling. Where the other three bowlers defeated men by balls that were virtually unplayable, Giffen secured a good proportion of his wickets by balls that were, to all appearance, innocent, but in reality and practice were full of guile. Where Spofforth was a master of pace and pitch, Giffen was a master of flight and curve.



The striker played a correct stroke to Spofforth, and was beaten; he thought he was playing a correct stroke to Giffen, and lo! it was incorrect, and once more he was beaten. Spofforth beat the batsman, Giffen deceived him—the result was the same. Ferris, the *vis-à-vis* of Turner, was one of the few good left-handed bowlers that Australia has produced. A long run and a curious action added some terrors to a bowling that was varied and accurate, and replete with break. E. Jones has probably had no superior in speed, and to mere speed he owed many of his wickets; but he was not devoid of length and break and accuracy. His action was, at the time of his first visit, more than suspicious, but he toned it down till the critics of three years later were satisfied. It is notable that up to his appearance in 1896 it had been a matter of common remark that the Australian bowlers were incontrovertibly fair in their methods; more than one have, to say the least of it, since then been regarded with suspicion. To the list of great bowlers should be added the name of Noble, of whom we may not have seen the best, and whose chief characteristics are break and spin, a marked swerve in the air, and great accuracy of length; indeed, it has been remarked recently, and the fact is curious, that whereas the Australian giants of the earlier days relied on variety and trickery, the modern bowlers follow the fashion of extreme accuracy and persistence. It is, however, only fair to Australian bowlers to add that, whatever style they have adopted, in that style they have excelled; indeed, the nature of the conditions under which their native cricket is conducted demands a high degree of excellence if any measure of success is to be attained. Up-country cricket is, as a rule, played on matting stretched over concrete, though there are not a few country districts which can boast of a thoroughly good pitch, even if the out-fielding is poor. But in the big cities the comfort of the batsman is so carefully considered that the bowler's task is no sinecure.

Sydney possesses a ground which, for excellence of turf, accommodation, and general convenience,

has no superior, perhaps no equal; while the gigantic scoring-board, showing every incident of the game as it occurs—incidents, that is, of



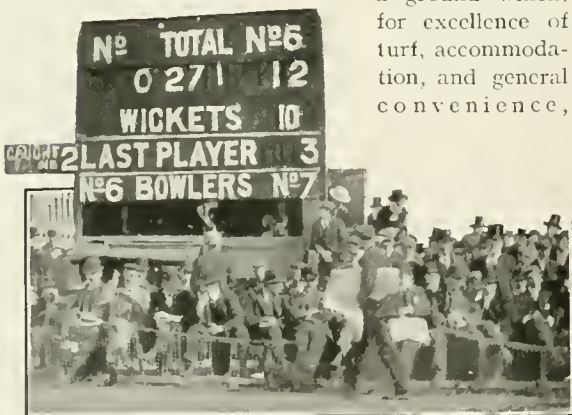
THE DEMON BOWLER (SPOFFORTH).

From "Vanity Fair" (July 13, 1878). By kind permission of the Proprietors.

the scoring and of the fall of the wickets—is unique. At Melbourne and Adelaide, though the arrangements are somewhat less elaborate, the accommodation and the ground are as near perfection as possible. So large is the Adelaide Oval—a somewhat elongated ellipse—that no man has ever made a straight drive over the chains, though many who have essayed the feat have perished in the attempt, so that Grace is reported to have suggested, by way of a joke, that the two ends should be roped off short, to give some encouragement to enterprise.

It is unnecessary to dilate upon the Australians as fieldsmen. It may be a moot point whether they are or are not our superiors in that respect, but the question of their superlative excellence has never been raised, while at point G. H. S. Trott and Noble, at the wickets Blackham and Kelly, at mid-off or cover E. Jones, Gregory, and A. Bannerman, and in the long field Graham, can claim equality with the best. There have been weak points, of course, in every side, but that is only in the nature of things.

It has already been suggested that the methods of Australian batsmen have been more sound than graceful, but there are exceptions to this rule, for such batsmen as Murdoch, Bruce, Gregory, Graham, Trumper, Iredale, C. Bannerman, McDonnell, and Massie have shown themselves to be equally effective and attractive. It may not, however,

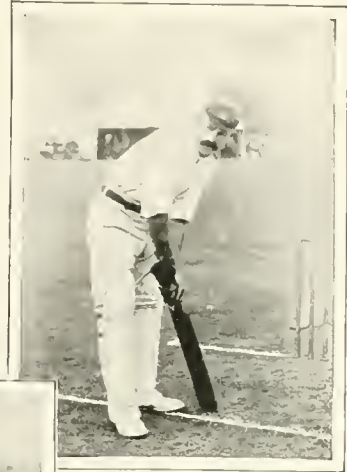


A SNAPSHOT AT LORDS: AUSTRALIA "ALL OUT."

be denied that the allotment of more than three days to a single match has led to an exaggerated and aggravating patience of method that does not commend itself to the eye ; indeed, the adoption of this style of cricket nearly ended the very existence of the game in Melbourne. Not that Australia has not contributed its quota of great hitters to the cricketer's list : the names of Bonnor, Lyons, and McDonnell are now classical, while in a minor degree wonderful powers of propulsion existed in the sturdy frames of Worrall, Darling, Massie, C. Bannerman, Midwinter, Howell, and Jones ; and, further, the name of the Anglo-Australian, Albert Trott, ought not to be omitted as that of one of the hardest hitters, and of the only man who has ever driven over the present pavilion at Lord's. Murdoch is unquestionably the greatest batsman that the colonies have produced, and it is doubtful whether even Trumper, great performer as he is, will really be a dangerous rival in the eyes of those who remember not merely the men and their deeds, but the conditions under which they played. To Giffen has been appropriated, and justly appropriated, the title of the "Grace of Australia," he being in the very first flight both of batsmen and bowlers, his rival in this respect being probably Noble, who, like Trumper, has not only made his name and fame, but has ample time to develop them further.

Finally, it may be said there is no intention in this article of raising the question of comparison in such a way as to create the idea that the rivalry between England and Australia is anything but a friendly rivalry. England taught Australia her cricket. Australia retorts by testing her teacher's powers to the utmost. She

has, in fact, done much for English cricket in a general way by teaching England that there is something more to live for in the cricket world than county or



DARLING.

(Photo: E. Hawkins & Co.)

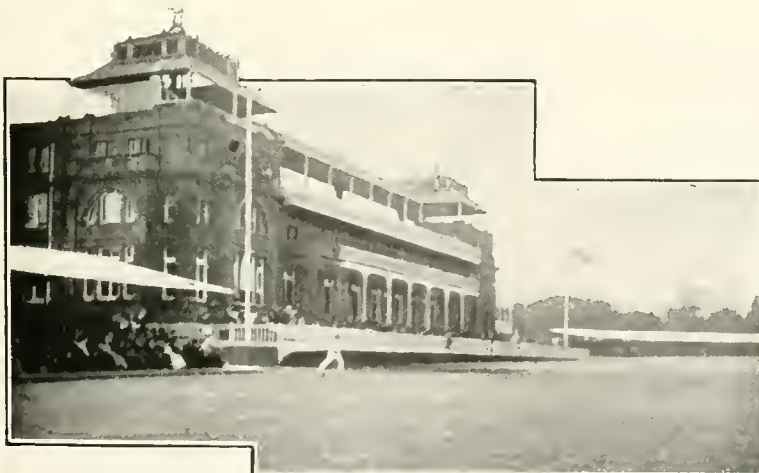


HILL

(Photo: E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.)

University matches. England's cricket had long been as unrivalled as her Navy, and it was not till 1878, the year of the Majuba of the M.C.C., that we first realised that the overthrow of our supremacy was possible. The possibility has grown into probability, and

the probability into fact, as the unhappy results of recent matches prove ; yet these results have served to show what desperate things can be done by men who are in desperate case, and how matches apparently hopeless may be won outright.



ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA AT LORD'S, 1902: A BOUNDARY HIT

## THE BOWLING GREEN.

By E. T. AYERS.



AN ALLEGORY.  
(From an Old Print.)

above, and, as few of us like to confess to being, or being described as, "old," it is allowed to pass "as the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." As shortly as I can I will proceed to substantiate what I say, and shall best do so by quoting from my experiences and observations of actual play during a space of—well, there's the "rub"—but I'll fill up the blank and say over forty years, and I hope and believe that this statement will not affect my matrimonial prospects!

Too many people talk and write about matters with which they are but superficially acquainted, and the game of bowls has undoubtedly suffered thereby, but I hope to show that this ancient game is well worth the serious thought and earnest practice of not only old, but young folks also, and that ladies might practise it with advantage and benefit, the play being always in the open air, upon a pleasant sward, and involving no excessive demand upon the strength of any player. When the game was most fashionable in olden times, queens, princesses, and ladies of all ranks and degrees were accustomed to play, as is clearly proved by Shakespeare and the diaries and correspondence of Pepys, Evelyn, and others.

In my long experience I have made many notes and observations of actual play, which the uninitiated could not thoroughly understand without a general sketch of the

ordinary practice of the game, as to which surprising ignorance prevails. For instance, not long ago the very capable manager of a large business establishment in London seriously told me he *had heard* of bowls, and quite innocently inquired if it was not played with a stick! So it is, but not exclusively so, for it affords a b u n d a n t scope for the s t r e n g t h, vigour, and mental qualities of youth. People are apt to catch hold of such an expression as the

above, and, as few of us like to confess to being, or being described as, "old," it is allowed to pass "as the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." As shortly as I can I will proceed to substantiate what I say, and shall best do so by quoting from my experiences and observations of actual play during a space of—well, there's the "rub"—but I'll fill up the blank and say over forty years, and I hope and believe that this statement will not affect my matrimonial prospects!

England is the true home of bowls. Scotchmen have adopted it with variations, by no means for the better, as I think. Given a plot of grass, say 40 yards square, Englishmen play "all over the shop" and over varying levels; but the Scottish system of play is, in the first place, to have greens made as nearly flat as possible by the aid of the spirit level, and then divide the space into what they call "rinks," that is to say strips of about 21 feet wide, up and down which the players to whom a rink is assigned must confine themselves. I do not like the rink system or the spirit-level arrangement, which latter seems more applicable to a billiard table. To my mind, it is out of place altogether at bowls, robbing, as it does, the dear old game of some of its greatest charms. In the first place, it does away with the opportunity of playing over grounds of varying levels comprising (always assuming that the inequalities be not too great) rises and depressions which have to be skilfully negotiated; and in the second, a width



HOW WILL IT TURN OUT?

(Photo: E. T. Ayers.)



of 21 feet or so gives no room for the action of well-biassed bowls—one of mine requires a sweep of about four yards on a level green, and on a "strong-pulling green" (that is, one considerably out of level) it will take a curve eight yards deep at its centre; whereas under the Scotch system the bowls played rarely take more than four feet. I well remember playing a match on a green laid according to Scotch ideas. Never again!

Within the limits prescribed to me a full history of the game is impossible, as is also a thorough exposition of the rules of play. I have traced its history back to the twelfth century, and no doubt, more than any other ball game, it has entwined itself in English history. Drake and his companions (admirals and captains) were engaged in play on Plymouth Hoe when news arrived that the Spanish Armada had been sighted off the Cornish coast. It was also the favourite pastime of the unfortunate and ill-advised Charles I. Strutt, in his "Sports and Pastimes," traced the game back to the thirteenth century, and reproduced a fine coloured drawing of that period which I have seen in the British Museum. Innumerable references to bowling greens and bowl playing

and incidents connected therewith occur in our public and private records of the last three or four centuries. Shakespeare's works show clearly that bowls was his favourite recreation (no mean recommendation, surely), and, though our civil and continental wars afterwards largely occupied the attention and strained the energies of the nation, and the game after Queen Anne's time was less generally patronised, it has ever retained a good reputation. During the last two decades a great revival has taken place in many parts of Britain, and this healthful and gentle recreation is becoming more generally understood, appreciated, and practised, both at home and in foreign parts. Not every lawn becomes a bowling green, and "lawn bowls" cannot be compared with the sport to be seen any fine summer evening on old-established and well cared for public greens, many of which are centuries old. As to actual play, the old and best approved English style is for a party of six to divide into two sets of three by drawing numbers—1, 2, and 3 playing against 4, 5, and 6. The bowls vary in size, shape, and weight, 3 lbs. or so being an average weight; and in

play, the object of all players is to get as near as possible to a small white earthenware ball called "jack," which serves as a mark. Each player has two bowls, and plays them alternately against those of a player on the other side. At finish the set which can score, as nearest to jack, one, two, or more bowls win a corresponding number of points. Many vicissitudes occur, but a few evenings' practice with old hands will suffice to enlighten the merest novice as to the objects and sound methods of play. There are many



WHAT HIS PARTNER HAS GOT TO DO.

(Photo: C. Hammond.)

and various ways of playing individual contests or club matches and of scoring. The ordinary game of 7 points up is the prevailing style. I have before me a copy of *The Royal* magazine depicting Sir Thomas Lipton as playing at bowls and his observation, "Bowls is more sedate, eh! But you can get a wonderful amount of enjoyment out of it, all the same, let me tell you," is quoted. As to the bowls, they are purposely biassed, so that, however level a green may be, allowance must be made for such bias. A "straight" bowl is one which runs, having no bias, in a straight line from "trig" to jack—an abomination, I consider. "Trig" is the footer, or starting point from which jack and bowls are delivered. Besides the enjoyment of actual play, it is most interesting to those "in the know" to watch the different players and their attitudes and actions, and see how they manipulate their bowls and consider bias and levels and the force required for the varying circumstances.

In all well constituted clubs boys are employed to hand to the players their respective bowls, for which the boys every evening receive 1d. from

each player. Good boys are a great comfort, and many of my lads have, after leaving the green, made excellent men of business; but the majority are of very uncertain quality, and require much management of a firm yet kindly character to make them of any use at all.

Now, six players having formed sets as before mentioned, the game begins by the leaders of the two sets tossing for jack, which the winner can

The technical terms employed by Quarles are mostly still in use on greens, having been handed down through the ages with but slight variation. Quarles compares the bowls to sinful thoughts suggested by "our great adversary," who, adorned with tail, hoofs, and horns, is shown "giving the land" and other advice to the players (personified as Mammon and Cupid), who are likened to persons seeking wealth or success in love affairs, and receiving from him advice in the

methods of working out their designs; and so, referring to our daily life and business, Quarles searchingly inquires:

"Who breathes that bowls not?  
What bold tongue can say  
Without a blush he hath not  
bowl'd to-day?"

With regard to photographs of actual play, there is much difficulty in obtaining good ones, because the most interesting scenes so frequently occur when the players are in shade or the light is bad from a photographic point of view, and a distance of forty or fifty yards being not uncommon between trig and jack, any view taken from

either end must make the distant players look very small.

This article may conclude with a few notes and experiences of actual play. In a recent game of 7 up I was second player of a strong set, and we had just scored easily 6 points against the adversaries' 1. One more would have given us "game," and they wanted 6. Our opponents were a weak lot, but at the next "end" (that means a round of play) they had a bowl touching jack (such a bowl or the one nearest jack is commonly called "the cast"), our nearest being about 8 inches away (technically "a good second"). My last player, with a swift bowl, intended to carry away the cast bowl, but narrowly missing it, drove out our second "wood," leaving all six bowls of the other side to count and make them "game." Then certain remarks followed which were of no technical value! From a scientific point of view this play was wholly indefensible, and we ought in preference to have allowed our friends "the enemy" to score this single point, our overpowering talent, with score of 6, being almost certain to ensure us victory in subsequent play. (*Moral.*—*When bowls lie so near each other, beware lest you take your own out, and at least be sure that you have another bowl near to save such a "slamm."*)

Not long since our party was larger than usual,



AN UNUSUAL ATTITUDE.

(Photo: E. T. Agers.)

throw in any unoccupied space of green to a distance not less than 21 yards from trig. The player who throws the jack must do it with his foot on trig; each player must also, in delivering his bowl, do the same. This starting-point is technically known as "trig-end." That part of the green where jack rests is known as "jack-end." The fine photo of an English bowling green and a few "snapshot" views of actual play accompanying this paper fairly well illustrate our favourite type of bowling green and methods of play. Oulton Broad Green, near Lowestoft, is figured on p. 313. No. 1 shows a player delivering his bowl (the bowl, after leaving his hand, well caught), and here let me explain that the gentleman on the extreme right in thick overcoat and up-turned collar was suffering from influenza, though the season was midsummer and the day very warm. As to No. 2, the gentleman at jack-end with outstretched arm is directing his (invisible) partner. No. 3 is a particularly good scene, with the boy looking for the bowl next required. No. 5 shows a player in a good attitude. The drawing at head of this article represents the "Devil at Bowls," and is taken from the "Emblemes" (or "Silent Parables") of Francis Quarles, published in 1635. A poem of over forty lines accompanies the original, wherein the attitudes, actions, and speech of the players of that period are well hit off.



comprising eight players (four on each side), and fifteen of the sixteen bowls had been played, when, without observing that there was another bowl to follow, one of the (supposed) winners eagerly kicked out the cast; and excited discussions and measurements ended in two, three, or more being claimed, allowed, and removed. The shouts of laughter that arose when the last player could get an opportunity to point out the oversight did us all good. Of course, after such extensive interference with the bowls and both sides being in fault, the "end" was declared void.

Very recently, at an important match, my set laid three casts, but with my last bowl I drove in an opponent, and thereby not only lost the three casts, but the match as well. Three casts at any time is a good haul, and I should have been satisfied. However, life has its compensations, and I have had many a quiet chuckle in this way. My partners lie game or several good casts. I am last player, and it is my turn to play; and, being aware that my opposing last player knows as well as I do the bias of my bowls and the course they *ought* to take, and the ground also, and that he has but to follow in my track to upset the "whole bag of tricks," I occasionally play talsely—that is, "set up" the bowl or purposely play wide or narrow, to baulk him. He does not guess the trick, but informs me "how funnily your bowl ran that time," or "I never thought the ground ran like that." When the end is over I confess my

legs like a tailor at his work, one drops nearly to the grass and resembles a sitting monkey, another delivers his bowl from between his legs, and there are yet others who adopt an upstanding position and never properly "get down" to the correct one; but yet good play is often shown by such performers.

Not long ago my leader was an old player of excellent judgment (with whom I had had many a close contest) and our second player, a younger but fairly good player, though less experienced, had just expressed his impatience at our suggestions, and with much emphasis declared his fixed determination to play his "own game for the future, and take no one's advice." It chanced that at the very next end our opponents had two bowls lying a yard or so in advance on the right-hand side of jack, and we mildly signalled to him to play the left-hand ground. He, of course, "played his own game," and coming right-hand actually drove both bowls in, and then innocently said he had misunderstood us. Further argument being useless, we left him to his own reflections. *Experientia docet.*

Many a time, when jack has been unapproachable by ordinary play, have I seen a last player with his first bowl shift jack a yard or two, and with his second draw a splendid cast, sometimes even changing his ground—from right to left or *vice versa*—which is to my mind the perfection of bowl playing.



OULTON BROAD GREEN, LOWESTOFT.

(Photo: Metcalf, Lowestoft.)

"little game," and he says he thought there was something in it!

The attitudes of players vary much. Some, approaching the grotesque, must have been acquired through the neglect of those who instructed (or failed to instruct) the players on their initiation. Some players naturally assume a pleasing and graceful attitude, others cross their

An old friend of mine, if he wanted to drive a bowl or jack from its place, instead of swinging his body and whole arm, used to deliver his bowl with a perceptible jerk of the hand and forearm only, to supply the additional force. Observing his frequent successes, I followed his example with equally satisfactory results. By this method of play one seems to avoid the danger of an erratic



delivery, which may result in many forms from swinging the whole body and arm.

In laying one of your bowls in the way as a "block" for your opponents, you may fail to place your bowl on the spot desired, but frequently, though a yard or so from it, your bowl has a misleading effect on the eyes and minds of following players, for it is not always easy to "play as if nothing were there," all advice to that effect notwithstanding. The uninitiated, noticing that one party has a bowl lying on each side of jack and but a few inches away, would think them safe for scoring. This position (usually called "a pair of breeches"), unless protected by short bowls, is, however, most unsafe, it being comparatively easy to bowl at the mass and displace jack or bowls; prudence therefore requires that they should be guarded by short "woods," or a bowl or bowls be played "over," in case jack be moved on.

So absorbed are some players in watching the course of the bowls or the changes produced by or impending from them at jack, that in crossing the green they unconsciously loiter about its centre, deaf to all cries of other players to "move on." Their attention is at length aroused by being addressed by name, "Now, Mr. —, does the green belong to you, or have you hired it? Really, upon my word! An old player, too!" Now and then a travelling bowl bounces against the foot of the absent-minded one (if on a cherished corn, so much the better!), and this usually wakes him up. He is, when possible, warned by loud cries of "Feet, feet!" and then he leaps upward or to one side, occasionally alighting upon the direct course of the bowl and, stumbling over it,

sprawling on the ground, and presenting a grotesque spectacle much at variance with the gravity of his usual demeanour.

To win a match on another club's green is considered a feat for the "foreign" club, but I have had the pleasure of assisting in several such victories, and remember, after some years, meeting a defeated player, who told me his club would like to play us again. On my replying that we had been unfortunate in losing two of our best players, one by death and the other through losing his sight, my friend promptly responded, "I wish they had both died or gone blind before you came and gave us that licking!"

In the club contests of the Norfolk and Suffolk Association each club is represented by a team of twelve members, divided into four sets of three, and each set plays a game of 21 up against a similar set of the club they are tied with, not single-handed, but in combination as partners. The points gained by the four sets of the same club are added together, and the club which scores the highest aggregate wins. The "highest possible" is, of course, 84, but a smaller number may win when the teams are evenly matched and each wins a game or two. These matches are extremely popular, and are looked forward to and contested with much interest and spirit, and the play as it progresses—especially after half-game has been reached by the decision of two games of the four—becomes the subject of numerous telegrams to fellow members left at home. Defeated parties not unnaturally show less desire to make use of telegram forms, and prepare themselves for the usual "wiggling" on their arrival at their headquarters.



A CHARACTERISTIC ATTITUDE.

(Photo: E. T. Ayers.)



VIVIAN AND GUY NICKALLS, WHO HAVE WON THE SILVER GOBLET MORE OFTEN THAN ANY OTHER PAIR.

(Photo: Marsh Bros., Henley.)

## ROWING AT HENLEY.

BY THEODORE ANDREA COOK.

AS the annual regatta held in July at Henley-on-Thames is the occasion when all the best amateur oarsmen of the year compete against each other, it may well form the centre round which the chief facts of modern rowing may be grouped. The Grand Challenge Cup, which was instituted as a prize for amateur eight-oared crews when Henley Regatta was first started in 1839, has gradually attained the position of being recognised, not as the "blue ribbon of the Thames," but as the highest distinction which any amateur crew can win; and this was recognised by other nations as long ago as 1878, when the Visitors' Cup for four oars was carried off by Columbia College, U.S.A., after other attempts had been previously made by Transatlantic entries. It is now common to see entries not merely from Canada or the United States, but from French, German, and Belgian clubs as well. This element of foreign competition has undoubtedly stimulated sport all over the world, and, though there are certain difficulties connected with it, the appearance of foreign crews has become so popular that a proposal made in 1901 to limit the entries to the British Islands received no public support, and was rejected by a large majority of the committee responsible for the management of the regatta.

That such a proposal should have been made at all will only become intelligible when the conditions of English rowing—in which Henley has a large share—are more fully explained. The immediate reason for it was that a very justifiable fear was expressed lest certain methods employed

by a few foreign crews should harm the true spirit of amateur sport which Henley exists to encourage. But it was felt that a spirit so deeply ingrained in English life could easily be safeguarded by less stringent measures, and it is not likely that foreigners will be barred from our rowing any more than from any other form of English sport. Yet it is essential that our oarsmanship—which has hitherto been not only the purest of all our recreations, but also almost the only one at which other countries have not beaten us—should be protected by every legitimate safeguard from the encroachments of the professional spirit. At the present day no professional knows how to row an eight-oared boat. Sculling appears to be the limit of his capabilities, and if he tries to coach an eight he turns it into an eight of scullers. The latest law, debarring all crews from bringing a professional coach to Henley, is therefore a wise measure for many reasons. In February, 1903, the professional sculling champion was George Towns, of Australia. But in many years the winner of the Diamonds at Henley or the Wingfields at Putney would be good enough to beat any other man afloat, and the professional oarsman or sculler will not be further mentioned in this article.

It would serve no good purpose here to trace the various steps by which Henley Regatta has developed into its present state of effectiveness and prosperity. I shall therefore take the meeting of July, 1901, as a typical example, describing the arrangements made, the scene of the festivities

and contests, and the styles of rowing that were exemplified.

The course is up stream, beginning at a point just below Temple Island, near the Buckinghamshire shore. Berkshire is on the right-hand side of the river all the way, but Oxfordshire joins Buckinghamshire soon after Fawley Court, a well-known landmark, which is not quite half-way. The distance traversed is exactly 550 yards

The University crews have met five times at Henley. In 1845 and 1855 Cambridge won—in the first year with a different crew from the one at Putney, in the second year with the only crew that met Oxford at all. Oxford was successful in 1847, 1851 (when Cambridge broke a rowlock), and 1853. In both the first and last of these years there was no race at Putney, for it was only in 1856 that the spasmodic meetings on the

tideway settled down into an annual match. Now the two Universities never meet anywhere else, and for a very good reason. Each University crew is made up of men from various colleges, and it does more good to rowing as a whole that these men should each help to strengthen their different college crews (which might not be able to compete at Henley without them) than that the original combination should be kept together to the detriment of English oarsmanship. For precisely the same reason a representative English crew is an impossibility, unless we are prepared to sacrifice the whole of one season to securing its victory,



THE PENNSYLVANIA EIGHT, 1901.

(Photo: Marsh Bros., Henley.)

over a mile, and it is those extra yards which make it the hardest of its kind in England. This may sound strange at first to those who know that the University crews row about four and a half miles in their annual match over the Championship course, from Putney to Mortlake. But in the longer distance the pace of stroke falls in the two middle miles to something under thirty per minute; and it is rapidity of stroke that tires, not distance only. The half-mile is a far greater strain than the mile in track athletics, for it is done in less than two minutes, while it is a good miler who gets under four minutes and a half in an ordinary race. No equivalent portion of the Putney course is ever done in the few seconds over seven minutes which a good crew will now take to cover the distance from start to finish at Henley, rowing close to forty all the way.

because it would be composed of just those men whom each club from which they were taken could least afford to spare; and we rightly care more for the best interests of all-round sport than for any single triumph, however brilliant. As a matter of fact, the necessity for a crew representing England has never yet arisen. It will be unfortunate if it ever does, for international competition of this kind is not desirable in rowing. Until now the best crew of the year has been quite sufficient to uphold the honour of this country against all attacks on the Grand Challenge Cup, and English oarsmanship will be in a bad way when that is no longer the case. That "best crew" naturally makes its appearance from various quarters in different decades. At one time metropolitan oarsmanship, represented by the great clubs on the tideway like London,



Thames, or Kingston further up the river, held an unquestioned superiority, especially in the beautiful art of four-oared rowing without a coxswain. At the present day the Universities, represented by various college crews or by *Leander*, are just as much superior to their metropolitan rivals, who did not send a single prize-winner to Henley in 1901. The *Leander* Club is a powerful combination, which commands the services of the best oars in both Universities, and though its captain is always careful to avoid spoiling college crews, on the principles mentioned above, he can generally call upon the finest oarsmen who have just left Oxford or Cambridge, and who are in the prime of their strength and skill. What this means may be judged from the fact that a *Leander* eight in 1901, with scarcely a fortnight's practice and with a change in their composition a week before the race, beat a crew from the University of



C. V. FOX, WINNER OF THE DIAMOND SCULLS IN 1901

(Photo: Marsh Bros., Henley.)

Pennsylvania which had been kept hard at work practising for the Grand Challenge under a professional coach for six months.

The number of crews who now enter for Henley is so large that even when three days are allotted to the actual regatta a few preliminary heats have to be settled the day before. On the first day racing starts at twelve noon, and continues until six in the afternoon. There are two umpires, each in his own steam-launch, and on the first two days this division of duties enables a pair of races to be started within a few minutes of each other, while the course remains clear for both, which saves a great deal of time. The course itself is almost straight, with two very slight bends, and is marked out by white posts and long booms, which float on the surface of the water, and not only keep the crowd out of the way, but also save them from the wash of the umpires' boats and lend a substantial aid to the coxswains who have to steer the racing craft. All down the Oxford and Buckinghamshire bank a line of houseboats is moored to the shore, which make a



THE LEANDER EIGHT PRACTISING—WINNERS OF THE GRAND CHALLENGE AT HENLEY IN 1901.

(Photo: Marsh Bros., Henley.)

splendid decoration in themselves, for each is fluttering with flags and garlanded with flowers. On the Berkshire side a series of almost equally gay enclosures are reserved for various clubs, where there are grandstands erected, and tents for luncheon and tea. The whole scene is one of the prettiest it is possible to imagine outside of Venice, and when a good race is flashing down the centre it is certainly unequalled in the world.

One of the most popular of these struggles is the race between Eton and Radley, our best two "rowing schools." These always enter for the Ladies' Plate, which the former has often won. But, of course, the most important is the contest for the Grand Challenge Cup, for which all the best crews of the year enter. Leander has been very successful in the last decade.

A racing eight is a very beautiful bit of workmanship. Hitherto these boats have been built from 60 ft. to 64 ft. in length, by 1 ft. 11 in. or 2 ft. broad. But Dr. Warre, of Eton, has constructed a new model (in which Oxford won at Putney in 1901) of only 56 ft. (or even less) in length, and of broader beam. The new development possible on these lines will be watched with interest. In England men sit alternately to right and left of the keelson on each side of the boat ; in America

they sit straight behind each other. Our oars are generally about 12 ft. 4 in. in length, with blades some  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. broad, and barrel-shaped. The Pennsylvanians used oars 12 ft. long, with a breadth of 7 in. at the end of the blade, which was hollowed out like a spoon without any rib down the middle. The loom of a racing oar is now usually built on the double-girder principle, with two deep grooves cut in it from the button to the blade. In England we only use swivel rowlocks for sculling, as we believe the fixed rowlock is necessary for a firm beginning in an eight. Other countries prefer swivels for everything. Our slides move, on an average, some sixteen inches forward and back.

Four-oared rowing is a more delicate art than rowing in an eight, as one of the crew has to steer by means of an arrangement which connects his feet with the rudder. The men have to be extremely well together, and to row rather more lightly and smartly. Much the same holds good of pair-oared rowing, which is about the best test of watermanship known. The Belgian crew brought the first coxswainless pair-oar built in Europe to Henley in 1901, a fact which shows that England has done as much for the sport of the world in rowing as in everything else.



THE FOUR-OARED CREW FROM TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, WHICH WON THE STEWARDS' CUP IN 1901.

(Photo: Marsh Bros., Henley.)

## ARCHERY.

By COLONEL H WALROND



MISS THACKWELL, WINNER 7TH  
SCORE AT THE GRAND NATIONAL  
ARCHERY MEETING, CHELTENHAM.

(Photo: Bowden Bros., Birmingham Palace  
Road, S.W.)

it, its use having suggested itself to them, as it has at some period done to nearly all races of mankind. That the Saxons used bows in the eighth century is shown by a whalebone casket in the British Museum of that date with Runic letters on it, on which a man is carved using a bow. The words "bow" and "arrow" having a Saxon origin, it looks as if its introduction was due to the Saxons, though, of course, it does not necessarily follow. Taking the Bayeux tapestry for whatever it is worth as a proof, it is clear the bow was then in use, and many writers have from it ascribed the introduction of the bow into England to the Normans. There is no doubt most of the bows depicted in the Bayeux tapestry are long bows, and possibly this particular type of bow may have been introduced by them.

As early as 1138 the bow showed its value at the battle of the Standard, and the practice of archery was encouraged by every possible means. Many statutes were passed at various times for this purpose, and it is clear that archery was regularly and universally practised by everyone,

from the kings and queens down to the meanest of their subjects. Gradually, as firearms improved, the practice of archery fell off, in spite of more statutes being passed to enforce it and forbidding golf and other games. The battle between the bow and the gun was a long one, lasting about 150 years, as the bow was really a better weapon than the early hand firearm. The bow, however, depended on the strength and skill of its user, while the hand gun did not, and hence its defeat.

While the bow was a military weapon the practice of archery was to a great extent dedicated to its utility in war, and every village, besides its butts for target practice, had some ground where roving or shooting at long and unknown distances could be practised. For London this want was supplied by the Finsbury and St. George's Fields, where various marks were set up for the archers to shoot at. After the bow ceased to be a military weapon, shooting was still carried on in these fields by a body called "The Finsbury Archers," of whom we first hear at the end of the sixteenth century, and they shot regularly till about 1770. In the North of England also the practice of archery was kept up, the Scorton arrow competition, started in the seventeenth century, having been annually held ever since, and the Darlington Archers having been founded in 1745, so that archery as a pastime had really had an uninterrupted existence till what is generally called the revival of archery took place in 1776.

Briefly, it was brought about by a Lancashire country gentleman, Sir Ashton Lever, whose ideas were of a higher standard than those with which the country gentleman of that time is usually credited. He was an adept at training animals, fond of natural history, and formed a museum at his house at Alkington, near Manchester. This he opened to the public, and the exhibition became so popular that he decided to move it to London, which he did, locating it at Leicester House. As assistant he had a Mr. Waring, who, wanting exercise and having been in some way connected with archery, took it up and shot in the gardens of Leicester House. It improved his health. Sir Ashton Lever tried it, liked it, and as he induced his friends to join him they formed in 1781 the Royal Toxophilite Society. The Prince of Wales and his brothers shot, an archery "boom" quickly set in, and within three or four years archery societies sprang up all over the country, and it at once became *the*





CROSSING OVER BETWEEN THE ENDS.

(Photo: Ivor Castle, Clifton.)

fashionable amusement. The societies of this period shot, it is true; but balls, suppers, eating, and drinking formed no small part of their meetings, and no doubt to a great extent archery was used as a convenient excuse for social gatherings. Smart uniforms were designed, green of course being the predominant colour for coats and dresses, while yellow and white were the favourites for the gentlemen's small clothes. The rules, also, in many cases were elaborate, prescribing what should be provided for dinner so as to avoid expense, their breach being punished by fines, which the host invariably incurred. Curious ceremonies took place, the archers assembling and solemnly marching down to the ground two by two, headed by a brass band, the winners being saluted by guns fired in their honour, ladies dressed as the Muses entering the supper room and crowning a poet with laurel, as bard to the society, etc. etc. The names of the members and of their guests prove how fashionable archery was at this period. The fall of these societies was even more sudden than their rise, and was caused by the war which broke out in 1793. Sir F Cunliffe, in his MS. records of the "Royal British Bowmen," says, "Most of the gentlemen of the society having entered into some military employment for the defence of the country, our bows and arrows are hung up and have given way to the broad-sword and musket." The other societies were most of them in the same state, and all but two (the Royal Toxophilite and the Woodmen of Arden) were in abeyance by 1798. The shooting during this period was not

good, and no regular rounds were established; but the men generally shot at 100 or 120 yards, and the ladies at 70 and 60. Public meetings were held from 1789 to 1793 at Blackheath and in 1794 and 1795 at Dulwich, and were well attended, but only men shot at them. Several curious matches were shot: in one a lady shot against two gentlemen at 100 yards and won, and what is more remarkable, is stated to have put her last three arrows in the gold. In 1792 a match was shot at Chalk Farm, gun (with a bullet) against bow, at a four-foot target at 100 yards, best out of twenty-one shots, which the bow won easily by fifteen hits to twelve. A duel also is recorded as having been fought with bows and arrows in 1791—but this was in Scotland—which turned out as harmless as the one described by Mark Twain with saloon pistols at 120 yards.

It was not till after the final peace that archery again began to flourish, though efforts were made to revive it during the short lull which ensued after the Peace of Amiens. By 1820 a good start had been made, and many societies were in existence, some new and some revived. A good deal of the old tomfoolery, as we should now call it, survived. The *Sporting Magazine* tells us that at a meeting at Stowe in 1826, after the shooting was over, "the prizes were distributed by the Duchess of Buckingham, and the victors, both ladies and gentlemen, were then placed on the targets and borne in triumph to the mansion of his Grace, preceded by a band of music playing 'See the Conquering Hero Comes.'" So things went on gradually improving till 1844, when the

first Grand National Meeting was held at York, and the first real step towards the improvement of the shooting was taken. Before this meeting no regular round had been shot, but at York it was decided that the gentlemen should shoot six dozen arrows at 100 yards, four dozen at 80 yards, and two dozen at 60 yards, and this has ever since been the standard or York Round. The rapid improvement which now took place in the shooting will be seen by the various scores given, premising that a *double* York Round was shot at all the meetings after the first one, and that the general average improvement was quite as great as that of the winners. In 1844 the highest total, 221, was made by Mr. Higginson; in 1845 it was 537, made by Mr. Peter Muir; in 1847 the same gentleman made 631. In 1849, at Derby, Mr. A. P. Moore made 747. In 1850, at Edinburgh, that incomparable archer, Mr. H. A. Ford, came to the front, scoring 899; in 1853, at Leamington, 934; in 1854, at Shrewsbury, 1074; and in 1857, at Cheltenham, 1251, which still remains the record, the nearest approach to it at a Grand National Meeting having been 1022, made at Bath in 1886 by Mr. C. E. Nesham. Ford, in reality, revolutionised archery by making it, as it were, a science, and showing practically what could be done with the bow. Before his time everyone shot in his own way, without regard to aim or regularity, as to how either hand was held, or to where the right was drawn, and as it were by the light of Nature. Certainly there are many, too many, various styles even now, but there are very few archers who

indulge in the various contortions which were common before his book was published in 1856. So far nothing has been said of the progress of the ladies, because none shot in 1844, and though a few shot in the intervening years, it was not till 1849 that the National Round of 48 arrows at 60 yards and 24 at 50 was introduced and shot each day. The rapidity with which the number of ladies shooting at the Grand National increased was as remarkable as their progress in scoring. At Derby, in 1849, eight shot, the best score being 189, made by Miss Temple. In 1851, at Leamington, there were thirty-three, and Miss Villiers made 504, which remained unbeaten till 1856, at Cheltenham, when there were seventy-two, and Miss H. Chetwynd made 634. In 1862, at Worcester, Mrs. Horniblow scored 660; and in 1864, at Alexandra Park, Miss Betham made 693; 700, 746, and 764 was made by Mrs. Horniblow in 1870, 1871, and 1873, which remained the best score till 1887, when Miss Legh made 773; in 1890 and 1891 Miss Legh made the same score (798), in 1892 she reached 804, which was beaten in 1894 by Mrs. Bowly with 823; and in 1898 Miss Legh again took first place with 825, which remains the record at the Grand National, though perhaps this lady's finest performance, though not the highest score, was in 1881 at the Grand Western, at Bath, when she put in all her arrows for 840. Her highest score and the record for the public meetings is 866, made at Leamington in 1895.

As archery progressed other public meetings were started and now there are five. Two of



GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING AT CHELTENHAM.

(Photo: Ivor Castle, Clifton.)

these, the Leamington (started in 1854) and the Crystal Palace (1859) are fixtures, as implied by their names, and last two days. The others, the Grand Western (1861) and Grand Northern (1880), like the Grand National itself, last three days—a handicap based on the two first days' scores being shot on the third—and hold meetings in various places in their respective districts. All these meetings are now well attended, and are pleasant and sociable gatherings, as there is a great and lasting *camaraderie* among brothers and sisters of the bow. A few years ago there was some falling off in the attendance, but croquet and lawn tennis having in their turn lost their popularity, of late the meetings have been gradually but surely increasing in size. The number of clubs also is increasing, and their members are more numerous. Most of the societies shoot the York and National rounds, but at many of them the men only shoot the second half of that round, namely, four dozen at 80 yards and two dozen at 60, and several clubs have fancy rounds of their own, which naturally puts their members at a disadvantage when shooting at a public meeting. Of late years a new round for ladies has been started, called the "Hereford Round," in which six dozen arrows at 70 yards are shot before the National Round, and a public meeting at which this round is shot has been held at Hereford annually since 1894. No doubt many ladies are quite capable of shooting the longer distance and increased number of arrows, and a few, among whom may be named Miss Hyde and Mrs. E. Hermitage Day, have made very fine scores at it, but it will hardly become popular among the majority, the physical exertion being too great.

The Woodmen of Arden and the Royal Company of Archers (Queen's bodyguard for Scotland) are now the only bodies of archers who shoot more than 120 yards. These societies keep up the old custom of "clout" shooting at from eight to twelve score yards, and they also as of old shoot only two arrows, one at a time, at each end. The "clout" is a small target two feet in diameter, placed on the ground, the back being slightly raised. The shooters are told off in pairs. The first man shoots one arrow, and when he has done so the second shoots his first, and then they each in similar order shoot another, when another pair take their place, and so on till every pair has shot, when they cross to the opposite end and shoot back. The arrow nearest to the centre of the clout counts, the scoring, in fact, being similar to quoits. Whatever the number of shooters may be, there are only two or three clouts, and as nine or more "ends" of two arrows each are shot, the process is a long one. The votaries, however, of clout shooting swear by it, and prefer it to any other, and it has its good points, but there is a great deal of luck in it, and no sort of accuracy is obtainable.

The targets now universally used are of straw, four feet in diameter. On this "boss," as it is called, a painted canvas face is fastened, having a gold centre, with red, blue, black, and white concentric rings painted on it, each of which has a specific value, the gold counting 9, the red 7, the blue 5, the black 3, and the white 1. The targets are placed five yards farther apart than the distance to be shot, and five yards in front of each target there is a "shooting point." The object of this is to prevent the shooters from being disturbed while in the act of shooting by spectators or competitors, as no one is allowed to stand in front of the target. This is a most important point, as the slightest thing puts one out when in the act of releasing the arrow, a fact which is often ignored by spectators who *will* get in the way, and by others who ought to know better. At one of the meetings an archer got rid of a very fat old lady, who would not move, in a very neat way. When he asked her to move back she replied she had paid her money to see the shooting, and intended to do so. With great presence of mind he at once replied that his anxiety was solely on her account, as his bow might break, when the pieces would fall exactly where she was standing, which promptly had the desired effect.

The method of shooting is as follows. From two to six shooters, according to the number present, are told off to each pair of targets, each archer in rotation shoots three arrows, which are called an "end," and when all have shot they cross over, the process being repeated from the other end, and so on till the appointed number of arrows has been shot. Here, again, spectators are apt to run into danger, and also put out the archers by crossing either in front or behind the targets towards which the archers are shooting. A clergyman, on being remonstrated with on one occasion, calmly replied, "Oh, well, I know no lady would shoot a clergyman!" Ford relates a feat showing great nerve on the part of one young lady, who, when another got between her and the target took no notice, but shot over her head and right into the gold. Crossing before the arrows are picked up and walking over and breaking them is another trial to which the archer is subject from careless people, and which is apt to try the temper. One well-known shot was not able to keep his on one occasion; he had missed two arrows at 60 yards, alone enough to annoy him, and when he got to the other end he found an old lady blankly gazing at their fragments. She began to apologise, but he cut her short, and taking the other arrow out of the target he said, "It is not of the least consequence, but as I only shoot with three this one is no use to me, so pray take the lot," and breaking the arrow he threw the pieces at her feet.

The prizes are given for the highest score,





THE LADIES' DAY : BEHIND THE TARGETS.

(Photo : Bowden Bros., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W )



THE GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING, CLIFTON, 1902.

(Photo : Ivor Castle, Clifton.)

scores at the various distances, most golds, and best gold or most central hit. This last is, naturally, more or less of a fluke, as the best shot cannot make sure of hitting the gold, much less its centre. Ford used to relate how he was once shooting with a friend (a poor shot) at the Tox., and got a very central hit. He remarked to his friend, "You cannot beat that." He replied, "No, but I will notch your shaft," and he did, splitting the arrow half the way down. The only thing he said was, "I often do that sort of thing," which effectually shut Ford up.

There is no pastime more graceful than archery, or in which, if properly done, the female figure shows to more advantage. Few prettier sights are to be seen than the annual Ladies' Day of the Royal Toxophilite Society at their ground in the Regent's Park. It is a perfect ground, shut in by

trees on every side, and it is almost impossible to realise that one is really in London, and within a few hundred yards of all the bustle and turmoil of the busy city. The one drawback to archery is its difficulty, for to shoot well requires nerve and steady practice. It is, however, a mistake to suppose any great strength is required, as it is simply a matter of seeing that the weight, *i.e.* strength of the bow, is properly adapted to that of the shooter, for good shooting is quite compatible with a weak bow. Space is wanting to give practical instruction in this article, but any intending Toxophilite is advised to seek the help of a practical archer, read the text-books on the subject, and begin with a light bow, as it is not only necessary to be able to pull the bow, but also to have it fully under control. Great is the witchery of archery and subtle are its joys.



GRAND NATIONAL ARCHERY MEETING, CHELTENHAM: SCORING HITS

(Photo: Bowden Bros., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.)



A RUSSIAN CLUB SHOOTING BOX.

## WOLF SHOOTING IN RUSSIA.

BY A. G. HULME-BEAMAN.

THERE are few countries in Europe where woodcraft is carried to the same perfection as in Russia, and—except, perhaps, the lynx—no animal taxes the resources of the tracker more severely than the wolf. In the wilder and more desolate districts of the south and east the wolves breed and run in packs; and in the governments of Moscow and Tver they are generally shot early in the season, before the litters have broken up. On the steppes they are coursed, and occasionally killed, by the device of a squeaking pig in a sledge. In the northern governments, however, one rarely finds more than two or three wolves together, these being usually old, cunning, and savage beasts, which have separated from their fellows. Round St. Petersburg the whole country is preserved by shooting clubs, and most of these lay out a *padal*, or carcase of a horse or cow, in severe weather to attract carnivorous game. Snow that has been long on the ground, though, becomes almost useless for tracking, and it requires a *porósha*, or fresh fall during the night, to enable the trackers to be sure of their operations. These men are sent out at dawn, and by the time breakfast is over they are back from the *padal* with their report. If only foxes have been at the carrion, there is no need to hurry, as the lesser robbers do not often travel far, but lie up within a mile or two. If, however, there is any

sign of wolves, not a moment is lost in packing the "flags" in the sledges and starting in pursuit. Trackers on snow-shoes take the spoor in and out of each patch of forest and spinney with the utmost rapidity possible, until it is ascertained that the quarry has entered a covert from which he has not emerged. The "flags" are then hastily run up on the opposite side from that where the wolf has entered, and if this is successfully accomplished before he has slipped away, the guns are posted, and the hunt begins by a few beaters walking through the wood. It may be as well to explain the use of the "flags," without which no game is hunted in Russia in winter. These consist of hundreds of yards of stout whipcord, on which are tied pieces of coloured bunting a foot or so square, at intervals of about ten feet. At least a mile of "flags" should always be taken out, if possible. A keeper on snow-shoes runs round the ring, hitching the string on trees and bushes at the height requisite for the animal to perceive the flags easily from a short distance. It is rarely that any creature, from a bear down to a fox, will "violate" the flag line, even when wounded, unless closely pursued by dogs or men. The result is that any game, once enclosed in the circle of flags, is turned back by them and forced finally to seek an exit at the gap covered by the guns. A skilful tracker and



"flagman" will contrive to bring out the craftiest fox or the shyest elk from a ring a mile and a half in circumference on to a single gun covering a fifty yards gap. The wolf is only a degree less wily than the fox, and steals about inside the fatal circle with every sense on the alert before breaking cover. It behoves the gun to preserve the most absolute silence, and he may have to wait an hour before a faint rustle tells of the approach of the game. Usually the shot is offered at tolerably close quarters, and a rifle is the

largest wolf I ever killed or saw I shot with No. 1. By his tracks it was evident that he was something quite out of the common, and I loaded my left barrel with the largest size I had. We were only two guns on this occasion, and after a long and exciting chase of several hours on snow-shoes the trackers succeeded in "ringing" him, and we were placed outside the wood, on the edge of a field which sloped up behind us, about forty yards apart. The wolf made no pretence of tarrying, but came galloping out at the first shout of the



THE ELK AT BAY.

(From a Painting by Captain Ferrand)

best and most sportsmanlike weapon to use. Russian shooters are wont, however, to load with buckshot or slugs, which is a mistake, as such a charge is given to spreading very quickly and widely, and the large shot is easily turned by twigs. If the wolf crosses an open space, a rifle is far better; and if near to the gun, but in the thick, a charge of No. 5 is more likely to kill than buckshot.

The first time that I took part in a wolf battue I loaded with No. 5, in spite of the remonstrances of the man who stood next to me, who was using slugs. The wolf came sneaking along down the line of guns, screened by a piece of dense cover, and declined to cross it. My neighbour let fly at about twenty yards; but the beast came on, to be bowled over easily with the fives after the slugs had clean missed. I must confess, however, that the

beaters, right on to my friend. He fired his first barrel at some fifteen yards, but the wolf ducked behind a great fallen tree, cleared it the next moment with a tremendous spring, and raced out, passing within a few feet of the muzzle of the gun, untouched by the rather wild second barrel. Availing himself of some sparse cover, he tore away, and I could only just put in a snap shot as he was disappearing. To my delight and no small surprise, he turned over like a hare. This wolf's skin measures six feet and nine inches from tip of nose to tip of tail, prepared as a rug and stretched rather for breadth than length. Nevertheless such a shot cannot be considered as anything but a simple fluke, and I am convinced that a "Paradox," with fives in one barrel and a bullet in the other, is the tool for wolf shooting.

Great care should be taken in dealing with a

wounded wolf, as he is desperately savage, and his bite is likely to be poisonous. Unless stone dead, he should never be approached except with a knife.\* The solitary wolves found in Northern Russia generally avoid man, though now and again they have been known to attack and overpower peasants when senseless and helpless from drink. The strength of an old grey wolf is almost incredible, and he may be said to be a harmonious mass of bone and tense muscle. Wolves are occasionally coursed in the north of Russia, but the country is not favourable for this form of sport, and there are few hunters who have sufficient skill to practise it successfully. The *borzois*, or wolf hounds, are trained to pin the wolf for a minute or two—probably two minutes is the outside limit of their ability to hold him—in which time the hunter must be up and off his horse to administer the knife. I have seen a two-year-old wolf repeatedly shake off a brace of powerful dogs, and finally stand at bay before eight of them, none of which dared touch him. When one is killed, I am inclined to think it is usually due to his underrating his pursuers, who surprise him. A wolf, indeed, seldom stretches himself to his full speed till after he has been caught up once or twice, and when he does it is a revelation to see him lose the dogs. Once a year courses of wolves are held at St. Petersburg, when the animal is trapped in a machine like a huge pigeon trap. On the string being pulled he lopes off, and a couple of dogs are loosed after him. The same wolf is often used two or three times, and seems none the worse, except in temper, for the worrying he undergoes. I have only seen one wolf properly

pinned and captured on the occasions when I was present, and then the hunter had such confidence in his dogs that he refused a horse, and

the instant they were slipped started after them on foot. They rolled the wolf over in fifty yards, and in less than a minute the man had forced a stick between his teeth, and, kneeling on his body, coolly untied the thong off his sandal, bound up his jaws and legs, and slinging him over his shoulder brought him back amidst the plaudits of the crowd. There was, however, no doubt in my mind that the wolf was entirely taken by surprise, besides being young and a captive one.

The accompanying photographs show a Russian shooting-box, a sportsman waiting on his "number," and one of the most celebrated of North Russian trackers, who, though past sixty, can

beat most of the young ones on snow-shoes. It is, indeed, a sight worth seeing to watch old Andrei Karl'itch, his scanty grey locks streaming in the wind, as he skates along a spoor in his shirt sleeves, with a bundle of "flags," when the thermometer is standing at more than 20 degrees below zero (Fahrenheit), and forest and plain are lying "equal in one snow," the book of the Russian tracker.

Lastly, a scene of comparatively rare occurrence is depicted. The usual food of the wolf is either carrion or taken from the flocks and herds; but when famished with hunger, besides boldly entering villages and carrying off dogs and children, they wage war upon any denizen of the forest they can catch. A frequent victim is the fox, which a couple of wolves can easily run down.



THE SHOT.

(Photo: A. Hulme-Beaman.)



ANDREI KARL'ITCH, A VETERAN TRACKER AND RINGER.

(Photo: A. Hulme-Beaman.)

\* I once saw an old wolf, who had been shot and knited behind the shoulder, carried for several hours on a sledge for dead. When thrown out, though, he defied half a dozen dogs and required another shot to finish him.



## KANGAROO HUNTING.

BY E. WAY ELKINGTON.

AUSTRALIA has very little in the way of big game to entice hunters to her shores, but the little she has is of the best, and kangaroo hunting heads the list. It is, perhaps,

being increasing, and the damage they did considerable, the settlers waged war against them in earnest. Kangaroo drives were organised, and the professional kangaroo hunter or scalper became an institution. These men journeyed with their dogs, horses, tents, and wives in caravans, and camped wherever the kangaroo was becoming a nuisance. What with netting, shooting, and hunting, they were able to make an excellent living. They were paid at the rate of fourpence a scalp. By these methods the kangaroo tribe had been considerably reduced, and many districts which at one time were overrun by them are now quite clear.



one of the most exciting and exhilarating sports in the world.

Before a man sets out on the quest of this singular quadruped, he must first see that he is a rider of no mean skill, and he must have endurance in abundance and a supply of pluck always at hand.

The kangaroo has figured in the earliest records of Australia, and the natives have long stories of wild hunts with spear and boomerang. Many an explorer's and digger's life has been saved by the timely appearance of a kangaroo when nothing else was at hand to fill the cooking pot.

As time wore on, and civilisation crept into the bush, these animals were driven back, and when large stations were selected their presence was not needed; even in the back blocks they became crowded out, and in self-defence bore down in their thousands on the newly laid out cattle runs and became a pest to the country.

So far, they had been merely hunted for hunting's sake; but when their numbers were found to

be increasing, and the damage they did considerable, the settlers waged war against them in earnest. Kangaroo drives were organised, and the professional kangaroo hunter or scalper became an institution. These men journeyed with their dogs, horses, tents, and wives in caravans, and camped wherever the kangaroo was becoming a nuisance. What with netting, shooting, and hunting, they were able to make an excellent living. They were paid at the rate of fourpence a scalp. By these methods the kangaroo tribe had been considerably reduced, and many districts which at one time were overrun by them are now quite clear.

Queensland and Gippsland, however, have still a goodly supply. A settler in that district informed me that his men accounted in one year alone for 20,000 skins, all from animals killed on his property; but this happened long ago. Though scalpers are still to be seen camped out on likely ground, they do not "put up the cheques" they did in the

good old times. "Drives" are still organised, but fifty or sixty head is considered a good day's work. The kangaroo has by now taken pretty well the same position in Australia as the fox has in England: he is chiefly important for purposes of sport.

The dogs used for hunting him are large, powerful brutes, very much like enormous greyhounds. They are generally the result of a cross between a staghound and a mastiff, or a greyhound and deerhound. So long as great speed, strength, and pluck are obtained, no more is needed. These are essentials, for no swifter or more determined



WHAT NEXT?

(By permission of the Queensland Government.)



animal exists than the kangaroo when he is being chased.

The wilder the country, the steeper the hills, the heavier the undergrowth, the more does he bound on, careless of everything, with an energy that seems to be untiring.

One of the most exciting chases that I can recall happened near Grafton, when in an unsuspecting moment a dog named Plato, belonging to my friend, a surveyor, put up a pair of giant "old men" kangaroos. They had been fighting, and so allowed the dog to come almost on them before they darted away. Directly my friend, Mansfield, could call his other dog, Rufus, from a rat hole the chase began.

Plato and Rufus had worked together for years. The latter was older than his companion, and his pace was not what it had been. Plato understood this, so he always followed his prey closely, driving it continually to the left, which enabled Rufus to cut off the corners. It was an extraordinary sight to see the way these two dogs worked in unison, Rufus going across country and his companion flying after the kangaroo.

Over the rough tufty grass they went, up the hill, down again, and on, the kangaroos bounding away in great leaps, by which they seemed to cover as much as twenty or thirty feet, and nothing stopping them. Plato was behind, his belly

almost touching the ground as he stretched out his neck and limbs, straining every muscle of his magnificent body in an attempt to overtake the leaping quadrupeds. Suddenly the pair broke away as they neared a clump of bush, one going to the right and the other to the left. Plato hesitated, but only for a second. He was after the left one. On, on through a swamp and over a hillock. The dogs were now almost abreast. It was a long run, and the uneven ground made riding a tough and risky task; but a "waler's" legs are not made of ordinary bone, and it takes a deal to break them.

For fully a quarter of an hour the chase continued, and all the time Plato was heading the kangaroo off for Rufus to meet him, but each time, so far, he had missed his mark, receiving a nasty kick for his trouble.

Crash, through the undergrowth, over the bushes, the strong animal was bounding along, the dogs at his wake.

Suddenly a check!

Before them was a swamp, and the kangaroo slacked off, hesitated, and turned to the side. It was the dogs' chance. In a moment they were up to it, tearing along neck and neck.

Each time the kangaroo leapt into the air Rufus seemed to eye him strangely. Three times he bounded by; the dogs still raced alongside.



KANGAROO SCALPERS.

*(By permission of the Queensland Government.)*

Suddenly, when it had just risen for the fourth time, a bound from Rufus told that the critical moment had come.

The great dog had sprung up even with its prey, and the two were in the air. The sharp white teeth of the dog glistened in the light as he half turned his head. A moment and his teeth were buried deep in the kangaroo's back. The two reached the ground together. In an instant Plato was at the kangaroo's throat.

It was a grand chase and a grand end.

When at bay the kangaroo is a most resourceful and determined enemy. He will fight for his life till the last ounce of breath is out of his body. Often when the chase becomes too hot and the enemy too keen, and no available cover is in sight, the kangaroo will take to the water, and there will defy two or three dogs. Directly they swim up to him he will let fly with one of his long hind legs, and in all probability rip the dog up. The illustrations on page 328, taken by Mr. Grant, show an incident of this kind, where a long hunt ended by the kangaroo defying the dog in the water.

For a wild, heathenish sport nothing can beat a good "drive," where the country is favourable and the cover good. To ensure a good catch, long nets of about four feet high with an inward cant are run along the sides of a field, and so placed that they meet in the shape of an angle.

Dogs, men, and horses are then collected from all parts and formed into a crescent about a mile or so from the nets. When all is ready an advance is made, with much shouting, cracking of whips, and barking of dogs, until the country echoes and

re-echoes with the noise. The dogs, fully alive to their work, round up all the animals within "coo-ee" and drive them towards the net.

Glad of any possible escape, the frightened creatures leap madly before the shouting mob. Cattle and sheepdogs are placed along the route to guide any stragglers into the trap. On they rush, till they find that the long field has ended in a *cul de sac*. There is no turning back for the poor brutes; dozens more are behind pushing on to escape their enemies.

Kangaroos, wallaby, opossums, kangaroo-rats, and all the stray animals that the Australian scrub protects are in this medley. They are all springing, hopping, and running ahead; behind come the shouting mob and the barking dogs. Chaos reigns, and the nets are strained to their utmost. Now the mounted men ride up, with short clubs in their hands, into this mass of living, hopping creatures. Soon they are felling them right and left till the air resounds with thuds. The horses, filled with the desire to kill, trample the smaller animals under their feet. The dogs, even the pups, are tearing away at the terrified beasts till at last only a huddled mass of furry coats tells of the awful slaughter.

When it is over, one feels sick and a coward, but in the thick of it a wild excitement carries you on until the last animal lies dead and the squatter is freed for another year of an unwelcome visitation on his property.

For eating purposes the kangaroo is no very pleasant dish. The tail, the only fleshy part, is a little tasty and resembles venison; the rest of the body is lean and not worth cooking.



A KANGAROO QUARTETTE.

(Photo: C. Reid, Wishaw.)



A RIVERSIDE CAMP: A SNACK BEFORE STARTING

## THE MAHSEER OF NORTHERN INDIA.

BY LIEUT.-COL. P. R. BAIRNSFATHER.

WE in England know the carp only as a dweller in ponds or other still waters, grown fat and lazy from a life of ease, and so, from the point of view of the sportsman, not worth consideration. This is, of course, but a natural illustration of a well-known law, applicable to man as well as animals and fish. The Englishman himself will deteriorate in similar circumstances; the sporting and fighting instincts must grow surely less as the opportunities for practice of these diminish, until he, too, may one day become only a fit compatriot of this comfortable carp. But the fish of which I would write, and whose praises I would sing, though he, too, is a carp, is indeed far removed from this flabby species with which we are familiar in England. For the mahseer, he of North India, is a carp of the carps, a dweller in the swift-running rivers, a lover of the strong waters, and he could "take on" any salmon at negotiating a rapid or mounting a waterfall and certainly rivals him in size and strength and ability to show a good fight. And so, if the tarpon has in late years wrested from the salmon the proud title of Silver King of sporting fish, I would claim for the mahseer also the right to wear a crown—a golden one it should be, to correspond with the beautiful bronze-gold

of his scales. For this is his prevailing colour, and when fresh from the water he is, indeed, a sight to be seen. His back is a greenish-brown, into which the ruddy scales of the shoulder and central parts imperceptibly merge, and again fade below into the white of the belly, the whole still further relieved and brightened by the gold-tipped fins. His proportions are not far different from those of the salmon or other first-class sporting fish—a little deeper in the shoulder, perhaps, and a broader and so, presumably, more powerful tail. I have found that a mahseer of from 30 lbs. to 50 lbs. would measure rather more than these numbers of inches in length, *i.e.* a 40 lbs. fish would be from about 45 to 48 inches long; but such calculations, besides being often delusive, do not hold good in the smaller sizes, and I have no personal experience of anything much larger. Mahseer, however, have been caught up to 80 lbs., and even, I believe, 90 lbs., and quite a number have been authentically recorded between 50 lbs. and 60 lbs. Now a word as to the origin of his name.

The usually accepted derivation of the name, "Mahseer," is, I believe, from the words "Maha Sir," which in Hindi means "Big Head," and the similarity of sound gives this all probability; but I never could see that the head of a mahseer



bore any undue disproportion to his body, certainly not such a striking one as to warrant a distinctive name. He is, as said, thick in the shoulder, but the head, to my eye, has from there a quite symmetrical slope to the snout. I would therefore venture to suggest other two words—Persian this time—the meaning of which are somewhat more just to his personal appearance. "Mahé Siah" would mean "The Black Fish," and while he is certainly not black, even on the back, when found in the clear rivers of North India, yet it might be possible that he was first christened by some ancient Persian who knew him only as the lord of big pools where the water was deep and dark, and where he had taken on a corresponding hue. Be these speculations worth what they may, the fact remains that he has not got a big, ugly head, and, as we have seen, he is not black.

So we may now pass on to a short consideration of the habits and tastes of our friend, the methods of his capture, and the lures with which he prefers to be caught.

The mahseer is said to be chiefly a bottom-feeder, preferring shell-fish, grubs, etc., to small fish, and hardly ever troubling himself about flies. But this is more true of those who prefer, or whose fate it may be, to live in still water, for the English pond-dweller is numerous in India also, in the tanks and more sluggish rivers. Certain it is, however, that small fish form a great part of his diet in the clear and rapid waters of the north, and here he will in some localities rise well to fly too. It must be admitted, however, that few men trouble themselves much with fly-fishing, and no doubt it must be properly inferred

from this that it does not pay like the spoon or natural bait, and the absence of a readiness to rise to the fly must be recorded as a decided defect in the mahseer's qualities as a sporting fish. But still, though I am no heretic, and always uphold

the fly and fly-fishing as by far the most attractive, when fishing with a light spoon in rapid water one often does see, as well as feel, the fish when he comes to the lure, and so the difference in this from the well-sunk fly in salmon fishing is in reality not so great as might be supposed by many who had not tried both methods. Spoon, then, varying in size according to the water to be fished, is by far the commonest lure used, though, when obtainable, natural bait has many votaries and is very deadly. The spoon is simple and strong, and is certainly as effective as any artificial minnow, if not more so, as I believe, and it can be easily



"THE FISH DOUBLES BACK... FLOUNDERING DESPERATELY."

mounted with specially strong hooks as desired—a very necessary precaution, owing to the phenomenal crushing powers of a mahseer's jaws. He is, indeed, what is called "leather-lipped," *i.e.* he has no teeth in his jaws, nothing but layers of indiarubber-like skin, so tough that it is often advisable to give a second strike to make sure the hook has penetrated, and flimsy hooks are of no use. To make up for the want of teeth in the jaws, he, however, possesses a very formidable set in his throat, with which he crunches his shell-fish, and can crumple a stout spoon out of all shape. His scales are very large and tough, and for this reason a gaff is seldom used; a fish must be played pretty well to a standstill, and then you must trust to your henchman lifting him ashore by the gills.

Equally necessary with strong hooks is a long and strong line, otherwise the very first rush might well be the end of everything. From 100 to 150 yards is advisable, according to the size of water one is fishing. Most fishermen use the thick waterproofed lines, and these, no doubt, are very good and strong when new; but, especially when used much for trolling, I have found them liable to rot, much more so than an unvarnished line, and the reason, I think, is that with long immersion the water does eventually soak through and the waterproofing retards the drying process. I found nothing better than the Manchester common brown cotton line. It is customary to use very strong tackle for mahseer, considerably stronger than what is considered sufficient in the case of salmon or trout. This, however, may naturally be varied in proportion to the size of fish to be expected. When fishing the Chenab or Bias, the Poonch at Tangrot, or the Ganges at Hardwar, big fish may be looked for, and here treble gut, or even twisted wire traces, must be used with large 3-inch spoon and very stout hooks; but in the smaller tributary streams, where the fish run from 2 lbs. to 20 lbs. or so, one can afford the risk and enjoy the pleasure of single salmon gut and a much smaller fly-spoon, besides occasionally indulging in the luxury of throwing a fly. The rod, too, which in the larger waters must correspond to the strength of tackle, may here be of a lighter sort. Rods as used for salmon and trout do very well for mahseer, though a little more stiffness may be desirable in that used for trolling or casting the large spoons. What I consider the perfection of an all-round mahseer rod, and what I always used when possible, is the single bamboo, or "Ringall," as it is called. A good 14 or 15 feet rod of this description is strong enough to land a forty-pounder, and at the same time light enough to wield with one hand when

using the lighter tackle for smaller fish, and with a beauty I had I could throw a very decent fly.

As to the time of the day fish take best, opinions of fishermen vary—that may go without saying. Some prefer morning, some evening, while others, again, say that it is best to keep at it and you will get fish at any time. I once met on the same day two men who expressed themselves as thoroughly convinced in a diametrically opposite opinion. One assured me that early morning fishing was no use, and that I might spare myself the trouble of trying until the sun was well on the water; while the other had been starting work at 4 a.m. and said it was waste of time to go on after the sun was up. Neither had had any luck, but each held complacently fast to his own idea, and pegged away serenely, so strong in some natures is the influence of some bygone red-letter day of success, which, happening in early morning or bright sun, had in the cases of these two fixed their opinions, perhaps for ever. The fact is, there is no use in attempting to dogmatise on this point, nor on most others where fish are concerned, and if a man persists in putting in practice a one-sided theory of this sort, he will lose many opportunities of increasing his take; for, although the morning



LANDING A FISH.

and evening hours will, on the whole, be most productive of good results, the mahseer will occasionally feed at all sorts of odd times during the day. As in the case of all fish, the "time of the take" with the mahseer is a mysterious problem,

and he has very fully developed the faculty of knowing his own mind and concealing the secret from the fisherman as to the proper days and times of feeding. He cannot be forced, but must be waited on and studied. If much patience is sometimes required, perseverance is very sure to be rewarded in the end, unless, indeed, as I have seen happen, one's leave should be up *before* the luck had turned.

Spring and early autumn are the only seasons for mahseer fishing in North India. They simply won't take in the cold weather, and there is little use in trying after the snow water has begun to come down the larger rivers, earlier or later in April according to the season. Smaller streams, however, whose sources fall short of touching the deep snow line, may be fished up to a much later date, but this is again limited by the intense heat of the river valleys after the middle of May.

The mahseer fully understands all the usual fighting tactics and tricks common to other sporting fish; but his first rush when hooked is, *par excellence*, his forte—a thing to be remembered and to beware of, to make the heart leap and the hands close convulsively on the rod, while the line races from the reel with fearful haste; and the anxiety is intense until we know that we have weathered this rush and feel that we can get back some of our line. Not that the struggle is over then by any means, but this is the time when any flaw

in the tackle or check in the free running of the line will be found out and be fatal. Then he will often double suddenly back, rushing straight on to one, and every fisherman knows the intensity of the emotions during the moments when the line is slack—furious winding of the reel, rod and rod-point high in air, floundering desperately backwards over the slippery river bottom, or adjuring the boatmen to pull for their lives; then the satisfaction and relief when we again feel that he is *there*, or the horrible feeling of despair and sense of ill-treatment when the truth is borne in upon us that he is *not!* He knows how to sulk, too; and so obstinate he can be, and so immovable, that one may begin to doubt whether he may not have transferred the spoon to some convenient rock hold or snag, which, indeed, may sometimes be the case; for he is an adept at rubbing the spoon out of his mouth, and this is in all likelihood what he is trying to do when sulking. However, as a general rule, he does not even resort to these perfectly legitimate tricks; he will fight fair and square, and to the death; and a man wants to be in some training not to feel glad it is all over when a twenty-pounder has been safely brought to land. In conclusion, I would simply remind fishermen that a trip to India is in these days no formidable undertaking; many votaries of the rifle go there every season, but I have never come across one of the rod. Why, it would be hard to say.



59 LB. MAHSEER, CAUGHT BY CAPT. H. B. D. CAMPBELL, R.E., IN THE UPPER GANGES.



## BOXING IN THE BRITISH ARMY AND NAVY.

By ROBERT PATRICK WATSON.

**T**IME was when the training of our soldiers and sailors was far too rigorous to admit of physical exercises that might in any sense be regarded in the light of recreation. The narrow

spirit of severe disciplinarians would not in those days tolerate the introduction of any very distinctive form of athletics into army and navy drill; and even to this day, strange though it may seem, there is among the chief contracting parties a diversity of opinion. They are all, it is true, in favour of sport; where they differ is in the manner of its application. Moderately pursued, they argue, it is perseverance in a good cause, whereas, adopted as a profession, it may easily become obstinacy in a bad one. The less conservative of the military authorities openly advocate unlimited study of self-defence and the encouragement of ambition to reach

the highest honours. They would fain make of every soldier and sailor a boxer or even a pugilist. (This, in both army and navy, is a distinction without a difference.)

A startling revulsion of feeling was latterly experienced in the army and navy boxing championships. The Grenadiers, who for so many years gained the highest honours, were absent, and the men stationed at Canterbury, who had distinguished themselves in 1901 at Aldershot, were among the missing.

The ruling passion was exemplified in 1901 by the appearance in the ring of Lieut. the Earl of Kingston. He fought bravely, but was vanquished by overwhelming tact and superiority. The writer told him at Pirbright Camp that he would probably have won had he tempted fortune once more, but he said he had been too busy at the front to think of contests of that kind. Private McLaughlin, the hope deferred

of the Irish Guards, did not triumph, for victory went to a fellow-countryman named McFadden, a Marine Artilleryman with splendid physique, but more strength than science.

The army formerly enjoyed a monopoly of military support and royal patronage in its boxing, but there came, as a logical sequence of time, a kindly feeling for the sailor. Since he took part, the soldiers at Aldershot have certainly had to look well to their laurels. Before the gymnastic Palais de Justice was built at Aldershot, the boxing championships were held at the same place as the Army Athletic Meeting, almost beneath the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington.

Colonel G. M. Fox has undoubtedly done as much for army boxing as any officer in the service. When he was Assistant Inspector of Gymnasia, with Lieut.-



DICK JORDAN (BOXING INSTRUCTOR AT THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY) AT THE PUNCHING BALL.

(Photo: Cassell & Co., Ltd.)

Colonel Onslow as Inspector, the Colonel determined to raise the standard of military boxing far beyond the reach of those whose interests were not in sympathy with such objects. It is not the place of this article to vindicate Colonel Fox; but it is at least fair that due credit should be given to him for his good work in this direction. He even went a little farther, and here he tared worse. His ambition included the admission of ladies among the audience at the boxing championship meeting. The writer well remembers the first, but not last, experiment and disagreeable climax. The Colonel had expressed to him the hope that there would be no blood, the sight of which might be calculated to distress the ladies. Unfortunately, the very first blow alighted on a somewhat generous nose, with the result that the ladies unceremoniously retired in a body, transferring the light of their countenances to the athletic contests then being decided on the sward

close by: It remains to be mentioned that the Colonel met with greater success in a second attempt. At this particular stage he favoured London as the rendezvous for the army boxing championships and public schools competitions, and he commissioned the writer to search the metropolis for a suitable place. The idea, which was duly handed over to the studious care of Mr. John Fleming, was abandoned in its infancy, and Aldershot was proclaimed the centre. From small beginnings the army boxing championships soon rose to a position of great importance in the world of sport, and as those in authority gradually realised this, they may be said to have marked a new era in the social and professional life of the rank and file, finally earning the approval and patronage of H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught.

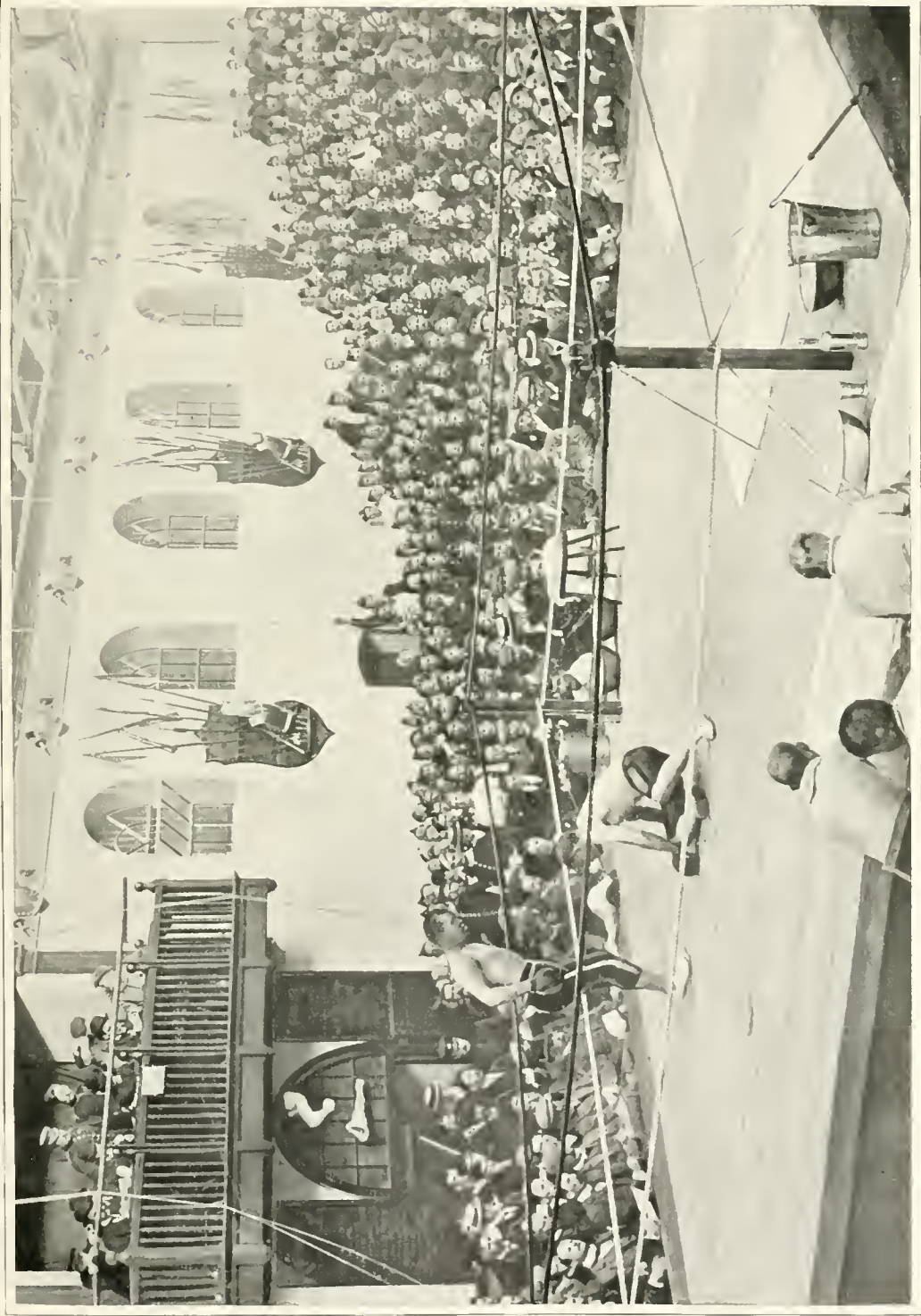
The captious critic of the noble science would be sadly exercised at Aldershot, for the principles professed by those who take part are somewhat original and capricious. Peculiarities in style are as conspicuous as a domineering desire to bow to the decisions of the authorities. It has sometimes caused surprise that the army and navy should have been so long in producing a boxer worthy to represent England; yet, when one comes to think of it, a society of self-taught boxers must inevitably run to the fantastic. It is always interesting to watch such professional boxers as have sworn allegiance to King and country by joining the ranks. They are easily distinguished from their untutored fellows by their thorough acquaintance with the first principles of boxing—to hit, to stop, and to get away. All the physical strength and vigorous fighting of the raw recruit is an abuse of power, and this for the simple reason that the practised boxer dexterously avoids planned attacks. That the British officer should, in spite of the best of good training by expert professors, rarely rise above the level of mediocrity in boxing is almost past understanding. As a rule, the very worst of his subordinates is infinitely his superior with the gloves, and to watch most officers in the ring makes one believe that they study boxing merely as a recreation and not as a stern necessity. Captain Johnstone is the exception to the rule. It must be understood that this criticism, which is offered in all good part, applies only to the present generation, for the writer can recall officers in the past, going back, say, a period of twenty years, who stood up against the best professionals and demonstrated their skill and courage. In Captain Johnstone the army was represented by an athlete who not only gained his blue at Aldershot, but even carried off the heavyweight amateur championship of England.

The value of military boxing has more than once been generously recognised by the highest in authority. Often as they have been quoted, the

memorable words spoken by Lord Wolseley when Commander-in-Chief, in a speech at the National Sporting Club after the competitions of the Brigade of Guards, will bear yet another repetition. "If," he said, "I were to exempt the great use to our country of this gallant and noble game, it would be unfair and unkind, for its usefulness is unbounded. I sincerely trust that it may continue to flourish, as such exhibitions are the true test of British pluck. It is conducive to endurance and pluck, and makes men of soldiers—the sort of men who alone can defend us against our foes." And these inspiring words were not mere affectation, but a command to every man engaged in the service to become proficient in the art of self-defence. The influence of the speech was seen not alone in the degree to which it won over those not previously in sympathy with army boxing, but also when hard times fell on boxing generally in the civil and criminal courts.

Tracing quite briefly the recent history of military boxing, we find that on July 1st, 1892, Colonel Fox introduced it into the soldier's regular recreations. Yet at that Army Athletic Meeting it was so unimportant that the reports devoted but nine lines to it, the only landmark of importance being the manner in which Drummer Phillips of the 1st Grenadier Guards so distinguished himself as to forecast the supremacy of his comrades, who subsequently furnished more champions than any other single regiment in the service. In 1893 the companionship with the Duke was severed, and the meeting was shifted to the new athletic grounds, though, as the neighbouring gymnasium was not ready for occupation, the competitions took place for the last time in the open air. In 1894 army boxing reached perfection, separating from the Army Athletic Meeting and standing, as it could well afford, alone. In 1895 H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught was present, and in the following year we find the navy and all ranks admitted for the first time. The gymnasium in the Cornbrook Road by now fulfilled the expectations of General Hammersley and Colonel Fox. The General, the first Inspector of Gymnasia, known as the "Father of Army Gymnasia," had the gymnasium built near the Wellington statue, and introduced physical drill into the daily exercises of the soldiers. The 1st Grenadier Guards won the championships in 1896. Colonel Fox himself drew attention to their devotion to daily boxing by the order, "When the Guards go up to get their prizes, I want you all to cheer!" Three thousand soldiers answered to the call, and their deafening shouts vibrated among the hills round Aldershot. It was indeed remarkable, apart from this special official recognition, that the three brothers Collins—sergeant, private, and drummer—and yet another Collins (no relation), from the stokehold





THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP AT ALDERSHOT.

(Photo: C. Kaufelt, Aldershot.)



of the *Victory*, should on that occasion have come out with flying colours. At a later date David St. John, the celebrated Welsh pugilist, joined the 1st Grenadier Guards, though he never competed at Aldershot. He died in a hand-to-hand fight with the Boers after laying several of them

Fowles introduced boxing into the gymnasium, and with the assistance of two officers, now majors in the Grenadiers, laid the foundations of a lasting success. The Grenadiers, along with the Scots Guards, Sir John Astley's old regiment, were stationed at Chelsea Barracks. Gloves were purchased, and the promoters set to with a view to attracting the men and stimulating their ambition. Gradually the men flocked into the gymnasium, and were encouraged by Lieutenant Fowles to put on the gloves and "make men of themselves." By the end of October a hundred names were enrolled. Lieutenant Fowles then consulted with the Hon. W. Cavendish, the Hon. J. H. R. Bailey, and Telfer, the drill sergeant attached to the Scots Guards,



DICK JORDAN AND A PUPIL.

(Photo: Cassell & Co., Ltd.)

out, and it was as he was drawing his bayonet from yet another body that a bullet sent him to the ground. It would be unfair, in writing of the prowess of the 1st Grenadier Guards, to overlook the name of their instructor, Alec Roberts. Originally a drummer in the Guards, he had been a pugilist of no mean order, having on one occasion won a severe battle against Jem Hayes at New Brompton.

Another soldier who must be mentioned in any account of modern army boxing, particularly in connection with any effort to improve it, is Lieut.-Quartermaster Fowles, a Waterford man and cousin to the Dean of Clonmel. He went through the Soudan campaign, and fought at Omdurman. If Fowles had devoted less attention to its encouragement, it is very certain that army boxing would have suffered seriously. In the "Parliamentary Debates," February 15th, 1900, Lieut.-Quartermaster Fowles is thus spoken of: ". . . A splendid soldier. In manner, ability, knowledge, and all that goes to make a good soldier, he makes those men [1st Grenadiers] work better than the famous Guards I saw reviewed at St. Petersburg. He is one of the best drills I have seen in Europe."

It was in the winter of 1888 that Lieutenant



EMPHASISING A POINT.

(Photo: Cassell & Co., Ltd.)

as to the formation of a club; and as the result of a meeting to consider ways and means, the club was formed, and such famous fighters as Bat Mullins, Alf Bowman, Ted White, and Alec Roberts were engaged as instructors. A novices' competition followed, and then came such a series of successes as stamped the Grenadiers as invincible. At Chelsea and Wellington Barracks, at the Tower, at Windsor, Aldershot, and Dublin, the Grenadiers were first. In August, 1890, at Balls Bridge, Dublin, C. S. Riley won the middle-weight championship and Drum-Major Phillips the light-weight championship. In

1801 the Grenadiers came to England, and Drum-Major Phillips won the first army championship at Aldershot. It was then that Alec Roberts was appointed sole instructor, and in that capacity he remained with the regiment until the day of his death.

The greatest assault-at-arms perhaps ever organised in the British army took place in March, 1893, in the gymnasium of the Victoria Barracks, by permission of Colonel Lord A. C. Wellesley, commanding 1st Battalion of the Grenadier Guards. On that occasion a distinguished assemblage of officers, including Lord Methuen, witnessed the contests. Collins, subsequently better known as Corporal Collins, laid four men low, and defeated Jordan of the Royal Artillery in the final competition, open to the whole army. The same year the Grenadiers' Club won all the Guards Brigade competitions at the National Sporting Club, with Private W. Toole (light weights), Private Delan (middle weights), and Private W. Downing (heavy weights) to represent them. Colonel Fox was of opinion that he had a man capable of beating anyone either in the army or out of it, but Lieutenant Fowles matched Collins against him, and in five rounds Collins was victorious. When Sergeant Warren faced Corporal Collins in the final, the scene at Aldershot was such as has no parallel in the records of army boxing. The contest was decided in the open in the presence of Sir Evelyn Wood and hundreds of officers and ladies. The little corporal wore an old grey jersey, contrasting with the smartness of Warren's cloak. Alec Roberts and the defeated McKone accompanied him to his corner in comparative silence. Warren was struck down four times in the first round, and only half a minute of the second had expired when he received

his quietus. The excitement among the five thousand or so spectators was tremendous, and the Marquis of Winchester with other officers were seen to hand Collins money on the spot.

The second night after the arrival of the Guards at Gibraltar Lieutenant Fowles organised a boxing display, which won the congratulations of Sir Frederick Carrington, who officiated as referee, and Colonel McCalmont. David St. John on this occasion beat the champion of the Mediterranean.

It was in May, 1900, that Fowles left his old regiment, a parting keenly felt by every man in his battalion; but he left a legacy of a most prosperous boxing club, with five hundred paying members, a substantial exchequer, and a miscellany of such useful presents as ropes, stakes, gloves, Indian clubs, dumb-bells, and other paraphernalia of physical culture. On the formation of the Irish Guards, a regiment now from the rank and file composed of Irishmen, he joined it, and there was widespread satisfaction when the *Gazette* announced his promotion to quartermaster, with the honorary rank of lieutenant. Here, again, he had done his utmost to promote boxing, though sadly disappointed in his man, McLaughlin, who was beaten at Aldershot in the championship.

Some fine military boxing was displayed in the riding school at Aldershot prior to the late war, in the presence of the Prince of Siam and a brilliant staff of officers, many of whom never returned from South Africa. The writer well remembers sitting close to the Prince of Siam on that occasion. He was much edified at the sudden cessation of a brief but brisk passage of arms. On being asked the reason for the interruption, the defeated man's second sarcastically replied that neither combatant wanted a thrashing.



THE MEDICINE BALL

(Photo: Cassell & Co., Ltd.)

## CRICKET AND CRICKETERS.

BY CAPT. PHILIP TREVOR.

THE strongest link between cricket as it exists in its present and most approved form and cricket as it existed in the days of block-holes, braces, top hats, round and not over-arm bowling, shooters, and notches, is William Gilbert

upon public attention, it is necessary to note the names of a few men who are at the moment, or who have been in the immediate past, especially prominent. In the circumstances, a bare list must suffice. Reducing, for purposes of accurate comparison, that list to its strictest limits, it is the following men who appear to qualify for places therein: Mr. A. G. Steel, Mr. A. E. Stoddart, Mr. A. C. Maclaren, Mr. F. S. Jackson, Mr. C. B. Fry, George Giffen, Shrewsbury, Gunn, Abel, and Hayward. Clement Hill, the Australian, is for historical purposes still something of an unknown quantity.

It is the immense possibilities still lying before Mr. G. L. Jessop and Ranjitsinhji quite as much as the all but marvellous feats for which they have already been responsible that justify their prominent inclusion in any article which professes to take a broad and catholic view of the cricket field. When the cricket history of the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century comes to be written, the batting of Ranjitsinhji will undoubtedly be held to be its most notable feature. It seemed strange enough that a native of India, without previous training at an English school, should succeed in getting into the Cambridge University eleven, but much of Ranjitsinhji's greatness was undoubtedly foreshadowed even when he was an undergraduate. The truth is that Ranjitsinhji's early cricket associations were an advantage rather than a disadvantage to him, and helped to develop his genius. In our own big public schools the ordinary boy is almost always taught to walk before he is allowed to try to run, and it is on carefully prepared practice wickets that he is instructed in the art of walking. Ranjitsinhji learned walking and running at one and the same time, for the grounds in India upon which the youths of the native colleges exploit themselves are quite original in their peculiarities and possibilities, and Ranjitsinhji recognised an old friend in many of the wickets upon which, in his early days in England, he was called upon to play. Batting on the Cambridge wickets rapidly became child's play to Ranjitsinhji, and he had no difficulty in learning the orthodox and somewhat stereotyped strokes by means of which the majority of English batsmen are wont to avoid defeat. But he did not allow his own peculiar strokes to fall into disuse. He cultivated them under easier conditions at the Cambridge nets, and he played in all sorts of matches upon all sorts of wickets. In three particulars Ranjitsinhji is



PRINCE RANJITSINHJI.

(Photo: Foster, Brighton.)

Grace, by common consent known as the Champion. The place he occupies as a player has been appointed any time these thirty odd years, and it is only the very young journalist who, from time to time, is prone to gild refined gold and paint the lily. Those of us who are of lesser courage are content to say simply, "Mr. Grace is the greatest cricketer who can ever live." Doubtless posterity will thank us for our guidance.

The Champion stands without the pale of all comparison as a batsman; and there are perhaps only two other living batsmen of whom posterity will be called upon to take serious note. Those two men are Kumar Shri Ranjitsinhji and Mr. G. L. Jessop. But before considering their claims





RHODES.

(Photo: Hawkins &amp; Co., Brighton.)

the superior of any other batsman, viz. : in keenness of vision, in quickfootedness, and in suppleness of wrist. It is the combination of these three qualities which makes cricket so deceptive when he is at the wicket. This combination has, indeed, the effect of making one believe that successful batting is the easiest thing imaginable. There is a complete absence of effort, or rather of apparent effort, in all Ranjitsinhji's performances, and it has frequently been remarked that it would seem as if he could do as well with a walking-stick as with a cricket bat. Variety is, of course, a feature of his many long innings, but it must be admitted that the reason which causes him to alter his tactics at various times is not always apparent to the spectator, even when that spectator possesses some little knowledge of the game, and is anxious to obtain more.

Doubtless his judgment is now and again at fault, but so great is his skill that defeat is usually avoided, even after faulty preliminary dispositions. Most batsmen negotiate a certain ball in one way only. Ranjitsinhji can deal with it "the other way," if necessary. It is with his famous strokes on the leg side that the public is most familiar, and when he is making these in his very best form, batsmanship is reduced to an exact science. Sometimes a bowler in desperation takes a man away from the deep field and sends him to avert the consequences of the famous leg-glide. Then it is that, for the time being, Ranjitsinhji discards

the leg-glide and does a little straight driving. The poor bowler is compelled to issue the order "as you were," and the leg-glide is thereupon recommenced. A self-satisfied bowler once remarked that he could deal successfully with Ranjitsinhji in a twelve-a-side match, but perhaps he was inclined to flatter himself without justification. An Australian eleven in the field are, at a rough calculation, worth thirteen, possibly fourteen, English county cricketers in point of run-saving. Yet the manner in which Ranjitsinhji placed the ball beyond the grasp of the strongest Australian eleven which has ever visited England is still fresh in memory.

Mr. Gilbert Jessop is by far the greatest hitter that has ever played the game of cricket. Rivals in this respect he has at the present time none, and in the past the names of Messrs. W. J. Ford and C. I. Thornton, and of Bonnor, McDonnell, and Lyons, the Australians, alone can possibly come under review. Let it suffice to say that not one of these men can challenge serious comparison with him. Batting is the art of making runs, and there is no getting away from the fact. But in England batting has come now to be something more than that. It is the art of making runs in a given time, and this reservation is by too many people culpably slighted. In one particular, apart from his stature—for it should not be overlooked



ABEL

(Photo: Cassell &amp; Co., Ltd.)

that he is under the medium height—Mr. Jessop differs from all other great hitters who have preceded him. He has no pet ball with which he desires to be favoured; and, without taking into consideration the state of the wicket, his success or failure depends more upon his own mood than upon the skill or subtlety of the bowler. There are times indeed when all is fish that comes to his net. He has given so many stupendous examples of rapid scoring that it is difficult to select an example therefrom which is chiefly illustrative of his powers, but it is upon authentic record that, playing for Gloucestershire in 1899 against the West Indian eleven then touring in England, he scored 157 runs in the space of a single hour. It is possible to note a habit or a peculiarity here and there by means of which this fearless batsman has so signally over-ridden established custom. Mechanically, if not automatically, do Mr. Jessop's hands shift up and down the bat in proportion to the length, pace, and direction of the ball delivered. For the mighty straight, or all but straight, drive which lifts the ball out of the ground Mr. Jessop, at the moment of striking, holds the bat at the extreme end of the handle. For the forcing stroke, which sends the ball humming like a top between cover-point and extra mid-off, the handle is gripped as near as possible to the middle, whilst to execute (crouching like a beast of prey about to spring) that manœuvre peculiar to himself which results in a good-length ball being despatched so as to cause trouble amongst the crowd on the square-leg boundary, Mr. Jessop slips his right



G. L. JESSOP.

(Photo: E. Hawkins &amp; Co., Brighton.)

hand downwards until it touches the blade of the bat.

Turning to the question of bowling, one notes that for a hundred years or more the bowler triumphed over the batsman. Matters are now quite the other way. So much so, indeed, that for some years past the Marylebone Cricket Club, the supreme (and, indeed, the only possible) authority on the game, has been memorialised to assist the bowler in his task by means of protective legislation. Even now, indeed, it is contemplating a very drastic amendment of the laws, though the bowler might have been called upon to struggle harder, for the variability of the English climate is patent to all, and the weather is at times a good friend as well as a dangerous foe to him. Compressing the honours-list of bowlers to its most minute limits, two amateurs and two professionals figure therein—Mr. F. R. Spofforth, the Australian, Mr. A. G. Steel, Richardson, and Rhodes. One resists the temptation to extend that list. Shaw and Morley bowled at a time when cricket grounds favoured the bowler, and when the sides opposed to them contained on an average only some three or four really first-class batsmen. Spofforth, it is but simple justice to admit, still keeps his fame as the Prince of Bowlers. On all kinds of wickets, and against all kinds of cricketers, whether he bowled slow or fast, in big games or in small games, he invariably succeeded in establishing his absolute pre-eminence; and it was only with that inevitable stiffening



A. G. STEEL.

(Photo: E. Hawkins &amp; Co., Brighton.)

of muscle, which is inseparable from advancing years, that his success began to wane.

Amongst English amateur bowlers Mr. A. G. Steel stands easily first, and one reason of his attaining a position from which he has never been deposed is that, if Mr. Grace be excepted, he is the only really great bowler (and parenthetically I doubt whether Mr. Grace can accurately be described as a really great bowler) who was himself at the head of the list of the really great batsmen. Shaw and Morley derived their knowledge of the capabilities of the batsmen from observation and not from personal experience, or one might even say from personal intuition. It may, indeed, be said of Mr. Steel at his best that the only batsman whom he would have been incapable of getting into difficulties was himself. The graceful style of the late George Lohmann will long be remembered with affection, but these notes must confine themselves to living cricketers. Thomas Richardson ranks second to Spofforth alone as a fast bowler. The first-class cricket life of a fast bowler is necessarily limited, but Richardson, thanks, it must be admitted, to a fine physique, has withstood the strain of continuous work to an exceptional degree. In this respect it is but natural that he should be compared with Spofforth. But it should be remembered that in the days when Spofforth bowled, the Australian only played what was to all intents and purposes biennial cricket. For in his own land the cricket programme was of a very limited description.

The greater part of the career of Wilfrid Rhodes is still in front of him, but in the space of only four years he has already done enough to stamp him indelibly as a bowler of historical importance. He has been called upon to wrestle with the batsman under conditions of far greater difficulty than those which obtained when the four other men in question made their mark. Richardson, it is true, is in a certain sense a contemporary of Rhodes, but Richardson had made his name before the general ascendancy of the batsman over the bowler had been actually established.

At the very outset of his career, as a lad of nineteen years of age, and without the advantage of previous methodical training, Wilfrid Rhodes gave the most unmistakable evidence that he was destined to become one of the very greatest of bowlers. In each succeeding year since that time, circumstances and surroundings have helped

him less and less, but he has triumphed over difficulties, and his fame has increased. And indeed it would seem likely to further increase.

When one attacks the subject of fielding, it is less easy to illustrate by means of the personal method. It is a case of Australians first, and the rest nowhere. Fielding in England has deteriorated, and is deteriorating. That is the plain, simple fact. To attempt to discover the cause of so obvious an effect would be to provoke nothing more practical than a learned academic discussion. One fact, however, is patent. A love of batting possesses the souls of nine-tenths of the amateur and professional cricketers of the present generation. The first-class cricket programme is a long and arduous one, and a portion of the hours spent in the field is too often used by successful batsmen as a period of comparative rest. Certainly fieldsmen in general do not strain every nerve as formerly, and success in fielding bears a rigid proportion to effort.



W. G. GRACE.

(Photo : E. Hawkins & Co., Brighton.)





EN ROUTE.

(Photo: Leonard Cooke.)

## OTTER HUNTING.

BY ARTHUR HEINEMANN, MASTER OF THE CHERITON OTTER HUNT

"This subtle spoiler of the heaver kind,  
Far off, perhaps where ancient altars shade,  
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk  
Contrives his wicker couch, whence he surveys  
His long parlien, lord of the stream, and all  
The finny shoals his own."

SO wrote that Poet Laureate of the chase—Somervile—years and years ago. Even at the present day, on Taw and Torridge, Exe and Axe, Wye and Tweed, Roding and Blackwater, and on many another river and rivulet of the United Kingdom does the otter live and dwell and have his being. When the horn's last long notes have sounded the *morte* over the last hind of the long season on Exmoor, and a May fox has yielded his brush to the little ladies of the Dartmoor pack, then, in all the pomp and glory of blue and red and green serge, sally forth the followers of the various packs of otter hounds. Now a word about their quarry—the otter. Verily a pilgrim of the night is he, even as is that wandering greyfriar of the night the badger. Yet, unlike him, the otter leads a gipsy's nomadic life, fishing from holt to holt, from hide to hide, ever lying up at the first flush of dawn in the eastern sky. The otter has no particular month for laying down her cubs, having them at all seasons of the year, to the number of three and occasionally four. Possibly the early spring months see more cubs born into this world of woe than any others.

Right cunningly does she contrive her couch of "flags," or grass or leaves in some hollow pollard-willow, or rabbit burrow, to the entrance of which she dives, holding in her mouth the reeds she has bitten off to line her nest with. Once the halcyon days of his courtship are past, the old dog-otter seldom remains to help in nursery duties.

Probably after a period of nine weeks' gestation the cubs are born—soft and brown and velvety, and for many weeks quite helpless. As they usually first see the light on some side stream or tiny brook where the current is not too strong, they do not find their first lessons in swimming and diving and fishing very arduous. Not for two years do they attain their full growth. At this age a dog-otter will weigh from 20 lbs. to 30 lbs., a bitch 14 lbs. to 18 lbs., though I once handled a dry bitch of 22 lbs. in the Essex country. Strength and suppleness are the key-notes of an otter's anatomy. His long, sinuous body, tapering into a point at the end of his long tail, "rudder" or "pole"; his powerful forearms; his short, flat head, armed with gleaming teeth, slightly curved inwards, the bone of the under jaw locking into the upper; his under coat impervious to water—all these assist and aid him in capturing his prey. And here, be it said, an otter is a land animal who finds his sustenance in the waters. All those whose feet lead them, winter and summer alike, beside the waters of our rivers and streams, tell us that an otter does not take many trout when he can get

coarse fish, especially eels, which with frogs, moorhens, and water rats form his staple diet.

In East Anglia (where there are no trout or salmon) eels, pike, and roach are his *pièces de résistance*. When salmon or "sewin" are "running," otters will follow them up and take toll of the weak or sickly fish, which fall an easier prey to them. Thus, on the whole, and bearing in mind the damage done to spawn by eels, the otter, so far from being the fisherman's foe, is in reality his best friend.

Otter hunting has a distinct charm of its own and exercises an extraordinary fascination over all its votaries. Among the followers of a pack of otter-hounds you will find men who never go a-horseback after stag or hind, fox or hare, yet who will trudge mile after mile in the wake of rough Sultan or Welsh Hamlet when questing for "the sly goose-footed prowler's" trail. What, then, is the charm? Is it the veil of mystery that Night, who loves to shroud in shadow the movements of her children, draws over the otter's devious wanderings? Is it the glorious uncertainty of finding him? Is it the difficulty of bring-

ing him to hand once he is found—for unless you put him off in very small water, it is no child's play to circumvent an animal who is thoroughly at home in and under water, who knows every lide and holt and hover for miles, and whose scent, as the water washes over his back, flows away from him, leading hounds full cry down stream further and further away from their quarry?

it is a *wet* scent; that is to say, as an otter slips in and out of a stream in his fishing foray, the scent-carrying water drips from neck and flank and rudder, impregnating even the most sun-parched ground with a perfume so ravishing that the delicate nose of the pure, rough otter-hound can own it even though eight-and-forty hours have elapsed. On sluggish streams, where no current disturbs the calm waters, the floating leaves of the water lilies doubtless retain the scent-bead for days (I have seen a hound swimming try every floating green leaf that came in its course). Curious as it may sound, there are days when hounds can hunt their otter (when once a-swim) as if they were tied to him, and others when they cannot press the varmint even though close behind his rudder. In very hot weather, or in floodwater, scent often



GUARDING THE TOP STICKLE.



SWIMMING THE FOIL.

(Photos: Leonard Cooke.)

serves well. Another point is that when an otter is *lying high and dry*, if he does not move, the best pack of hounds in the world are liable to pass him. Two instances occur to my mind: The one was on a Northumbrian river, the other on the river Exe near Bridg-town. On the first occasion the river had been drawn with only a faint "stroke" as far as Coupland Weirpool.

Here there was a wooden "apron," resting on a bed of loose stones. Hounds were held round this carefully, but made nothing of it until the little terriers, slipping in, moved the two otters who were lying there, and simultaneously the pack marched sure and solid. Into the weirpool tumbled two fine otters, who presently paid the penalty. On the other occasion, hounds were drawing down stream, and rather fancied an old tree trunk on the opposite side of the river, but

Now, at this point, a few words on the scent an otter leaves may not be out of place. To begin with,



until little "Peter" slipped in and made the otter shift, they could make nothing of it; directly he moved with one accord every hound in the pack roared forth his deep-mouthed challenge, and in this case also the otter was brought to land in due course.

As to the proper hound to hunt an otter with, opinions vary; but as to the *killing* qualities of the foxhound there is but one—he is *facile princeps*. You cannot put a foxhound wrong. Ask those

across the river bend or throws his tongue in the water, or rends and tears at some hollow bank, you can cheer him on to the echo, and put the others to him, with no fear of his making a fool of you or them. "Hark to Damper! Hark! Huic! huic! Fencer! Have at him, my lads, look sharp!"

It is a great mistake to think that any old worn-out foxhound is good enough to hunt an otter with. Old hounds, moreover, are very slow to

stoop to a new scent. And how can you turn out old hounds looking well in their coats and a credit to your kennel management? No! Get sound, slow, steady hounds together, two- to five-season hunters, and then you need not be ashamed to be seen among them. Good hunters with good voices are what you want.

North countrymen prefer the rough hound, west countrymen the smooth; but in nearly every pack there is an old foxhound or two on whom they depend to *mark*. And here be it said no



"AND SO WHOO! WHOOP!"

tall hounds that come to the kennels of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds from every pack in the kingdom, to stoop to stag or hind, and see how readily they enter. Ask those dwarf foxhound bitches that form Lord Guilford's pack of harriers to stoop to hare, and see how closely they hunt. Ask Content and Vampire, Monarch and Viceroy to stoop to otter when their stag-hunting days with Sir John Amory's pack are done, and see them swim and drive an old dog-otter in Essex or Devonshire till he is fain to quit the heavy waters and betake himself to land in his futile effort to escape their resolute jaws. Then there is the pure-bred otterhound, tan or black-and-tan in colour, with a voice like a cathedral bell that booms and peals over the waters. Yet has he many disadvantages. Delicate to rear, rather too free with his voice, not always above "talking" about a moorhen or other riot; open feet that are always going wrong, often a shy feeder or poor doer, easily exhausted, deficient in stamina, and, above all, expensive to buy.

No! give me a foxhound—well entered, of course, to otter—then when he lashes his stern

honest man ever sells a marking hound (unless you buy the whole pack), for they are without price and essential to one's sport. Big, powerful dog-hounds are what you want for otter hunting—able to wade when smaller hounds would have to swim, able also to clamber up the steep slippery river banks, and high-couraged enough to hold, as well as tackle, their otter, thus often putting the seal of victory on a long and arduous hunt—not mumbling and letting go their quarry, as often happens if your pack has not enough of the foxhound leaven. In a book by a well-known French sportsman there are pictures of various types of French hounds, and the picture of *Les Chiens de Vendée* might well have been a photograph of Sinbad, Ploughboy, and Sultan, lately belonging to Mr. William Cheriton. Great, big, rough-coated hounds, up to 27 in. at the shoulder, white and lemon pye in colour, with high peaked heads, great flapping ears, great flews, deep-set eyes, with red haughs and voices like a tenor bell. There is also in France a pack of hounds that hunt otter exclusively, and kill from ten to fifteen brace of otters a season. The



Hawkstone Otter Hounds have found as many as seventy-eight otters in a season, and killed fifty-three of them, and in three consecutive seasons the Culmstock accounted for close on one hundred otters; but these two countries are exceptionally favoured, and it is a good season in which the Cheriton or the Bucks can kill ten brace. The Dartmoor, whose rivers are so short that otters fish them by night and drop down to tidal waters by day, do not find otters any too numerous, and so it is, I believe, up north. The Irish rivers are full of otters, but much of the water is difficult and heavy to hunt. The rivers and canals of Essex and Suffolk are also well stocked with otters, though they do not seem to use the many small streams and brooks which there abound. On the level water meadows and clay soil of Essex and Suffolk you get some excellent trail hunting, but when once an otter is in the water, hounds cannot swim him a yard, there being no current and consequently no scent. On Devonshire rivers, with their deep water-worn channels, but a faint trail lies (comparatively speaking on their rocky borders; but once an otter is a-swim the scent fairly burns the hounds' noses, and they stoop eagerly and furiously to the "wash."

But there is one adjunct to any pack of otter hounds about which I have as yet said nothing, yet are they indispensable—*terriers*, to wit. Now, a man may breed terriers all his life, and not one in ten, good as he may be for rats or cats, fox, or even badger, will evict an otter from a wet drain. One such I had till lately, always up with the leading hounds, always there when wanted, game till death—a proper little demon. Poor Ruff! He met a sad end by jumping into the copper! Another terrier I bred, called Vengeance, jumped right on to his first otter and went below water with him, close locked jaw to jaw,

and had I not tailed the otter, would doubtless have been drowned, for I brought to the surface otter and dog in the death grips. A terrier who is dead game to badger fears no otter that ever swam, but size is the great difficulty for drain work—a big heart in a small body is what we all aim at for ottering, though for badger-digging we can, and do, use bigger terriers. For otter hunting a terrier cannot be *too hard* in his work or coat, though I have heard a certain master of otter hounds say an otter bolted more readily from a baying terrier than from one who collared him. Here, again, no man parts with his best finished and "made" terrier, though you can buy youngsters from him and train them yourself. Always pick up your terriers at the kill. They are easily mistaken in the worry when covered with mud and blood, and so worried by the hounds, whose blood is roused to fever heat, and who all "see red."

In *theory* you take your pack to the river bank; hounds hit off the line, drag, or trail of an otter; and carry it on till they come to the otter's hide,holt, or couch; the terriers bolt him, and the hounds hunt him in the water till he is fain to land, when they run into him, and so whoo! whoop! In *practice*, things don't all go thus, as if by clockwork. You may, indeed, strike a trail, but you may be hunting "heel" all day—nor does every trail necessarily lead you to your otter. Again, when found, your otter may not bolt, nor, when bolted, does it always befall that the best efforts of hounds and men force him to quit the security of his native pool, with its many hides and hovers. No; if you would understand the hunting of the wily otter, follow the fortunes of a pack of otter hounds for one or more seasons, and *keep your eyes open*. Thus shall you learn more in one day spent by the river than in a whole volume of otter-hunting literature;



BIG HEARTS IN LITTLE BODIES.

(Photo: Purdie & Phillips, Cheshamford.)

## MAORI SPORTS.

BY E. WAY ELKINGTON.

IN spite of the fact that Maoris are physically, mentally, and morally the finest coloured race in existence, from a sporting point of view they have been severely handicapped by their choice of New Zealand as a home. At the time they are supposed to have taken up their abode in that country it was more or less devoid of animal life; only the moa and one or two other large birds lend themselves to the development of the hunting instinct. It is thought that this was the cause of the cannibalistic tendencies which were so prominent in the race when Englishmen

it is now looked on as the sportsman's paradise. The Maori, naturally clever, has adapted himself to his changed environments, and is now as keen a sportsman as his white brother. But, though hunting has been practically taught him by whites, he has found a way of his own to kill the pig, to chase the wild cattle, to stalk the deer, and to land the shark; and it is with these peculiarities only that this article will deal.

In athletic sports the Maori has picked up all the games of the whites, and, as everyone knows, at football, rowing, jumping, and racing he is no mean competitor. He still, however, possesses a few unique sports of his own, most of which are connected with the water.

Every year, on the Waikato river, in the North Island, a tremendous gathering of Maoris come together from all parts of New



first encountered them. The only meat they could get, if meat he can be called, was man. Fish they had in abundance, for the seas and rivers of New Zealand abound in every variety. This naturally developed their sporting and hunting instincts in a watery way, and they soon became, and are now, renowned for their dexterity in fishing and in water sports.

Since the arrival of Captain Cook and his followers, the whole land has been changed, and



MAORIS AT ROTORUA: 1. A WESTERN TRIBE. 2. AN EASTERN TRIBE.

Zealand to the Ngaruawahia Regatta, and it is here that the Maoris show their marvellous skill as boatmen. Apart from the ordinary racing in the long dug-out war canoes, manned with thirty, forty, and fifty paddlers, which skim through the

water like electric launches, there is the wonderful obstacle race, a sight which can be seen nowhere else. For this race only small canoes are entered, and they are manipulated by either two men or two women: one sitting in the bow, the other well back over the stern. The course is all cleared, and into the bed of this wide river long thin poles are driven at a distance of between six and ten feet apart. From these are hung other poles parallel to the water, and about a foot to eighteen inches above it. Several of these hurdles are placed along the course, and at the word the competitors start off for their race. They dash along in their light craft, paddling so quickly that it is hard to discern their movements until the obstacle is reached. Then the foremost goes through some extraordinary performance, and the nose of the boat shoots out of the water on to the hurdle, amid the cheering of thousands. The impetus gained by the high speed at which they have been travelling carries it well over, and then, as if by instinct, the rower in the stern leaps lightly along as the boat moves until its centre is on the hurdle. Then, with an extra leap, fresh way is given to it, and the canoe shoots over the bar and splashes into the water below. The rowers in another moment are back in their places paddling away for dear life and the next jump.

Such is the result as it should be, but in five cases out of nine, by the slightest miscalculation, the boat misses its mark, either by getting under the pole and sweeping both its occupants into the river, or, more comical still, by getting stuck on the hurdle and turning over. The Maoris, however, are as at home in the water as on land, and in a few minutes they are both splashing into their canoe again and hurrying off to try their luck at the next hurdle.

The correct judgment and particular skill required for this unique sport have been taught the young natives ever since they were able to handle a paddle, for the peculiarities of the New Zealand rivers, with their many obstructions in the way of driftwood and trees, which have a knack of growing in the centre and just showing up above the water, have necessitated some such method as this for overcoming obstacles.

On the sea, as on the river, the Maoris are

equally at home. It is fishing, perhaps, that appeals to them most as a sport and a means of procuring food. Concerning the small fish which they snare little need be said, as their modes are similar to those of other native races. It is in shark fishing that they excel and take keen delight. In the early days the Maoris caught



A MAORI FÊTE.

sharks, and, after cutting their heads off, let the carcass go back to the sea. It was for its teeth that they risked their lives in this dangerous sport. But now times have changed, and the Maori has many ways of utilising the shark, so he makes a point of hunting him. From any of the *pahs* on the coast, in the Bay of Islands, at the mouths of the rivers, or out in the open bays, Maoris can be seen at their fishing. Sharks are plentiful round New Zealand, so much so that a bathe in the sea is about the last thing any sensible man would indulge in, unless he wished it to be his last. Years ago, when the native had only his narrow canoe to fish from, shark hunting must have been a deal more risky than it is now. One of the most interesting catches I ever witnessed was outside Napier Harbour while sailing for pleasure. Four natives were seated calmly in a small sailing craft, a mere cockle-shell, which they were assisting along with their paddles. They were hugging the shore pretty closely, and had their eyes well open. We soon saw their game, and kept within sight. Behind the boat they were evidently trailing a large piece of meat. Presently one of them threw out his line, and a moment later the sail was lowered. (I may here explain that the tackle for small sharks 6 to 8 feet long consists of thick cord, attached to which is a chain with an iron hook about 4 to 6 inches long and baited with mullet or pork.) For some time they met with no success and, not being over strong-hearted, they were evidently pulling in with a view to trying better ground, when suddenly the fisherman drew back, and a large black fin shot



past the stern of their boat. A shark fin is an ugly thing at the best of times, but when one is in a small craft, though the water is smooth and there is no fear of a capsize, a nasty sensation creeps over every one even at the sight of it. Presently the fin appeared again, and a sudden ripple in the clear water told that the fish had turned. A

water and fill, and turn its occupants and their prize into the sea. His tail was still lashing wildly at the water, and the natives hung to the rope. At last they had him secure; his head was level with the bulwark. One of the fishermen then leant over the great head, and the sunlight caught the flash of steel as he slit the shark's



"THEY LOOKED LIKE DEMONS AS THEY WORRIED AT THE LINE."

second later the native in the stern of the boat was paying out line as hard as he could—it is fatal to strike immediately when a shark bites. Then a quick pull, and the struggle began. All four were now intent on the game, and the rope was drawn as tight as possible, so that the shark was allowed to tow the boat for some distance. Fearing that he might put them on the rocks, the natives soon began to haul in their line. Tugging and straining with all their might, they looked like demons as they worried at the line and danced about in their excitement. As soon as the fish began to tire, two of the natives returned to their paddles and began working like fury, towing the shark behind the boat. They were drowning him, but a shark takes a deal of drowning and is a nasty customer to deal with up to his last gasp. When the fishers were satisfied that the fish was played out, the two rowers came over to the side, and the four then laid hold of the rope, and soon the great ugly black carcase began to plunge and thrash the water with a fury and vitality that turned it into a seething foam. Nearer and nearer they dragged the struggling shark, till his nose was well up with the side of the boat. Every instant it looked as if the little craft would dip under the

nose from end to end with one hard and steady gash and gave him his quietus. One little dexterous cut with the sharp point of a sheath knife, and the great sea monster was dead. Then we saw them lower him into the water, tying the rope securely to the stern of the boat, and in a few minutes they were sailing placidly home with their prize.

A good deal of shark fishing is done from the shore or at the mouth of creeks, when the natives

bait or spear them; but these are, of course, only small fish.

In hunting wild pigs, the Maoris have an original way, one that would only appeal to the hardest or hungriest of sportsmen.

All over the country where bush or good cover is to be found, the pig has generally a little spot reserved for himself and his family. Though they are an imported article, having been introduced by Captain Cook, they have multiplied enormously, and their ranks have been swelled by stray pigs from the settlements. The large tracks of fern country which abound in New Zealand are their feeding grounds.

The Maori on setting out generally takes a couple of dogs and a good sheath knife, and if he has any luck at all he will invariably bring home two or three tuskers.

The most interesting hunt of this kind that I witnessed was in the Kaipara, when we, a party of three accompanied by two natives, set out at break of day to see what sport we could get.

As I was new to the country, I marvelled at the pace my friends travelled through the bush. Wherever one looked, there were fallen trees, dead roots, or tangled masses of "supplejack" (vines)

or "bush lawyer," another obnoxious weed which has a knack of clutching your clothes or hair and holding firmly to it until each leaf is separately detached. It was through this sort of country that we travelled for two hours before we came to the place where the natives assured us we would have "plenty sport." At last we arrived at a spot which for rich growth of foliage was unequalled in my experience of the country. I had never seen anything like it for massiveness and variety. It seemed to bar all further progress, but as I was looking and wondering where our next move would be, I was surprised by one of the Maoris waving his dogs ahead of him and announcing the fact that there were "plenty pigs here." The dogs scuttled away down a low narrow track, and the Maoris bent down and followed them. Two of my party seemed quite used to this sort of game and immediately followed the natives. I came on behind slowly and painfully, crawling on hands and knees for about a quarter of a mile, when suddenly the dogs gave voice and the two Maoris doubled their pace, crying out to the animals in a language they seemed to understand, but which was incomprehensible to me. Presently we came to more open country, and I saw that the dogs had a pig bailed up with its back under a thorn bush. They were barking and yelping round their prize, trying to frighten it from its stronghold, but the boar seemed to know better, and in spite of the continued rushes made by the dogs, it stood firmly, only grunting and endeavouring to butt the animals as they came within its reach. For some time this sort of unsatisfactory warfare continued, until one native called the dogs off and set them to work at the back of the bush. Immediately this was done, the pig, thinking the road was clear, ran out and bolted towards the nearest cover. Its run was,

however, a very short one. The two dogs were on it before it had travelled twenty-five yards, and a moment later the more athletic of the two natives was up behind it, his knife gleaming in the air and a look of devilish delight in his eyes. He danced round the worried animal with a keen delight, and each time it rushed at him he sprang out of the way. Finally, with a spring we saw him land full on the animal's back, lying right over it. An instant later the knife was buried to the hilt, and the great tusker rolled over dead.

The whole day we hunted pigs, and, though we were all more or less new to this method, we soon got into it and found it the most exciting form of sport we had experienced. Many of the pigs fought hard for their lives, but the natives soon showed us a way of getting the best of them. The whole secret seemed to be in getting behind the animal whilst he was engaged with the dogs, throwing your full weight on to it, and then driving home the knife.

Cattle hunting is another sport indulged in occasionally by the more energetic and better class Maori, but as wild cattle are rare, it can hardly be classed among their own sports.

Horse racing is undoubtedly their most popular sport, and Maori race meetings are held all over the country, attended by the ubiquitous "bookey."

Pole jumping is another sport that the Maoris excel at. Two of them hold the championship for Australasia with an 11 ft. 2 in. jump. At foot racing they are also good for short hard runs: The champion of Auckland had a rare tussle one year with a native, and only beat him by a head.

Altogether, the Maori is a good all-round sportsman, and is getting a hold on the pastimes of his white brethren. Most of their old games are falling out of fashion, as they were chiefly of a warlike nature, and the Maori is now a man of peace



A MAORI RACING CREW.



METEOR III.

(Photo: W. A. Kirk &amp; Sons, Cowes.)

## THE FASCINATION OF YACHTING.

By E. KEBLE CHATTERTON

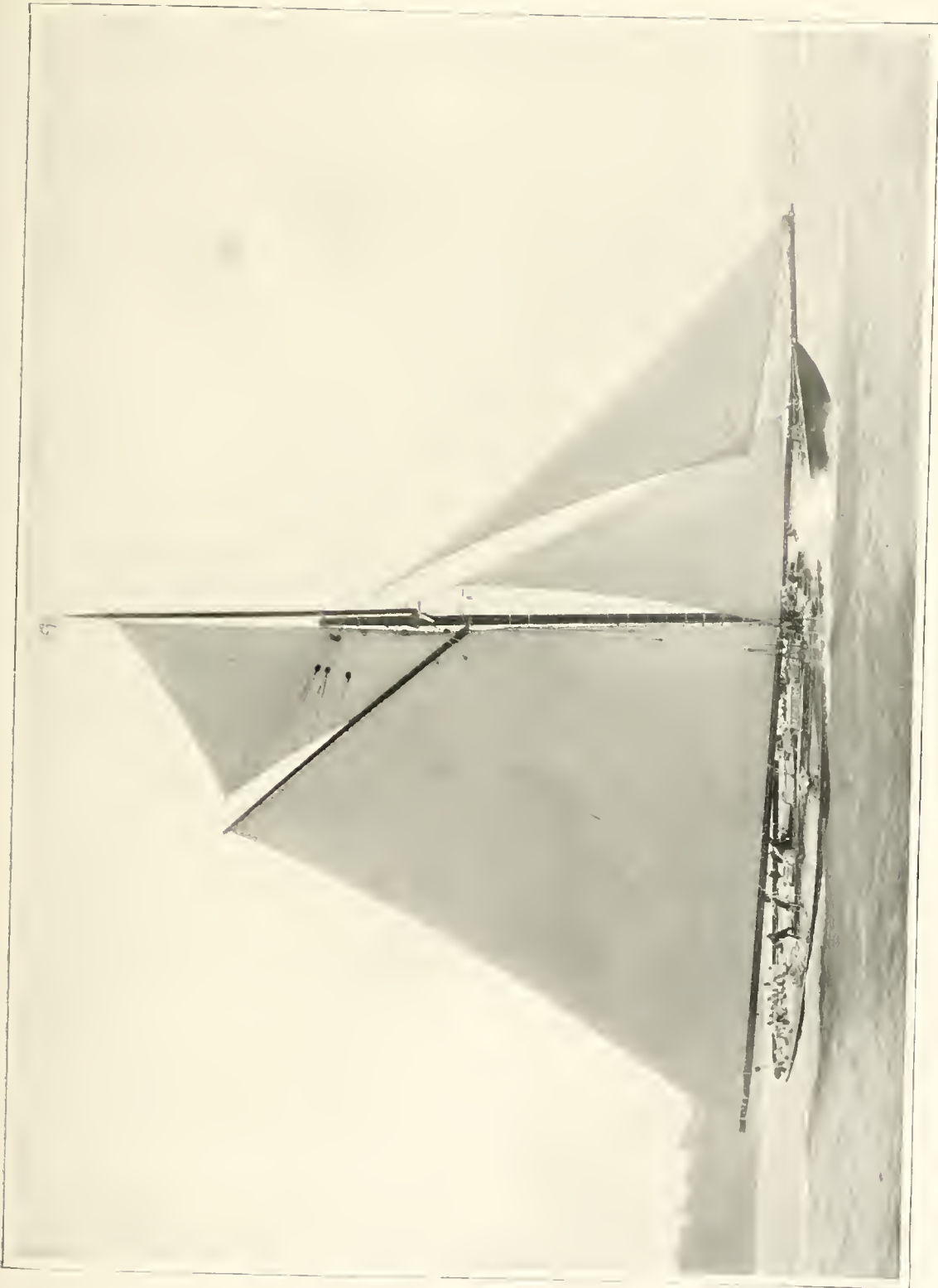
IT is a matter for wonder, considering we are islanders and all of us thoroughly permeated with the spirit of a seafaring nation, that we who make it our boast that we are essentially a sporting community indulge so little in the glorious pastime of yachting. It would have been only natural to suppose that the greatest naval nation, which has produced the finest sailors and the grandest ships, should place boat-sailing and yachting far ahead of cricket, football, and golf in its list of pastimes. Yet this is not the case. The man you meet in the street is just the man who has never been aboard a yacht in his life, never so much as handled a tiller, or soiled his hands with a jib sheet. He may have been a unit in a crowd of trippers to Margate, but if he were to find himself on a desert island with a sound craft on the beach, he could no more navigate fifty miles to the mainland than a cannibal could steer a motor car down Piccadilly.

Yet no sport created by the ingenuity of man is at once so exciting, so thoroughly healthful, and

so useful as that which is to be found on the trackless ocean. When once the enthusiast has come under the influence of this sport, he never deserts it. Perhaps the germ came to him in the days of his youth through reading of soul-stirring adventures with pirates. Possibly on his summer holidays he has received it while wandering along the quays of some busy harbour. The desire to sail the seas having been once born, it can never be gratified except by attainment. The germ is in him, and the yachting fever overtakes him every summer of his life. Old age does not kill it any more than it kills the interest which a Chelsea pensioner feels in battles.

I can conceive of no more wholesome hobby for a boy on which to expend his enthusiasm than that of building model ships and seeking to know all about their construction and rigging. The first ten-pound note that he ever receives will be spent in buying a second-hand 14-foot boat, if he lives within possible distance of any river or lake six feet deep. He will procure a mast and an old





THE "BRITANNIA"

(Photo: W. A. Kirk & Sons, Coues)



THE "VALKYRIE."

(Photo: Symonds &amp; Co., Portsmouth.)

Now he has left behind him the stage of the simple lugsail. He has to master the knowledge essential to the correct management of jib, fore-sail, mainsail, and topsail. Now he has a cabin-boat, and he can in fine weather venture outside the river's mouth, coasting by day and dropping his anchor in some quiet creek at night, and sleep in security. But he is never content; he must have something larger, something that will be able to carry him down the Channel or across to Belgium and Holland, or up the North Sea, past rockbound shores where storms are frequent and harbours few. If his finances be moderate, he may join with other kindred spirits in the purchase of a fifteen tonner.

And when I speak of the fascination of yachting let me be not misunderstood. I exclude from the sport all those who, happily blessed with the necessary means, are carried from one fashionable resort to another in a thousand-ton steamer. The steamer may fly the flag of the Royal Yacht Squadron, but that does not necessarily imply that a sportsman is aboard. The owner may be fond of the sea, but with his well-clad crew and gold-laced captain, what opportunity has he of learning the sport? Half the season, indeed, is spent in the yacht basin, so that the owner may have his floating hotel wherever his fancy may direct. But the true yachtsman is he who is his

sail; he will varnish his craft inside and out: he will add a false keel or get some boat-builder to insert a centre-plate. Away he will go at the first opportunity, perhaps trying to sail close-hauled with a beam wind, or to come stern foremost down the river. But on each occasion he will learn more of the laws of navigation—what is meant by lateral resistance, what is the action of the wind on a vessel under all conditions, how to cheat the tide, and how to make the best of the faintest breeze, and so on. As he becomes older and more experienced, he will yearn for waters new and a bigger craft. If he is fortunate enough to beg, borrow, or steal fifty pounds, he will wait till the autumn, when yachts of all kinds are going cheap, and betake himself to some small yachting resort—the smaller the place the cheaper his boat—and with any degree of luck he should find a second-hand cutter of three tons in good condition.

own skipper and pilot, who hates the harbour, and delights in working his course from one country to the other with a few chums as his only crew. His is a righteous pride, when, after making a good landfall, he steers his yacht into a foreign port never previously entered by him.

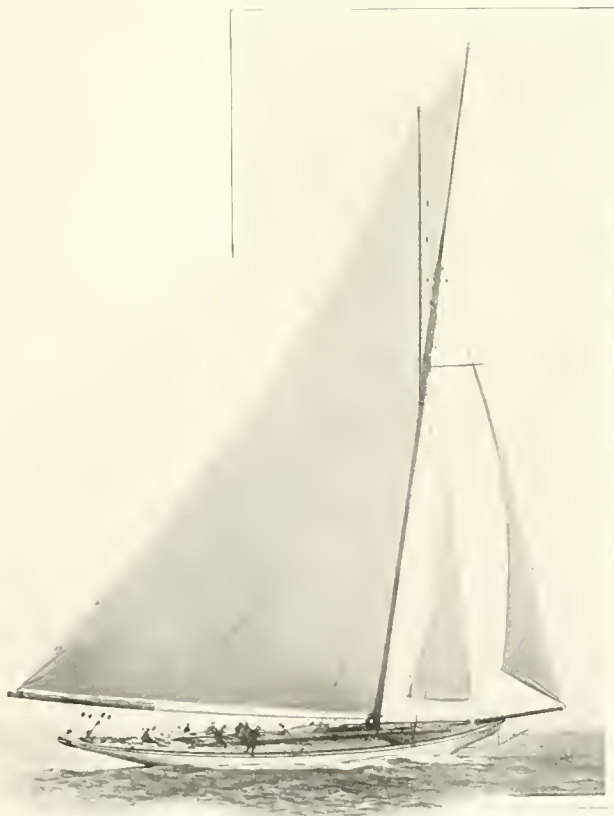
And if there are the pleasures of cruising, what shall one say of yacht racing? Whilst it is true, generally speaking, that all racing men are cruisers it is not always the case that the cruising man goes in for racing. But for such as desire healthy excitement, I know of no other species of sports in the world so excellent. I submit that to send your craft along past rock and sand, buoy and beacon, for half a day in a keen contest, with one yacht to windward gaining on you and another to leeward which you overtake, all of you contending hard meanwhile to make the most of a fresh breeze and a slack tide, is a regal sport, compared to which all

other diversions appear in the same relation as the sports of winter are to those of summer. It is a grand thing to stroke your college eight, and it is splendid to make your century; but to steer your yacht to victory is to me a joy all else surpassing. As you sail back to your moorings, the winning flag runs up the halyard. The sails are stowed, and the cabin is aglow with light and mirth. The flowing bowl goes round, and the day's battle is fought over again detail by detail, tack for tack. There is a medley of voices and an atmosphere of much smoke.

In England the greatest encouragement has been given to this sport by the King. His patronage is well known to all who have sailed the Solent. His own cutter, *Britannia*, built from the designs of Mr. G. L. Watson, our leading yacht architect, is thoroughly worthy of English traditions and the phenomenal success she has received. His Majesty the German Emperor is now doing all in his power to create a similar yachting enthusiasm among his own countrymen, and English yachtsmen are indebted to him for the hospitality which he dispenses at the Kiel Regatta, not less than for the annual race across the North Sea, which was originated by his Majesty. A large number of

yachting and sailing clubs are in existence in England, and the list is steadily increasing, especially in the Solent and on the south coast. Nearly forty of these have the right to prefix the title "Royal," and to fly the blue ensign of his Majesty's fleet, the Royal Yacht Squadron being allowed to fly the white ensign.

It would be ridiculous to ignore the fact that a tremendous impetus to yacht racing on both sides of the Atlantic has been given by the long-continued contests for the America Cup. In fact, it is no exaggeration to say that when in 1851 the schooner *America* triumphed over our British craft in the race round the Isle of Wight, the advent of the modern racing yacht took place. Hitherto yacht-building was but a branch of ship-building. Now it demands its own workers and special designers. The building of Lord Dunraven's *Valkyries* and Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrocks* has had this result. It has been settled that lead and canvas are the most important factors to be considered in evolving the ideal racer, and that the very sharp bow, which is a characteristic of the American defenders, does not ensure the greatest speed through the water. At the same time, a round side ensures stability.



SHAMROCK II.

(Photo: W. A. Kirk &amp; Sons, Cowes.)



## SHOOTING A ROGUE ELEPHANT IN INDIA.

By GEORGE C. BELLAMY.



THE ROGUE'S SKULL.

long held sway over a herd until its sovereign supremacy is disputed by a younger bull. Then the disgraced one retires morosely into solitude, avoids the haunts of its former companions, seeks new abodes, and is active only by night. The rogue is far more dangerous than the ordinary bull elephant, which I have always found, indeed, to be the first to bolt for safety when the herd takes alarm. In all normal cases it is the cow, especially with a calf to protect, that is to be dreaded; and I have known far more accidents to result from the reckless charge of cows than from any number of bulls.

The solitary rogue, then, is an animal of nocturnal habits. As soon as the swift Eastern darkness falls upon the jungle he threads his way slowly but silently along his regular paths, which his wide and ponderous tread has denuded of all vegetable growth. Now and again he will halt at the edge of a clearing, raise his trunk, and sniff the air. Then, having satisfied himself that there is no danger, he swings out into the open, treading down the coarse grass until he comes to the steep bank of the river. Leaning well back on his haunches, he lets his great forefeet slide down the soft soil and into the water, and so, without a splash, he is out in the stream. The night air is already charged with moisture, so he stops neither to drink nor to bathe, but, once across, raises his huge bulk up the opposite bank, and steps the short half mile or so through the secondary jungle that brings him to the outskirts of some poor ryot's padi field and garden. Instinctively his

progress is more deliberate, for well he knows that low jungle means denser undergrowth, and the risk of a bough or twig snapping and so giving the alarm to the sleeping cottager. A weird, hazy form in the darkness, his movements, so rapid and so silent, are almost ghostly. He makes small work of the surrounding fence, and is soon in the padi swamp, where, without further preliminaries, his ready trunk curls to right and left round the succulent rice stalks and swiftly conveys them to his huge mouth. There is no sound but the crunch, crunch of his untiring jaws, or an occasional swish as he twists a tuft of herbage over his back to displace a too attentive cattle fly.

"My lord the elephant" then proceeds to find his dessert among the banana crop in the garden surrounding the owner's hut, and here it is that his night's raid is abruptly brought to a stormy end. The falling of the banana plants brings the native to the lattice, and he, after making certain that the intruder is an elephant and not the more usual wild pig, discharges his old muzzle-loader at the dark form only a few yards off. The weapon throws high at that short range, and the elephant, which had at the moment stood motionless save for the ceaseless waving of his ears and trunk, receives the charge in his mighty forehead, and is for an instant brought stunned to his knees. Then, quickly recovering, yet terrified beyond measure, he rushes blindly, madly away. Bananas, sugar cane, fruit trees are all overthrown, trampled under foot; the betel and coco palms snap like twigs, and the secondary jungle leading back to the river opens before his headlong course in a track almost as broad as a cart road. Demoralised with the pain and terror, his one hope lies in the river. Plunging in, this time with a huge splash, he rolls about in the water, and drives his lacerated forehead against the muddy bank to such good purpose that the wound is plugged with soil and the bleeding arrested. Then, cooled and refreshed by the bath, he returns quietly to his daily resting place, and there dreams away his time until the falling shades of evening once more rouse him to another night's excursion. A few such experiences render him a dangerous neighbour and a desperate antagonist.

This was just the encounter that I was called upon to tackle not long after taking up my residence at an interior station. The dwellers

in the upper and more remote portion of the district had long complained of their losses, and the jungle men were even in terror of their lives, dreading lest their occupations in the forest depths might bring them, to their cost, face to face with this violent outlaw. The elephant himself had a long score to pay off, for he had been shot at and wounded on several occasions, but without lasting effect, and those who know India and its natives will realise that these escapes soon made him an object of superstition, terrible yet sacred, hated yet at the same time held in reverence.

My time was just then so fully taken up with the various work of my district that I had no leisure to give to a regular hunting expedition, and I therefore had to trust to luck to afford a chance of encountering this desperate character. The opportunity was not long in coming my way. One morning early, as I was cantering along the main road to a village some twelve miles distant from my station, I noticed the large round depressions which signified that an elephant had lately crossed the track, and I soon learnt that it was a large one and that it had gone across about an hour earlier, evidently bent on an outing into the hills, where it would find the young shoots of the bamboo at their best. Knowing from the lay of the land that the spot was surrounded by high hills, which the elephant would hardly cross at that season, I determined to follow up the tracks the next day on the chance—a good one as it seemed—of meeting him on his return journey. This resolve was confirmed by the report of the police officer at my destination of further damage done by the notorious rogue only two nights earlier, thus convincing me of what I had already thought, that the tracks were those for which I had so long been on the look out.

I at once sent a messenger to my station to fetch my guns and to give orders that the native tracker and a companion should meet me at seven next morning at the point where the elephant's tracks crossed the road. We were all on the

spot at the appointed hour. The tracker, whose duties were defensive rather than offensive, had a light snider carbine. My own weapon was a double-barrelled 12 rifle by Woodward, firing a solid hardened bullet with six drams of powder behind it.

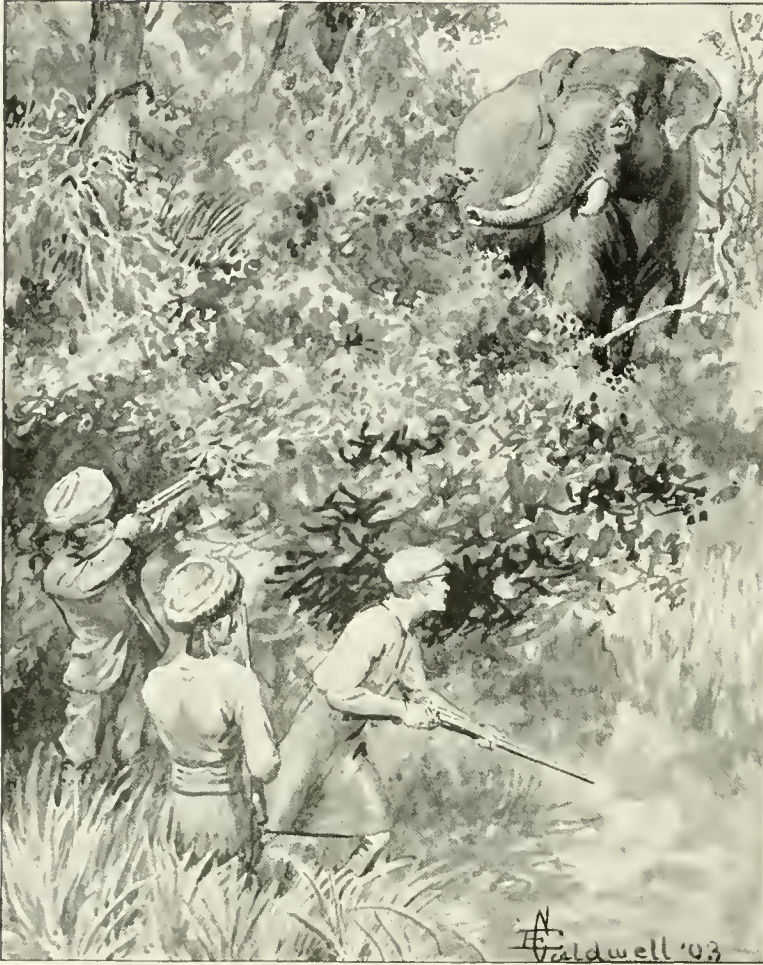
My companion was the half-caste dresser from the station hospital, a keen and plucky sportsman, though somewhat too excitable in emergencies and endowed with peculiar notions on the subject of ammunition for shooting elephants. On this occasion, for instance, he showed me with great pride that he had managed to get a "cloud" bullet for his first barrel, and others of moulded tin for his reserves, but as his gun was only the ordinary fowling-piece and his charge of powder limited, it did not look as if he would do much damage. My gun-bearer, a native constable, had armed himself with a heavy chopping knife, and he had orders to keep a couple of my cartridges ready in his hand as he walked, so that there might be no delay in reloading. After a preliminary inspection of all gear, the party set out along the track of yesterday. The line taken by the elephant was very direct, showing that he was making straight for the bamboo country at the foot of the hills, so there was no check on our progress. After a rapid walk of about an hour's duration, we were suddenly startled by the trumpet of an elephant about a mile away to our left. It was evident that he was coming down country again. I relieved my gun-bearer of his load and charged both barrels, taking also a spare pair of cartridges in



READY TO START.

(Photo: T. J. MacGregor.)





"CHALLENGING US TO MORTAL COMBAT."

my pocket. The other members of the party also looked to their arms, and by the tracker's advice we made a bee-line through the jungle in the direction from which the noise had reached us. As the undergrowth was very thick, I locked the triggers of my rifle, and then, the tracker leading the way, we soon came across the fresh line of the elephant. Our movements were swift but quiet, and at this point we changed the order of the march, the tracker falling back to the rear considering that his duties were over, while I took the lead, my "man in blue" following me closely, and my companion coming third. We judged that there would still be some distance to go, and were tracking along carefully and with every sense alert, when we heard a shrill shriek close at hand, and there, but a short twenty paces from us and on the opposite side of a small ravine, stood the formidable rogue challenging us to mortal combat. For the moment the sight disconcerted us, and I forgot to unlock my triggers. In my effort to do so I was startled by the report of my companion's gun, and the famous "cloud"

bullet sped on its errand with much the result that I had looked for. It struck the elephant a few inches below the eye, and the blunt-headed mass of lead then embedded itself in the bone at the base of the left tusk, a particularly nasty blow, as the elephant evidently thought. His rage was frightful. Raising his trunk above his head, he tore down the trees to right and left and in front, and then, getting a clearer view of our party, he charged like a locomotive engine over which the driver has lost all control. He was upon us in an instant. I got in a snap shot, but the bullet, entering his shoulder, only increased his pain, and, feeling no further close interest in the proceedings, I bolted for my life, taking a direction at right angles to the rush of the infuriated beast. The unfortunate tracker was in the direct line, and had never in all probability run so fast in his life as he did when five tons of wounded elephant came surging

down on him with murderous intent. Happily, he managed to dodge round a tree, and the elephant, blind with rage, passed on. The report of his carbine told us that he had escaped for the moment, but the shot brought the elephant back, and up and down the jungle the brute hunted us, each in his turn getting a chance shot, but also having to run and dodge the increasingly desperate charges in a manner that precluded accuracy of aim.

We were now scattered in various directions, and could only approximately judge of each other's whereabouts by the different reports of that varied battery. This excitement lasted about half an hour, and was succeeded by absolute silence, for the tricky rogue was now trying another game, and hoped by cautious reconnoitring to come on us unawares.

Followed closely by my policeman, I was proceeding cautiously on the look-out for a quiet shot, when I was suddenly brought to a standstill by a snort like the puff of an engine, and I found myself just behind the elephant. For an instant his



back loomed over the tops of the undergrowth, and in that instant I fired, striking him in the hindquarters. I saw him turn at once, but otherwise he was still. Suspecting that mischief was brewing, I stooped down and looked through the bushes. There he was, not more than twenty yards away, leaning against a tree, head well down and ready to charge anything that moved. I realised that the last chance had come. Dead beat myself, almost incapable of further action, clothes torn, hat lost, in a general state of collapse and disorder, I pulled myself together for the final act in the drama. If I missed this last shot, I should be unrecognisable a minute later, and this thought nerved me for the shot. Dropping cautiously on one knee, I took steady aim for perhaps half a minute at the elephant's left eye, and then pulled the trigger. The huge form by the tree towered to its full height, swung round, and fell lifeless on its left side. Then I saw the wild, dishevelled form of my companion rush past me. He jumped on a fallen tree and poured shot after shot into the carcase; while my policeman, not to be outdone, drew his chopping-knife and with a few sturdy blows hacked off the trunk, this being the native *coup de grace*. Our tracker had not yet appeared, but we soon saw him approaching stealthily, and evidently not quite sure that the danger had even now passed until my comforting cry of "Mati" ("dead") brought him to the spot, dilapidated but smiling. His examination of the kill proved that this was the celebrated rogue

which had so long been the terror of the district. The body bore several marks of old bullet wounds, while his identity was further established by other signs. After a brief and well-deserved rest, we found our way back to the village, the delighted inhabitants of which responded with alacrity to my request that they would recover the skull, feet, and tail of their late oppressor. Evening saw a triumphant procession trailing out of the jungle bearing the gory trophies to the police station, where they were put on a bullock cart and despatched to my bungalow.

The feet received instant attention, and were cleaned out, smeared with strong carbolic and arsenical soap, stuffed tight with sand and hung up to dry. The skull, after about ten days' soaking in water, was perfectly clean, and an investigation revealed seven bullet marks in different places. The tracker's snider bullets were flattened or broken to pieces against the skull. The tin bullets had embedded themselves in the bone without further damage, while my last shot had entered the flesh just under the left eye, passed clean through the end of the malar bone, about two feet of meat, and then entered the brain cavity just above the line of the upper jaw, not only causing instant death, but also fracturing both sides of the skull.

A rifle that could do its work so thoroughly deserves the honoured place it has since held among the souvenirs of my life as a Jungle Wallah.



DEATH OF THE ROGUE.

(Photo: T. J. MacGregor.)



"TO EACH OF THESE IS TETHERED BY A LEATHERN LEASH A PEREGRINE FALCON."

(Photo: Reid, Wishaw.)

## ROOK HAWKING.

BY THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES.

TO many persons the word "hawking" is merely a memory of mediæval times, with the heron as the sole object of pursuit. Most, indeed, are not aware that hawks are flown at any other quarry, and the connection of "hawk and heronshaw" is in the recollection of all. Yet, just as it is the fact that at all times and in all countries other quarry than the heron was the object of the falconer's art, so is it true that in these modern days a man may with little trouble see that art practised, and, even if heron hawking is not within his reach, may realise that the ancient sport of the *haute volée* has very excellent modern exponents. Let the sportsman who doubts this leave London with us some afternoon in March or early April, when the snows and gales of the usual inclement spring have just yielded to the fore-runners of summer in the shape of a few bright yet mild hours. After a journey of no great duration we come to an old square-built hostelry, once a posting house of importance, but now dependent for its custom upon the passing cyclist and upon visitors such as the club whose guest we are, and whose headquarters have been fixed during certain seasons at this old inn for many a year past.

The view from our window on waking is rather a surprising one to a man whose pleasure has hitherto been found in the more conventional branches of sport. An old-fashioned pleasure garden of small extent lies before us, carpeted with that exquisite turf which is only found where the chalk closely underlies the surface soil, and bounded by old yews and an ancient brick wall.

On this turf stand some fifteen small blocks of wood—billets of oak or birch apparently—and to each of these is tethered by a leathern leash a peregrine falcon, in beautiful plumage, as gentle and domesticated apparently as the very dogs that stroll between the blocks without provoking more than an occasional flutter from the more nervous of the hawks. Here and there, as one or other of the sportsmen comes for a stroll before breakfast and for a chat with the falconer, one may notice a hawk watching the strange face with an anxious look, but one or two are complacently taking a bath in a large vessel provided for the purpose at the very feet of the man who is quietly discussing with the trainer their performances of yesterday. In one case a little doubt is expressed as to whether a certain feather was cracked in a struggle with a captured rook on a baked fallow. In a moment the falconer has pulled from his pocket a pigeon's wing, or "tiring," and at the sight of it the falcon under discussion has leaped to his gloved hand, and while she occupies herself with the "tiring" a careful inspection of her flight feathers is made, with the decision that the damaged feather is to be "imped" or replaced by a new one—to be attached by artificial means—before she flies again. It seems wonderful to the stranger—almost like a conjuring trick—but to these experts it appears to be a most everyday occurrence. A couple of hours has to be devoted to this "weathering" of the hawks—that is to say, allowing them to stand idly on their blocks in the open air, to bathe, preen their plumage, and gener-



ally settle down for the day. Without this they are not so likely to perform at their best, especially in hot weather. But towards noon the falconer is busy among them, calling hawk after hawk to his hand and placing the hood on her head, while his assistant carries her to the covered van, fitted with perches, in which the hawks, with all their paraphernalia, are to be carried to the field. In a few minutes all is ready, and the whole cavalcade of horsemen and carriage is under way. On our march to the field we learn, to our further surprise, that for such flights as the heron and the rook wild caught, or "passage," hawks are used, and that every one of the hawks whose docility we have just been observing was at one time a wild falcon, preying for herself, and in some cases for her young brood, and that too, in the case of the majority of the falcons before us, so recently as five months ago.

However, we have ridden a mile or two while thus adding to our stock of woodcraft, and before us lies a long valley of arable land, through which is toiling a series of ploughs. Around these is a considerable flock of rooks. The wind blows fair from the ploughs below us straight in our faces; it is a good chance. At about 200 yards from the hovering rooks the hood is removed and the hawk thrown into the air. Old hand that she is, she mounts at once straight into the wind's eye before ever she sees the quarry she is slipped at; but a very few seconds pass before the altered direction and quickened stroke of her wings show that she has perceived the quarry, and fully taken its measure. Not that she flies straight after it; on the contrary, she continues to mount with powerful strokes, rising indeed rapidly, but making apparently very little headway. The rooks, seemingly in great consternation, adopt the same tactics: keeping together in a cluster, they mount rapidly, yet it is clear that the long, pointed wings of the falcon are carrying her right over them. Presently a swerve of the little bevy of black specks

betrays their consciousness that the enemy has got the upper hand. Not a sign of this escapes the pursuer: steadily she mounts, head to wind, driving the whole flock into the teeth of the gale. At last endurance fails, and the rooks, hanging together for safety, swing down the wind and must pass either to right or left of the dreaded foe. Five strokes of her wings, and she has slanted into position: the wind sweeps the devoted band right underneath her, with one laggard whose strength was unequal to the strain rather wide of the rest. Deliberately the falcon shoots upwards another fifty feet or so, turns apparently on to her side, showing white in the sun, and comes with a stoop that the eye can hardly follow right at the devoted lingerer. It is obvious that nothing can resist such a stoop as this: white and black apparently melt into one tumbled mass of waving wings that, parachute-wise, slowly descends to the ground. A falconer who has galloped up quickly dismounts, and we find him kneeling by the side of the hawk, just about to take her on to his hand and replace the hood on her head. This was an easy flight, accomplished in first-rate style by an adept. Presently we come to a long combe running upwards from the valley of the river for a couple of miles into the heart of the downs. At the head of this valley is a huge sheepfold, and down in the bottom, far away, is the rookery; between the two the old male rooks are travelling backwards and forwards in search of food. But

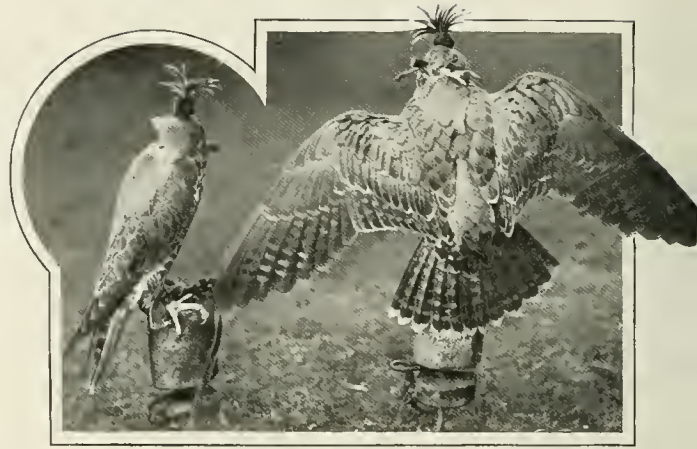


'A FALCONER WHO HAS GALLOPED UP QUICKLY DISMOUNTS.'



the valley is wide, and at the sight of the cavalcade the rooks take to the farther side of it. Still, one presently comes past at about three hundred yards' distance, and, right from the farther hill, a hawk is slipped at him. He loses no time in mounting high. With a swift sidelong swirl he has gained the wind and is fleeing towards the rookery as fast as he can. He has not covered half a mile ere the foe is upon him with a swift and deadly stoop. This he easily shifts from, and continues his course for a while; but the risk of a down wind stoop is too great, and he has to bring his head to the wind, and ring into the air to avoid the hawk. She, too, finding herself below her quarry, starts to ring, and thus they mount, one crossing the line of flight of the other time and again, as they struggle for the vantage point. But all this time they are swiftly drifting down the wind, and the field are galloping their hardest to keep them in sight. At last the falcon has the mastery, and comes from her pitch like a flash of lightning at the rook; but his stout heart does not give way: he successfully avoids the blow, and then, abandoning all strategy, turns tail and dashes for the sheltering rookery now not far away. The wind serves him well, and he is very near it ere the falcon is again at him. The sight of his home gives him courage, and he dodges her swift dash and throws up into the air nearly over the trees, into which he hurls himself, leaving a little cloud of feathers floating where the last frantic dash of the falcon just scraped him as he, almost despairingly, made his point.

The disappointed hawk sails over the trees, while a swarm of frightened rooks soars into the air till only little dots are to be seen among the flecked clouds, one of two of which, losing heart, drop now and again like stones into the wood below. But what of the falcon? One of our party leaps from his horse and draws from his

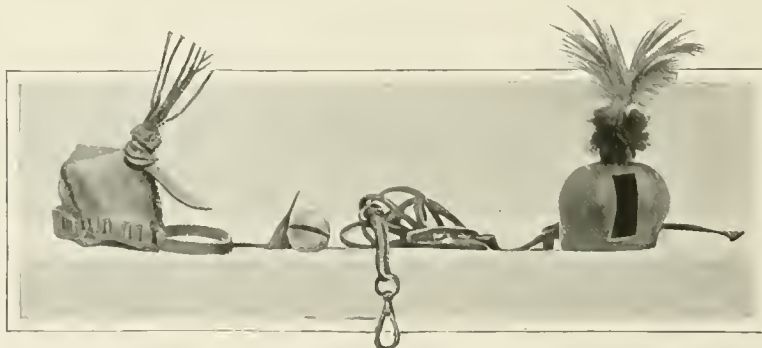


ROOK HAWKS.

(Photo: C. Reid, Wishaw.)

pocket a lure composed of the dead body of a pigeon attached to a long string. This is whirled round once and again, and then tossed high in air, and the falcon turns in her flight and, swiftly covering the half mile of air that is between them, closes her wings, and with the most graceful curve pitches quietly on the lure at her master's feet and stands like a dog to be picked up by him, caressed, and duly hooded. This, indeed, is the exercise of man's prerogative of "dominion over the fowls of the air."

So our day goes on. Each flight differs from the other. In some the presence of gorse bushes or small covert obliges the horsemen to assist the falcon by driving the quarry from its shelter, while she patiently waits overhead. In others the rook, finding no covert below, rings into the very clouds, while the horsemen stand still below and watch the aerial course in all its windings, till at last the falcon gains the upper hand or else the rook fairly outflies his opponent. At length the sun warns us that our day is waning, and we find ourselves some miles from home, for on these downs one gradually drifts till, as it is said locally, the horse alone can tell how far his owner travels.



THE PARAPHERNALIA.

(Photo: C. Reid, Wishaw.)

## ROLLER SKATING.

BY GUY M. CAMPBELL, F.R.G.S., COUNCILLOR OF THE NATIONAL SKATING ASSOCIATION.

ROLLER skates undoubtedly owe their origin to the desire of man at any and all times, quite independently of the weather, to feel the exhilarating rush through the air that is obtained with the blades upon ice; and although blade skates are known to have been in use as long ago as the third century, while locomotion with some kind of runner or snow-shoe goes back still further, yet the first record of skating on wheels does not occur till 1760.

Mr. J. M. Heathcote states that M. Petibled produced a skate in 1819 with three copper wheels, and R Tyers one with five small wheels in a straight line in 1823. In 1843 roller skates were used at a theatre in Paris, and frequenters of the opera in 1849 "witnessed with wondering admiration the 'Ballet des Patineurs' in Meyerbeer's *Prophete*."

London first started skating halls in 1857; one was at the Floral Hall, Covent Garden, the other in the Strand. Two years later a Mr. Woodward brought out a skate with four vulcanised india-rubber wheels in place of the metal ones which had been till then in use. The two middle wheels were larger than the end ones, thus making turns easier of accomplishment; but there was this drawback, if the weight were unexpectedly put on the toe wheel it would flatten and refuse to run round.

Four years later, viz. in 1863, the skate was evolved in America which started the "Rinkomania" that not only took the States by storm, but captured this country. This was the Plimpton skate, invented by Mr. J. L. Plimpton, of New York. In this case there were still four wheels, but in two parallel sets, the first pair being under the ball of the foot, and the second pair under the heel. The wheels were fastened to the foot-stock by means of two inclined axes in such a manner that pressure upon either side of the skate would cause the wheels to turn in a curve towards that side upon which the weight had been applied. It is interesting to note how Plimpton obtained the notion of pairing his wheels; he had been ordered by his medical man to skate for the sake of his health, but found his ankles too weak to bear his weight on a single blade, so he had four little blades made, two at the toe and two at the heel, to give him a broader base to stand on. For appearance's sake these blades were shaped as swans, and from this originated the Plimpton roller skate.

Captain Thomson, one of our very finest skaters

whether on blades or rollers, writes me as follows: "My experience of roller skating dates back to the middle of the seventies, when I bought a pair of the original Plimpton skates and practised all



PRIZE COSTUME WORN AT A CRYSTAL PALACE SKATING CARNIVAL.

(Photo. T. Atkins, Upper Norwood, S.E.)

alone in an empty room, in which, by the bye, our present King once slept. At that time skating in the streets was unknown, as there was no Olympia from which stolen skates could find their way into the hands, or rather on to the feet, of the street Arabs. There was, therefore, some originality in the idea which occurred to another boy and myself that the new asphalt pavement then being laid in Newgate Street would form an admirable rink. Acting on this idea, we stole down into the City at about midnight, and, donning our skates, disported ourselves until the small hours of the morning. Our only spectator was a police-

man, who was either too astonished to run us in, or else was doubtful under what Act or Municipal bye-law he could charge us."

The surfaces which have been most used are marble, some form or other of asphalt, wood, and cement.

Cement is a very bad surface because of the way it wears the wheels. One short visit to a cement rink is quite sufficient to wear the wheels so as to throw them out of truth and make the skater feel as if he were on a very rocky road; happily, I believe, there are no more in existence.

Asphalt is never absolutely level, and is liable to be affected by the weather. In wet weather it sweats and becomes very greasy and slippery, so that skating is almost impossible, while when warm it is apt to become soft; nevertheless, it is far preferable to cement, and those accustomed to asphalt prefer this surface to other floors.

Marble is undoubtedly the best material, and in London was used at the Marble Rink, Clapham, at Streatham, and at Prince's Club, Knightsbridge, with the most satisfactory results. The surface was absolutely level, the "bite" of the wheels excellent, and the pace fast. Marble was, however, expensive to lay down, and has dropped out of use.

The wood generally selected has been American pitch pine, put down in narrow strips of from 1 to 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches in width, so that the grain of the wood is not flat to the surface. This gives a level fast floor easily repairable and easily removable if desired.

The best wooden floor ever seen was that at Olympia, Kensington, which was opened to the public in April, 1890. Birch and maple, not pitch pine, were, however, the woods employed in constructing this paradise for roller skaters, and upon this floor most of the ice speed records were broken.

Compare, for instance, Delmont's time at Olympia of 2 mins. 50 $\frac{3}{5}$  secs. for the mile with Smart's ice time of 3 mins. 17 $\frac{2}{5}$  secs. in the same year for the same distance at Lingay Fen, and again the covering three miles by Curtis in 8 mins. 51 secs. as against 9 mins. 52 secs. by Smart with the blades. There is no question whatever that rollers are faster than blades, and I quite think with Mr. J. M. Heathcote that if a straight course of wood or marble were constructed "the records of speed attainable by any contrivance that has hitherto been suggested by human ingenuity for the augmentation of rapid motion might be not only broken but wholly eclipsed."

The floor space at Olympia amounted to three acres, and as many as 10,000 skaters have been accommodated at the same moment.

June, 1891, was a sad month to those of us who had skated upon this splendid surface, for then this glorious floor ceased to exist and gave place to

those mammoth shows of "Venice," Barnum and Bailey's Circus, etc., which, though more spectacular, were certainly not as physically useful.

From this time rinking gradually began to lose its hold upon the public favour. So great was the rage to become a skater that social barriers were entirely swept away, and the assistance of those who could skate well was gladly accepted by those who could not, with the result that undesirable friendships were not infrequently formed. Gradually there arose the feeling that rinking was "not correct," and should be tabooed. Furthermore, the great mass of the public, rather than take any trouble in learning how to turn and so acquire the delights of figure skating, either individually or collectively, were content to simply pound round and round the rink until heat or exhaustion compelled them to stop. The repetition of this perpetual whirling several times a week would undoubtedly at the end of a month, or at the most two months, be voted "slow," and so the rollers were gradually forsaken.

This naturally raises the question, Is skating on rollers more difficult than on blades? Straight-forward skating is easier on rollers, but it takes longer and requires more practice to become a good skater on wheels than on blades, and for this reason. In turning on wheels the balance must be shifted on to either the two front or the two back wheels instead of an inch or so along the blades. Figures are, therefore, more difficult, with the exception of rockers, counters, and brackets, in which after the turns are effected it is easier to hold the resulting curve because the slightest inclination of weight causes the wheels to run in the desired direction. Roller and blade skating are somewhat analogous to fresh and salt water swimming. Whatever one learns in fresh water they can always do in salt, but the converse does not hold. Thus it is with rollers, and I strongly recommend those who would desire to become really proficient on ice to by all means first obtain their knowledge on the wheels. Cross cuts are, I believe, the only figures possible on ice that are barred to the roller.

Purchase from any of the large athletic outfitters a pair of ball-bearing extension skates with wood wheels—composition wheels quickly chip, aluminium is expensive—and, if possible, set aside a pair of lace-up boots entirely for skating in—shoes are useless. Carefully adjust the skates so that the front wheels come *under the ball of the foot* and *not* the toes. If you have weak ankles the employment of a heel strap in the preliminary stages will afford relief and support.

Whatever your age or sex, try and learn everything from the very start by yourself. This may seem startling advice, but if you will only apply a little careful thought, patience, and courage in so doing you will accomplish more in one hour



than the assisted skater will in ten. From the outset you compel yourself to be self-reliant, and you learn to balance yourself properly. Your progress will be rapid, and when you do skate with a partner or partners it will be a delight instead of a tedious drag. Nothing is so utterly destructive of real progress as adopting the usual rink method of shambling along leaning heavily on an instructor's arm; the balance is all wrong, and you have to unlearn later what you then spent hours acquiring. A hand-rail or similar support that can be

Having put on your skates, get someone to roll you along to the hand-rail; try and stand perfectly still on both feet while you count ten slowly. Keep the weight a little forward of the centre of the feet, but not too much, or the wheels will run from under you, and you will be face down on the floor. As soon as you can do this without having to clutch at your support try and stand on one leg, bearing carefully in mind what has been said about position. Next stand on one leg and push gently against the floor with the other. Let yourself go



THE LAVA SKATING RINK, DENMARK HILL

(Photo: Cassell & Co., Ltd)

easily grasped when necessary is all that is required for the initial stages.

Whenever you find you have lost your balance and are likely to fall, yield to the feeling and *let yourself slip down easily to the floor*. Struggling is calamitous and certain to produce a heavier fall.

The head and body should always be erect, the eyes and shoulder turned in the direction of progress, and the arms hang easily by the sides. Never, under any circumstances, put the hands in pockets or muffis, or carry anything in the hands; disregard of this rule has caused many a nasty accident. The employed leg, *i.e.* the one carrying the weight of the body, should always be stiff and straight, while the unemployed foot should have the instep opposite the supporting heel with the sole parallel to, but clear of, the floor and the toes turned out.

as far as your impetus will take you, then put down the unemployed foot and stand still. Never mind how short a distance you go on one foot, if only you go; if you feel nervous put down the unemployed foot parallel to the supporting one and glide along on both skates. Now repeat starting with the other foot. Lastly, start, say, on the right foot, and just before the impetus is exhausted commence shifting the weight over on to the left, and when you feel you cannot get it over any further without putting the left foot down, do so, lifting the right and bringing it to the position for the unemployed foot already described. When you can manage this shifting from one foot to the other without stopping you have "crossed the Rubicon," and should be able to skate straight-forward. From this point you are ready to receive skilled instruction, and study the text-books.

There are very few in English, but the work of Witham will be a true friend to the aspiring skater.



THE INCORRECT POSITION.

Signs are, fortunately, not wanting of a genuine and legitimate revival of roller-skating, and as there is now a National Skating Association, familiarly known as the "N.S.A.," with his Most Gracious Majesty the King as patron, and W. Hayes Fisher, Esq., M.P., as President, to properly look after the interests of skaters, it is to be hoped "rinking" will come back to stay. The association was founded at Cambridge in 1879, largely through the exertions of the late Mr. James Drake Digby, with the following objects, namely, "to promote and reward speed-skating by the establishment and management of amateur and open-skating championships of England; to promote and encourage figure-skating by the establishment of standards at which figure-skaters may aim, and by bestowing badges of merit on those who attain these standards; to provide rules for the game of hockey on the ice; to promote the establishment of international skating contests in various countries under the direction of an international council" In December, 1894, the headquarters of the Association were removed to London, and its management entrusted to a council and three departmental committees, viz.:—1, A figure (ice and roller) committee; 2, a roller speed committee; and, 3, an ice speed committee, having a centre in London and one in the Fens. These committee shave now been reduced to two, viz. one speed and one figure committee.

The coming of age of the Association, which should have been held in 1901, was, owing to the death of her Majesty Queen Victoria, postponed

until February 10th to 15th of 1902. The artificial ice-rink at Niagara then became the venue, and their Majesties the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and other Royalties attended. The world's championship in figure-skating for 1902, pair-skating, and waltzing were the items provided on the King's day, Thursday, the 13th. On this occasion a most memorable feat was achieved by Mrs. F. Syers, who not only secured second place in the championship—but this was the first time any lady had ever competed for championship honours—but with her husband became the winner of the pair-skating competition.

In 1886 I had the privilege of inaugurating, under the auspices of Dr. F. J. Campbell, and assisted by Mr. Lewcock, roller skating for the blind at the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Upper Norwood, near the Crystal Palace. The instruction was imparted exactly the same as with sighted people, except that at first there was always one sighted person to each one or two blind pupils. The enthusiasm with which the pupils took the rollers up defies description; confidence was soon acquired, and in a very short time it was found possible to allow the pupils to skate in pairs, and finally alone. In the early days electric bells were placed opposite the centre of each wall to prevent collision, but it was soon found to be quite unnecessary, the noise of the skates being sufficient to warn the keen ears of the blind when they were



THE CORRECT POSITION.

approaching too close to a wall or each other. In 1893 the roller tests of the N.S.A. were formulated, and the third class test was at once introduced at the college. Eleven pupils were successful, and

in 1805 Miss Nellie Adams, aged sixteen, had the distinction of being the first lady (blind or sighted) who passed the second class test: The judges were Captain J. H. Thomson, R.A., and Captain W. N. L. Davidson, and Miss Adams was highly commended for her excellent style and finish. Mr. Black, who succeeded Mr. Lewcock, has been successful in teaching waltzing, and is now at work on hand-in-hand figures. This development of roller skating can always be witnessed on the regular visiting days of the College, which are the first Thursday of each month from 3.15 to 5 p.m., excepting August, September, and January.

At present, I believe only two roller rinks are open to the public in London—the one is at the Crystal Palace, the other is the Lava rink at Denmark Hill, which has been uninterruptedly open for the last twenty-seven years. The Palace really has two rinks—a wood floor one in the basement, and an asphalt one in the north nave, which is open only in the winter months. The area of the asphalt one is twenty thousand square feet, and races, gymkhanas, hockey matches, fancy dress carnivals, and other amusements of the kind are constantly provided during the season.



PRIZE COSTUME WORN AT A CRYSTAL PALACE CARNIVAL.

(Photo: T. Atkins, Upper Norwood, S.E.)





AT HURLINGHAM.

(Photo: Cassell &amp; Co., Ltd.)

## THE NEW CROQUET.

BY LEONARD WILLIAMS, M.D.

THE game of croquet has had two separate existences. It came into being—no one knows how—in the early 'sixties. It rapidly attained to a phenomenal popularity as a means of diverting people at garden parties, partly because no fewer than sixteen players, eight a side, could take part in one game, and largely because no one regarded it very seriously, cheating being then a recognised and highly specialised department. This attitude towards the game was that which obtained amongst the majority of people until, in 1882, croquet was killed by lawn tennis. There existed, nevertheless, a minority which worked steadily at improving the game. The first outcome of the labours of this minority was a public tournament, held at Evesham in 1867.

From that year until 1872, when a conference of club secretaries was held, the rules were in a state of chaos. The result of the conference was the promulgation of a uniform code, which held undisputed sway until the death of croquet in 1882. The game which had thus been evolved,

and the rules of which had been codified, was, however, never really known to the public. The large size of the grounds (40 yards by 30 yards), the small size of the hoops ( $3\frac{3}{4}$  inches), the difficulty of the new setting, and the stringency of the boundary law, had transformed the original game out of all recognition, and the ordinary garden-party player declined to adopt the "new-fangled ideas." When the game died, therefore, the death was that of the garden-party variety. The developed and authorised variety continued its existence among the few who had known it, and it was this variety which displayed such a remarkable recrudescence in 1896. In that year the present Croquet Association was formed, and a few tournaments were held. The laws also were revised. In every succeeding year the number of tournaments has increased, until there is now such a plethora that each week in the season witnesses at least one. The laws have been altered several times since 1896, almost always in the direction of greater stringency. There was at one time a great controversy about the use of the indiarubber

end to the mallet, one school contending that it enhanced the beauties of the game, the other protesting that the most difficult strokes were thereby robbed of all their delicacy. The matter has now been settled by an enactment which provides that, although mallets may be of any size or weight, their heads must be made of wood only and that the ends must be parallel, of equal size and similar shape, and that a player may not change his mallet during a game except in case of *bonâ fide* damage. A law which has occasioned a great deal of trouble to croquet legislators is the one which provides for a suitable penalty for playing out of turn or with a wrong ball. In 1896 revisers sought to get over the difficulty by the abolition of all penalties, but this occasioned such an outcry amongst players that various expedients, embodied in no fewer than three separate authorised laws, have since been tried. None of these appears to have been altogether satisfactory, and the position of the existing one, passed in 1900, may be said to be precarious. Some endeavours have been made to shorten the time (sometimes exceeding four hours) usually occupied by a game between indifferent players. All are agreed that something in this direction is urgently demanded, at any rate for tournament play, but agreement is wanting as to what that something should be. The probability is that a remedy will ultimately be found in the reduction of the present size of the grounds (35 yards by 28 yards) from multiples of seven to multiples of six, and in some slight modification of the existing setting. It is admitted on all hands that any reduction in the present size of the hoops (which are 4 inches, the balls being

one which is in hand, shall cross the line without penalty, but this view has at present but few supporters.

The Croquet Association, which was founded in



AN ORTHODOX FRONT PLAYER.

1896, is the governing body. The headquarters of the Association are at Roehampton, where twelve excellent lawns have been laid down and are reserved exclusively for croquet. The gold medal of the Association is the blue ribbon of the croquet world, and is competed for annually in June. Since its establishment in 1896 this honour has been carried off by three players only, viz. 1896, 1898, and 1900, C. E. Willis; 1897 and 1899, W. W. Bruce; in 1901 the event was won by



A VERY UNORTHODOX BUT VERY BRILLIANT FRONT PLAYER.

$3\frac{1}{2}$  inches) is undesirable. Some players are strongly in favour of strengthening the existing boundary law, so as to provide that no ball, except

Miss Lily Gower from probably the strongest field of combatants ever known. This last fact brings into prominence one of the many factors which

have combined to secure for the game so phenomenal a popularity. It is a game of pure skill, in which neither brute force nor physical endurance have any part, so that the sexes can compete on terms very closely approaching to equality. The greater familiarity with other games and the more robust nervous organisation of the man will, as a general rule, secure him an advantage, but there is nothing in the game itself to prevent all from competing on a common level. One other element which accounts for its present vogue has already been referred to, namely, the fact that it was, so far as the public was concerned, practically unknown until 1896. For the people who are no

longer able to play tennis with satisfaction to themselves, and who are for some reason debarred from the joys of golf, croquet affords an open-air game of quite unrivalled merits. That it has disadvantages no one can deny, but they are not disadvantages which are inherent to the game, and it may reasonably be expected that the spirit of activity which pervades the croquet world, and especially its governing body, will before long find a way out of existing difficulties. The authorised laws are issued annually by the principal implement makers. All other information is to be obtained from the secretary of the Croquet Association, Roehampton Club.



AN ORTHODOX SIDE PLAYER, ABOUT TO "GO OUT."



## FAMOUS LONG DISTANCE SWIMMERS.

By ROBERT PATRICK WATSON.

WHETHER long-distance swimming should, as compared with, for instance, the shorter sprinting races in swimming baths, be strictly counted a sport is an open question; but the interest generally taken in such feats of endurance is thought to warrant some account of the more remarkable swimmers of the nineteenth century.

In the city of merchant princes, as far back as 1820, lived "Dr." Bedale, an unqualified professor of medicine, who associated with the practice of surgery the profession of swimming. He first acquired a great reputation by swimming from Runcorn to Liverpool. To demonstrate superiority over his fellow men, he caused to be inserted in *Bell's Life*, June 3rd, 1832, a challenge to the following effect:—"Dr. Bedale will swim any man in the world, not exceeding twelve months younger nor five pounds heavier than himself, for £100 a side, which swims in the best time thirty miles in one tide or goes the farthest in five hours in the river Thames." No reply was received. The "Doctor" was forty-five years of age, and weighed 13 stone 4 pounds. On July 19th, 1832, he swam from London Bridge to the Red House, Battersea, against a strong head wind in 1 hour 35 minutes, and back again. Professor Howell and his coadjutor Mr. Alsop, and several professors of surgery, were present. "Dr." Bedale now challenged the world for 500 guineas, and died with honours thick upon him, "greatest of all great swimmers," a title reserved for him by friends and admirers.

Dr. Sulk, a German author living at Stuttgart, swam from Romanshorn to Friedrichshaven, about twelve miles, in six hours and a half, taking wine and bread while treading water, July 7th, 1865.

The same year was a memorable epoch in the annals of swimming. On September 16th was decided the oft-quoted race promoted by the London Swimming Club, which was founded in the year 1859. W. Wood of Huddersfield, a man forty-four years of age, 5 feet 10 inches, and weighing 18 stone, was the winner, having swum, without sustenance or extraneous assistance, from Teddington Lock beyond the bathing place at Barnes in 3 hours 14 minutes 2 seconds. Charles Whyte, who beat Harry Coulter for the five miles championship (London Bridge to Greenwich), 1 hour 4 minutes 23 seconds (July 18th, 1870), was second.

In the August of 1874 a seafaring man named Webb knocked at the door of an obscure tenement

in Falcon Court, Fleet Street, desirous of having "a few words" with the editor of an insignificant journal called *The Swimming Record*. The interview was extremely brief, and related to an



CAPTAIN WEBB.

(Photo: Elliott & Fry, Baker Street, W.)

attempt to swim the English Channel by a man who had been decorated with the Stanhope gold medal for saving life at sea. The editor was not impressed with either the notion or the sailor, and to rid himself of the difficulty told the man to call next year. When next year came round, the sailor duly appeared again. This was more irritating than pleasing to the editor, who was pressed to give the man a trial. Professor Beckwith was invited by the editor to see what manner of man the sailor was, and the swim started from Westminster Bridge. At a painfully slow pace the sailor made his way through the bridges. The tedious monotony of the journey, coupled with the odour from the "silvery" Thames hard by Barking Creek, justified a truce to further labour. The true test of a swimmer's condition under such circumstances was applied—voice and temperature. The sailor spoke unhesitatingly, firmly, and strongly, and his temperature was normal. The editor suggested immediate retirement, and the sailor replied, with a good-natured smile, "Just as you please. If you like, I will swim on until the tide turns. The water lower down will be brackish—the sort I am used to, and with the next tide I can swim back." "If you do," said Beckwith, "you will not find me with you. I don't



MR. HOLBEIN BEING ANOINTED WITH OIL AT CAPE GRISNEZ.

(Photo: W. H. Broad, Dover.)

want to live here. You are the queerest fish I've ever seen, and a wonderful man."

The sailor's ambition was to swim the English Channel, and, prior to the attempt, a steamer was chartered by Beckwith for the purpose of accompanying the sailor on a little pleasure trip from Blackwall to Gravesend, July 3rd, 1875. The steamer speculation was a great financial failure. The sailor was 4 hours 52 minutes 44 seconds traversing 19 miles 2 furlongs. By comparison with his first trial, this was a mere holiday excursion, but the daily and sporting papers described the performance in columns of sensational matter as very extraordinary. Dover to Ramsgate (about 18 miles), July 20th, 1875, was followed by an attempt to swim the Channel, August 12th.

Finally Matthew Webb realised his fondest hopes by swimming from Dover to Calais—time in the water, 21 hours 45 minutes—August 24th and 25th, 1875. He weighed 14 stone, stood 5 feet 8 inches, and was verging on twenty-eight years of age. Webb was now the hero of the hour, fêted and ultimately ruined by the over-indulgence and excessive kindness of friends. He was the recipient of valuable presents and substantial subscriptions from influential members of society. Such popularity is not an unmixed blessing to any athlete, particularly if his occupation require such rigorous training and abstinence as swimming, and to the result of his life about town we must trace his determination to try lecturing for a change. He made his first appearance at St. James's Hall, Regent Street, June 10th, 1876, but the result was little short of failure. Webb needed money badly, and de-

termined to earn it by public competition against the best swimmers in England or elsewhere. His friends opposed the idea of the "Channel Hero" converting himself into a professional swimmer, and described it as derogatory to his prestige. Webbrathersadly replied, "They have money; I have none, and am much pressed for the want of it."

On May 19th, 1879, Professor Beckwith organised a six days' race, which was

decided within the gloomy interior of the Lambeth second-class bath, Westminster Road. Webb swam in this, the first race of the kind ever promoted, and his popularity was revived. Never in a swimming bath has a company so distinguished been seen. Short of royalty, every class of society was represented. They came day by day until the finish, contented to watch the great swimmer making his way up and down the bath at a speed one might fitly describe as a crawl. He won, and Beckwith finished third.

Matches for money between Webb and Beckwith were now very frequent. At the Royal Westminster Aquarium, June 25th, 1881, the latter defeated the former in a six days' race. Subsequently Webb made a rapid advancement, and, mastering the over-arm stroke, became not only speedy, but an adept at turning and pushing off from the end of a bath. Beckwith conceded him a start, and to the surprise of the public Webb soon beat him so easily that many believed a level race would result in his favour at a distance of twenty miles.

Webb's health now commenced to suffer, and a projected race with Beckwith was abandoned owing to his very serious condition. At this period he had engaged himself to the proprietor of a bath in the south of London for a display of swimming. Webb came to the bath with a medical certificate, and pleaded for deliverance from the engagement. His first friend in the world of swimming, the editor, came to his rescue, and secured him against loss by suggesting to the proprietor a lecture instead of a swimming display. "If he

satisfies the public, I will be satisfied," said the proprietor. Accordingly Webb ascended the rostrum, and the band played discordantly, but as loudly as possible, "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Webb briefly lectured, the public listened very attentively and was greatly interested.

Poor Webb has been criticised in some quarters for foolhardiness in attempting to swim Niagara. Foolhardy the undertaking undoubtedly was. It is easy to prophesy thus much after the event. At the same time, it is only charitable to make some allowance for a man who, recently the petted darling of London society, the lion of the sporting world, saw himself deserted by a fickle public for some new favourite, and had to seek some desperate means of refilling an exhausted exchequer. The editor did his best to warn him against the resolve, but in vain. Well, he paid the penalty of his rashness, but at least he was spared the misery of an old age of disappointment, and perhaps worse.

The rage for long-distance racing was not at this period the exclusive prerogative of the sterner sex. Miss Agnes Beckwith and Miss Emily Parker exercised their universally admired ability and claimed pre-eminence, to be followed later by the Misses Johnson. Miss Beckwith, however, ruled the waves longer than her adversaries, and received the British legion of honour on July 17th, 1878, when she swam 20 miles in the Thames in 6 hours 25 minutes. It was in September, 1880, that she earned the title "Pioneer of Lady Swimmers." A 100 hours' swim in six days with five periods of rest, amounting in all to only 37 minutes 30 seconds, was an example of endurance that stands to the credit of but one lady swimmer. The afore-said editor was officially engaged, and the event took place at the Royal Westminster Aquarium, in the annexe. In a promenade through the centre transept of the building the editor recognised a lady accompanied by her two sons. They were invited to witness Miss Beckwith's great feat of endurance, and proceeded to the annexe.

Great interest was manifested in the wonderful display by the Princess of Wales, our present Queen, the late Prince Albert Victor, and the Duke of York.

Since Webb's Channel feat many have traded upon the reputation of having swum from England to France, or *vice versa*. Frederick Cavill was the first to lay claim to the dignity of having successfully rivalled Webb, but the record was never duly authenticated. He was, however, of all men the most likely to rank as Webb's successor, and had made his mark in swimming history by the display of speed and stamina, two very essential qualifications which, in combination, neither Webb nor Holbein could boast of. From 100 yards handicaps to journeys occupying many weary hours in sea and river, years of experience of rough ocean swimming, and third place for championship honours to the once fastest swimmers in the world (E. T. Jones and William Beckwith) were credentials of exceptional merit. In his first attempt to compass the Channel (August 15th, 1876) he was picked up eight miles from Calais. On August 20th and 21st, 1877, it was reported that Cavill



AT CAPE GRISNEZ: MR. HOLBEIN  
READY TO START.

(Photo: W. H. Broad, Dover.)



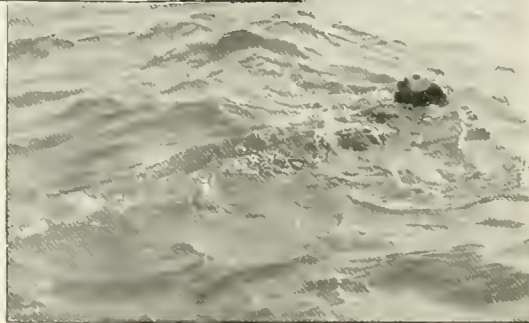


had swum from Cape Grinez to England in 12 hours, thus beating Webb's time by 9 hours 45 minutes. There was not sufficient evidence, despite sworn affidavits, to justify the acceptance of the record; and yet many highly qualified judges believed in its *bona fides*, and with sufficient reason. It has been said, and well said, that a speedy man such as Cavill, endowed with remarkable endurance, would be likely to swim the Channel in three tides and take no longer than Cavill in the accomplishment of his self-imposed task. Holbein, a very much slower swimmer than Cavill, is still confident of crossing in 14 hours, provided everything is in his favour and he escapes the fourth tide, but he must be born under a lucky star to reach the much-coveted goal.

Recent years have furnished the public with the names of several would-be Channel heroes. Dalton, who swam from Blackwall to Gravesend on his back, endeavoured to delude the public into the belief that he swam the Channel. The public associated his exploit with the mythical sea-serpent, and the two stories remain to this day boon companions. Fisher went down to Dover more than once on the same errand. He was not on pleasure bent, but the elements were at war and rendered an attempt absolutely suicidal. I mind well the last visit and the overnight arrangements. A flat-bottomed fishing smack was engaged and amply provisioned. Holbein's successive efforts exalt him to a high pinnacle of fame. The swim from Blackwall beyond Gravesend and back again and the long journey down the Solent established him in the good opinion of the public, preparing those

interested in affairs of this kind for sensational results. His Channel swims are too well remembered to need very much repetition. I still believe that he would have survived the ordeal of three hours prior to the final collapse if his indomitable courage and dogged determination to succeed or drown in the attempt had been sustained by extreme drastic treatment. Holbein was no stranger to the pains, penalties, and hero-worship associated with bicycling road records, the like of which no man has yet rivalled.

The art of feeding was the secret of Holbein's success—knowing what to eat, when to eat it, and how to eat it. A severe smash and compound fracture of the leg had ended his bicycling career. He was a long-suffering patient, and, when Nature was completing the cure, his medical



MR. HOLBEIN BEING DIRECTED BY MEGAPHONE.  
(Photos: 1, W. S. Campbell, Creed Lane, E.C.; 2, The Biograph Co.)

adviser recommended swimming. The daily practice of the gentle art, to which he was always more or less attached (having been reared in the nursery of champion swimmers, Manchester, though born at Twickenham), suggested the idea of the Channel swim, and towards the consummation of this vaulting ambition Holbein prepared for what was to follow.

James Finney is a man of many parts and infinite variety. He has been mile champion swimmer of England; he defeated William Beckwith for the six days' championship of the world; and late in life he retains the title of the first of Ornamental Swimmers. The record of swimming 100 yards 1 foot under water in full costume at the Blackpool Baths, October 20th, 1882, remains to this day unbeaten; the same remark applying to the longest stay under water—4 minutes 29½ seconds—in a tank at the Canterbury Theatre of Varieties, April 7th, 1886. His swim from the North Pier to the pier at St. Anne's, Blackpool, but 5½ miles, occupied 5 hours 17 minutes, and is regarded as one of the most difficult to accomplish, owing to the dangerous condition of the coast and difficulty in landing. Finney's tank exhibition has been universally admired throughout Great Britain and Ireland, the Continent, and

the United States. Sleeping under water and recovering a matter of seventy-five coins from the bottom of the tank with his mouth, in sight of the spectators, and with hands securely tied behind him, are leading features of a display unique in swimming history.

Peter Johnson's swim under water at the Lambeth Baths and his long immersion in a tank were unrivalled until Finney excelled the records of the once great swimmer, who justly earned the title of champion when the cup won by Harry Gurr was swum for in the Thames. Miss Edith Johnson's swim in the Scheldt, Antwerp—24 kilometres (about 16 miles), in 5 hours 25 minutes, August 29th, 1886—without rest or sustenance of any sort or description, ranks in order of merit next to Miss Beckwith's river performance. In the long list of modern-day mermaids Miss Marie Finney conspicuously figures. She is described as the "Heroine of London Bridge." Near the centre arch of that ancient structure, on a bright summer's day, a young girl stood poised in the air, perfectly upright on the parapet. A man (the writer) steadied her with the merest touch, and

sensational act was cleverly and smartly engineered to a most successful issue. Celebrities have since made the attempt, but fell into the arms of the police instead of into the bosom of Father Thames.

The day before he won the championship of England, Johnson was crossing London Bridge, and saw a man fall from a steamer. He immediately stripped off his coat, jumped on to the topmost parapet, and made a splendid plunge into the water. To rescue the old gentleman was the work of a few seconds, and, with the administration of restoratives in the shape of brandy, he quickly recovered consciousness. The press acknowledged this brave deed of heroism in very flattering terms, the *Daily Telegraph* recognising it in a leading article commencing with "Hail, J. B. Johnson, hero of London Bridge." The public was not slow to pay generous homage with coin of the realm, and subscriptions commenced to flow into the coffers of kindly disposed agitators. J. B. Johnson, however, magnanimously declined to receive pecuniary reward, and issued a declaration to the effect that the saving of life from drowning,



MR. HOLBEIN TAKES SOME LIGHT REFRESHMENT.

(Photo: The Biograph Co.)

like a flash she dived into the Thames. A cry was raised, and the police rushed to the spot. A dense crowd collected, and had the pleasure of witnessing James Finney rushing boldly to the rescue of his sister from a "watery grave." This

so far as he was concerned, ended where it had commenced, and reward was the better shown in the good opinion of the world at large. Subscriptions were returned.

In a little while the news leaked out that the

whole affair was a cleverly planned hoax, and that the old gentleman from Leeds was Peter Johnson, brother of "The Hero of London Bridge." A few years later J. B. Johnson in reality saved a fellow-creature's life. A man fell from a steamer during the race for Doggett's Coat and Badge, and would most assuredly have been drowned but for the timely assistance of "J. B.," who plunged, fully dressed, into the Thames. The Royal Humane Society rewarded him. Johnson revolutionised the over-arm stroke, and his methods of swimming became universal. He held the mile still water championship and under-water record at one and the same time, and was justly considered the greatest swimmer of the age until Jones superseded him.

Bridge diving and bridge jumping have gone out of fashion. A generation ago Scott was

hanged on Waterloo Bridge in an attempt to repeat a performance he had often accomplished. Coming down to our time, Larry Donovan's fatal leap from Hungerford Bridge is still well remembered, as is also Tommy Burns's fatality at Rhyl. Diving, like under-water swimming, is a great art which few indeed have thoroughly mastered. Generally speaking, it should not be encouraged and is highly dangerous, excepting, as a matter of course, when practised by past masters such as James Finney and J. B. Johnson. Stories by the dozen could be written concerning the use and abuse of this species of natation, which is ease, elegance, and the poetry of motion as illustrated by competent professors. Demonstrated by amateurs, the risk has far too often touched the very threshold of a tragedy:



MR. HOLBEIN TAKEN OUT OF THE WATER THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILE FROM THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.



## PIKE FISHING IN IRELAND.

BY JOHN BICKERDYKE.

SOME years ago the heart of pretty well every pike fisher in England was set agog by a letter which appeared in the *Field* stating that in lakes in the neighbourhood of the writer's home there were pike of immense size. Thirty-pounders were quite common, and the fish frequently grew to 40 lb. and more. There are certain statements which have a tendency, according to a proverbial saying, to choke a man, and whatever the cause may have been, the fact remains that those who made inquiries of the writer of this more or less veracious letter had answers sent them by his widow, who frankly said that she had no idea to which loughs her late husband referred.

In 1901 an interesting paragraph appeared in an Irish paper to the effect that tame ducks had been for some time disappearing from Lough Sheelin, and that a certain police constable having seen one borne under, decorated a small barrel with spoon baits and two phantom minnows, and set it afloat on the lake. I may say here that these artificial baits are only successful with pike when drawn through the water. Dangling from a barrel they lose their attractiveness. However, according to the newspaper, an enormous pike weighing 53 lb. 11 oz. took one of the spoons, and after drawing the barrel under many times at last succumbed, and was captured by the gallant and ingenious member of the Royal Irish Constabulary already mentioned. The exact measurements of the fish were given even to fractions. It was 4 ft. 5 $\frac{3}{4}$  in. in length, 29 $\frac{1}{2}$  in. round the thickest part, and

8 $\frac{3}{4}$  in. across the back. I made careful inquiries into this, and, indeed, into many other cases of alleged big Irish pike, and among other letters received one concerning the Sheelin fish, from which the following is an extract:—

I am satisfied that the report is bogus. The pike that — was said to have captured and weighed 53 lb. (*sic*), and the truth is, the one he killed was only a small jack of 2 lb. There is a young man living near Lough Sheelin, who sends scrap news to the —, and it was him who made this report when he was short of other matter; so you need not bother yourself any further about this case. You may take my word that this is the true history of —'s pike.

I could fill several pages with interesting accounts of these phantom pike evolved by the senders of "scrap news," and very amusing reading it would be. The most striking feature of all these cases is that no part of the fish is ever preserved. Sometimes it is lying on the shore, and dogs come and eat it; or the farmer cuts it up and gives it to his pigs. Sometimes a scoundrel has stolen the pike and sold it. But after making due allowance for the vagaries of the in-

genious newspaper reporter and for the romantic temperament of the Irish people, there remains the one solid fact that in no part of the United Kingdom is the angler likely to meet with such monster pike as in Ireland.

With the exception of a female pike, which was very heavy in spawn, and whose weight was thereby abnormally increased, it cannot be said that there is a really well-authenticated account



"ALL READY, YOUR HONOUR."

(Photo: John Bickerdyke.)

of a pike over 40 lb. having been taken out of Irish waters for at least the last twenty or thirty years. At a remoter period we read of ninety pounders, seventy pounders, fifty pounders, etc., but in out-of-the-way country districts there is usually no means of weighing heavy fish; the weights are estimated, and, as I have hinted, the Irish temperament tends to the romantic. As the weight is passed on from Pat to Mick, and from Mick to Tim, each of these, as he tells the story in the shebeen, adds a few pounds on to the weight to give point to his tale and maybe "for the glory of Ould Ireland." What the angler may reasonably expect in Ireland in the course of a month spent on a really good lough is a fish or two over 20 lb., with just a chance of one exceeding that weight by 10 lb. or 15 lb.

When we come to consider the great extent and depth of many of the Irish lakes, the abundance of weeds, the quantities of small fish—rudd, perch, eels, and trout—which they hold, and the rather high temperature of the water, it is easy to understand how pike grow to a large size in the sister isle. Among the lakes which afford the best sport with large pike I should include Lough Conn and Lough Cullen, both near the town of Ballina, so famous for its salmon fishery in years gone by; the great expansions of the Shannon and, in particular, Lough Derg, the lowest of the series; Loughs Mask and Corrib, the waters of which flow through the short, prolific salmon river by the old Spanish town into Galway Bay; and, lastly, Lough Arrow. There are many smaller lakes about the country which contain numerous pike and a few large ones, but those I have mentioned are, I believe, the best hunting ground for the pike fisher who is intent on capturing some really big fish. In Lough Corrib pike are not quite so numerous now as in former years, as for some time an energetic salmon and trout preservation association has been netting out the pike whenever opportunity offers; but these fish still swarm at the upper end of the lake in the long arm leading up to Maam Cross.

Irish lake pike are a superior sort of fish to those caught in the Thames, or the more or less animated logs which in winter time are drawn with slight resistance from our English lakes and weirs. It may be that a diet of eels, trout, and often salmon smolts tends to bring the Irish pike into first-rate condition. However that may be, when they are hooked they frequently leap like trout, and fight gamely to the bitter end. As a table fish they are by no means to be despised, having often in them a curd such as is found in freshly-killed salmon. The curd, a creamy-like substance lying between the flakes of the fish, is rarely seen by those who have to buy their salmon from the fishmonger. A friend of the writer who sent a freshly-killed salmon to some English people to whom

he desired to pay a compliment, received a note the next day thanking him for his gift, regretting they had been unable to eat the fish, as it had gone bad and was "full of blue mould." They had therefore buried it in the garden, on the principle, I suppose, of mould to mould. The feelings of the man who sent that fish can be more easily understood than described.

The baits for capturing Irish pike and the methods of using them are somewhat dissimilar from those we are acquainted with in England. As to bait, I have a letter before me from a friend who fished Lough Conn not long since. "I was most successful," he wrote me, "with gudgeon, and for artificial bait a phantom minnow, silver on the belly and blue on the back. All other baits seemed hardly any use at all. On these baits I caught five fish for every one on spoon, golden-bellied phantoms, and preserved sprats or herrings."

On one small lake I fished in Tipperary the only bait that was any good was a red phantom. This, too, I found to be the best winter bait in Lough Derg. If one thing is more certain than another, it is that Irish pike have a keen eye for colour. In the autumn in Lough Derg I found one of the best artificial baits for very large fish was a spoon, half silver-plated, the other half gold-plated, and measuring about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. in length. Bleak from the Thames, which I had taken over with me preserved in spirits, were also excellent baits in that particular lake, and on one of these I killed a twenty-five pounder.

On some days pike rise from the deeper waters and lie near the surface among the weeds, when they may be caught with a pike fly, which is not a fly at all, except that feathers and wool are used in its construction. Probably the fish take it for young water-fowl. The so-called wings are generally the eyes taken from two peacock feathers, and the body is composed of various coloured wools and brightened up by means of tinsel wound round it. These flies are dragged along the surface, or cast, or are simply weighted and trolled several feet under the surface of the water.

The most usual method of catching pike in these big Irish lakes is simply to drag a spinning-bait after the boat which is slowly rowed along. This method, which is known as trailing in England, where, so far as the Thames is concerned, it has been abolished, is called trolling in Ireland. In big lakes the fish are considerably scattered, and the angler who took ordinary live bait tackle and a float, and waited in one place hoping for a fish to take his bait, might easily be fishing in a spot where not a single pike was within a hundred yards of him. By trolling after the manner I have mentioned a large extent of water is covered, and sooner or later the bait is brought within the sight of a certain number of fish which are usually lying

off the edges of weeds ready to pounce out on any passing trout, rudd, or perch. It must be confessed that after the novelty of the situation has worn off, after Pat has told all his best stories, and the surrounding scenery has become familiar, to sit in the boat hour after hour simply holding a rod while the bait spins some thirty or forty yards behind, is slow work compared to many other branches of fishing; but on days when the fish are running, when several of from ten to twenty pounds find their way into the boat and the angler is kept busily engaged, Irish pike fishing is by no means bad fun, and there is always the chance

that the legendary monster will take the bait and the angler become a hero among fishermen. On these big inland seas he must, of course, be prepared for bad weather, and will be well advised to only employ men who are experienced boatmen and who have seaworthy boats. Sometimes the weather is so windy that for weeks together fishing is impossible. I know a case of one English angler, who went to Ireland to catch big pike, who could only go on the lake twice in three weeks. On those two days, however, he had several fish over 20 lb. weight, so had no reason to be dissatisfied with his visit.



"DON'T BE TOO HARD ON HIM, SORRY!"

(Photo: John Bickerdyke.)





A LADY ON THE DEFENSIVE.

*(Photo: Ogawa & Burton, Tokio.)*

## JAPANESE FENCERS AND ARCHERS.

BY C. L. BROWNELL.

**I**T is no exaggeration to say that Japanese fencers go at each other hammer and tongs.

The sound is not unlike that of threshing grain with flails—swish, whack, bang, thud! As the sticks came down on the barn floors in the good old days of husbandry, so the bamboo weapons that Japanese fencers use sound as they come together or strike on the padded bodies or the iron-barred helmets of the contestants.

The fencers need good padding, for the blows they receive come with all the force that two arms and the full swing of the body can give. There is almost no thrusting, except the lunge at the throat, so that the work is more along the lines of the broadsword and single-stick or the quarter-staff, while the fact that both hands grasp the weapon brings in much of the movement of bayonet exercise. Instead of foils, the men use bamboo-swords, which are square and about 4 feet in length. The blade is of four pieces, each piece making an entire side. These pieces are bound together tightly with leather thongs in the way best adapted for making plenty of noise. When completed, the instrument is really a bundle of slats with a circular guard near one end to protect the hands.

The fencers wear padded gauntlets and jackets, with bamboo breast-plates. A helmet covers the head. This has horizontal bars in front and a hood that falls down protecting the neck and shoulders; but in spite of all these accoutrements the men manage to make dents in each other, especially about the elbows.

The agility of a pair of expert fencers is as remarkable as the noise they make, but some of their capering, like their shouting, is for the adversary's distraction merely. One fencer attracted much attention by a stroke he evolved and used in combination with a somersault. Like the pivot blow in boxing, this stroke was effective against one that had no forewarning, but was of small account against the man who had seen it once or twice before.

In a country like Japan, which has been almost entirely in the hands of the military—the samurai, as they were called—for a dozen centuries, it is easy to understand that fencing should reach a high state of development. The samurai called the sword his soul, and everything connected with it in its making, its adornment, and its use was sacred. Captain F. Brinkley, who is an expert with the foils and the sabre, has studied the

subject carefully, and gives some very interesting particulars in his recent work, "Japan: Its History, Arts, and Literature," to which the reader may be referred.

In the old days every province had its fencing-masters, who were often in receipt of an income from the feudal lord or daimiyo to whom the province belonged. Now the daimiyo has departed, but the fencing-master remains—not in his former glory, it is true, but nevertheless a man of repute, with followers and admirers, and the wonderful traditions of his profession in good working order. It was the custom for those who wished to perfect themselves in this, the noblest art of all to the Japanese mind, to stay with one teacher until they had learned all that he was willing to teach, and then to move on to the next instructor of renown. Each teacher had his own methods and personal secrets—for every trade, cult, or profession was esoteric in Japan—and the zealous swordsman, by studying all methods, hoped to attain his Nirvana—the serenity that comes from perfect knowledge. Japanese romances give many accounts of the adventures of these wandering seekers after perfection in the art of how to kill. Often these adventures were humorous, but more often tragic, for the principle of the vendetta, as Captain Brinkley points out, had come to the Japanese through the teachings of Confucius. Confucius said that no man should lie under the same sky with a man that slew his father. The Japanese took fiercely to this teaching. In the centuries of fighting many fathers fell, and straight-way sons, and even daughters, took upon themselves the duty of revenge. Many of the fencing-masters' pupils were seekers after vengeance, and there could not have been a greater incentive to proficiency in sword exercises.

These wandering students of the art kept the teacher well keyed up to his best efforts, too, for it meant everything to an instructor that he should maintain his supremacy against all comers. It was the survival of the fittest with fencers as with everything else. The man that handled the slender bundle of bamboo slats most skillfully had wealth and position assured so long

as he maintained his skill. He was sure of a large school of pupils and of a goodly number of *koku*\* from the daimiyo; but if he lost to one of the wanderers, he must say good bye to both, and take to the road himself, perhaps hoping to win his position back again after studying in other provinces.

These fencers were often ronin—that is, samurai who were not attached to a daimiyo; and of ronin there were various degrees, some being nothing better than highwaymen. It fared ill with stray dogs or beggars that came in the ronin's way, for he was nothing loth to try a blade on one, and, as he was a samurai, there was no redress.

One noted fencer practised much at forked branches of trees against the day when he should meet the man he was in search of, who was a two-sword expert. Two swords crossed were sometimes a dangerous trap for an opponent's blade; but Ikutabe had one of the finest blades in the land, the product of the forge of one of the Seventeen Masters, and—as an illustration of the difference between first class steel and second class—when the contest came off he cut through his opponent's crossed swords, severing both a few inches from the hilt.

Swordsmen made gruesome triads of their weapons on bodies in the execution grounds. The great achievement there was to set back to back two headless bodies, and then with a downward drawing cut sever them into four halves. This

\* A *koku* of rice, about five bushels, was the unit in estimating incomes, granting pensions, etc.



THE END OF A BOUT.

(Photo: Ogawa & Burton, Tokio.)

was more a tribute to the skill of the swordsman than to the temper of his blade; the way in which he drew towards him as the blade descended did the cutting.

Foreigners who went to Japan soon after Commodore Perry made his treaty, and who saw the country under the Shogun's rule while the Mikado was still in sacred seclusion, well remember the trouble the samurai made with his two swords. The Shogun Tokugawa Hitotsubashi, whose family had held the political power for 250 years, had made a treaty with the United States, and soon after with other countries, permitting foreigners to land at certain ports. Enemies of the Shogun, who wished to restore the Mikado to actual power such as mikados had enjoyed some seven centuries before, lay in wait for foreigners and tried their swords upon them, saying that as the Mikado, the Son of Heaven, the supreme ruler, had not authorised the advent of outsiders, outsiders must keep their feet off the sacred land or die. And many of them did die, in terrible evidence of the power and skill of the native swordsmen. A favourite stroke seems to have been from the side of the neck down through the body, splitting sometimes even the pelvis. Dr. D. B. Simmons, an American physician in the employ of the Tokugawa Government until its downfall in 1868, saw many examples of the Imperialists' handiwork. A great achievement in this line was to draw the sword and take off a head in one and the same stroke.

Professor Norman, an associate of Professor Murdoch's in the Koto Chu Gakko in Tokio, and afterwards attached to the Naval University, has made fencing a lifelong study both in Europe and in the East. He spent much time in the gymnasiums where the police train—the police were samurai before the Restoration—and saw the most skilled fencers of the empire. He became expert himself, ranking among the first score probably. According to him, the Japanese swordsman with his own weapon is well-nigh unget-at-able, while his strokes would make little of the parry of the best European fencers. Captain Brinkley says that a skilful rapier would find its way, but would afford but poor defence. He also says, "When in the West fencing is spoken of, men understand they are referring to an art the principles of which have been reduced almost to an exact science. It has been proved possible to compile written accounts containing not only an intelligible, but also an exhaustive, account of all the methods and positions recognised by European masters of the rapier—the attack, the parade, the opposition, the tierce, the prime, the quatre, and so on. But it was never admitted in Japan that the possibilities of *katana* fencing had been exhausted. In every age men devoted their whole lives to acquiring novel skill in swordsmanship." Some of the strokes acquired special names, such as torso-

severer, pear-splitter, peak blow, wheel stroke, four-sides cut, scarf sweep, and thunder stroke. The torso-severer is the one that Dr. Simmons had occasion to remark so often.

Japanese swords of the first quality, in the hands of one who knows the stroke, will cut through a stack of ten copper coins, and they should, say some swordsmen, sever a wisp of straw that a river's current might bring down against the edge if the blade were held motionless and upright in the stream. They put the Toledo blades to shame, and a word as to their making may be of interest. The smith of repute had a reverence for his profession, which ranked high indeed in the feudal days (that is, until 1871), and usually began his work with fasting and prayer. Having thus become of a pure heart, he took strips of steel and welded them together into a mass measuring perhaps 6 inches by 2 inches by  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch. He heated this, doubled it, and hammered it out to its original length, when he doubled it again and again until he had some 250,000 layers of steel. He then prepared three or four other pieces in the same way, and, welding all together, went on with the doubling process until he had something over four, eight, or sixteen millions of layers in his piece of metal. This he hammered out into the form the blade was to be, and welded a back on to it or into it, as the case might be, by the use of flanges either in the blade or in the back. It was this welding process that left the smith's mark on the sword—his character, so to speak, as distinct in individuality as his handwriting would be.

After the back was on, the smith covered it with clay so that only the edge was exposed. He then heated the edge and plunged it into water which he took much care to have invariably kept at a certain temperature. After the tempering came the grinding and sharpening, which were arts in themselves requiring the highest skill. It was necessary to keep the edge surface slightly convex and exactly half the width of the blade, which tapers somewhat from the point to the hilt.

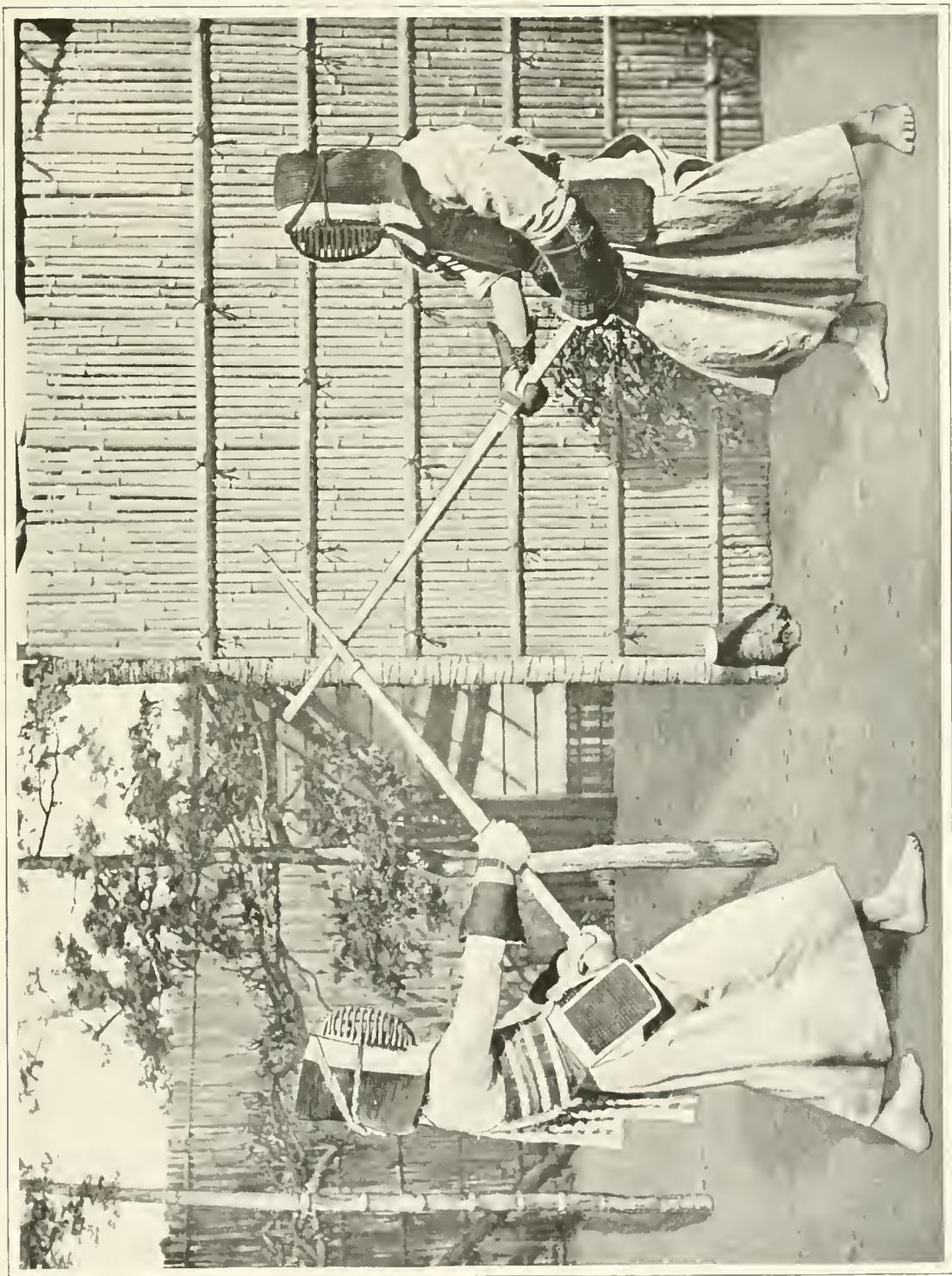
Masamune (Goro Nyudo), a smith of Soshu, was the greatest of all Japanese swordsmiths, and there are numberless legends as to the marvellous achievements of his blades. The most famous sword is one of the three Imperial regalia—mirror, crystal, sword—which are in the Japanese holy of holies at Ise.

A brief account of Japanese bowmen must here suffice.

The Japanese do not hold the bow as we do, but they shoot straight. Anyone may see this by a visit to one of the many alleys in which the archery folk practise in the cities, towns, and villages of the Land of the Rising Sun.

Archery with the Japanese is more formal than the sport is in this country. Formality appeals





FENCERS TAKING POSITIONS.

(Photo : Ogawa & Birken, Tokio.)

to the Japanese mind. The archer proceeds with his amusement with the solemnity of an undertaker. He shows much constraint, and you, if perchance you have studied the violin and can recall your early lessons on the position of the instrument, have sympathy for him. But the sympathy should be kept for another occasion. Despite appearance, the man with the bow and arrow is enjoying himself. It took him time to learn to hold the arrow and the bow properly, just as it did you to hold the violin, but it was a good exercise in patience, and in patience the Oriental is a person difficult to equal.

Watch him take his position, facing the target sideways—that is, looking in a direction at right angles to it. His feet are rather far apart, so that his *hakama*, or divided skirt, becomes triangular in shape; his flowing sleeves are pulled up to his shoulders, his left hand hangs down holding the bow. He fits the arrow to the string on the outside—that is, so that it does not rest between the bow and his left arm, but against the bow on the side opposite to his arm. He holds it to the string by his thumb and first finger. Then he turns his face towards the target and, slowly raising the bow and at the same time drawing, he makes his shot. The finished archer allows the force of the discharge to turn the bow quite around in his hand, so that the bow-string strikes against the back of his left arm. The string never comes in contact with the inside of the arm. This is due to two things: one, that the archer keeps his bow arm crooked a little, and the other that the arrow is on the outside, which gives the string a tendency away from rather than towards the arm.

The bow is of bamboo always, and usually is black, with a good coat of lacquer to protect it from losing its strength. Often, too, the maker binds it with rattan, which adds to its power and makes a greater demand on force in drawing it. When it is unstrung it is wrong side out, so to speak—that is, bellies on the side opposite to that

on which it bellies when it is strung. Bows vary in strength according to their area of section, their length, and the manner of the binding. They are known as "one-man," "two-men," "three-men,"

"four-men," "five-men" bows, according to the number of men it takes to string them. Tradition tells of "ten-men" bows, manpower among the Japanese being used in archery as a unit the same in kind as our horse-power.

The common rule for length is fifteen spans—that is, fifteen times the distance from the tip of the thumb to the tip of the little finger when the fingers are stretching to the farthest. This way of measuring gives each archer his own particular length, and is one way of identifying a bow if identification is necessary. The length of the arrows is twelve, thirteen, fourteen, or fifteen palms, or "fists." Snipe feathers are the commonest in use on the

arrows, and are three in number, as in England. The more expensive arrows are fitted with eagle feathers. But even the best bows and arrows are cheap compared to first-rate articles in England. Excellent bows are to be had for ten shillings, while an outfit that cost £3 would be luxurious. I remember one member of the Legation in Tokio who was also a member of the archery club that used to meet on the grounds of the Roku-mei-kwan. He was sceptical as to the merits of the Japanese bow, and ordered one from home, "to show them what a real bow is, you know." In time he received one, along with sundries that go to make the English archer's outfit, and a bill for £20, which, translated into Japanese currency, looked rather large. None of his friends had expended a quarter of that sum.

As to the native skill with the bow, it should be great, for the Japanese have used it constantly from early times. So late as the Satsuma rebellion (1877) it was part of the equipment of some of the native soldiers, and to-day one may see scars on middle-aged men who had intercepted arrows in those early days of New Japan.



A FENCER IN FULL ARMOUR.  
(Photo: Ogawa & Burton, Tokio.)



Captain Brinkley, the editor of the *Japan Mail*, says that while the sword was always the chief weapon of the fighting man in Japan, " ' War ' and ' bow and arrow ' (*yumi-ya*) are synonyms. Men spoke of Hachiman, the God of Battles, as *Yumi-ya no Hachiman*; the left hand received the name of *yunde* (*yumi-no-te*, or bow hand), by which it is still commonly designated; and the general term for soldier was bow-holder."

As the bow has been in familiar use for so long, we may expect to find on record accounts of great proficiency in archery. Captain Brinkley mentions several in his history of Japan. One was in the Hall of Thirty-Three Pillar Spans *San-jusan-gen-do*, in Yedo, as Tokio was called before 1868. The length of *San-jusan-gen-do* was 384 feet, and the height of the ceiling 16 feet. In the fourth year of Kaei, the fifth month, and the nineteenth day (May 19th, 1852), according to the record, Masatoki, an archer, went to the hall to see how many arrows he could shoot from one end to the other before he should be over-weary. He began at seven o'clock in the evening and ended at three o'clock the following afternoon, having shot

all through the night by torchlight. In the twenty hours he let fly 10,050 arrows, which gives an average rate of one in every seven seconds—not bad when one considers how long Masatoki kept it up. Furthermore, when one remembers that in getting his shaft down the full length of the corridor the trajectory was limited by the 16-foot ceiling, Masatoki need not be ashamed of having made a total score of 5,383 clean shots.

Going back nearly two centuries and a half to the time of the archer Wada Daihachi, of pictorial fame, we come to another record. The conditions of this earlier trial for record, or against time, were the same as those of fifty years ago. Wada shot continuously for twenty-four hours, discharged an arrow every twelve seconds on an average, and put 8,133 of his shafts down to the other end of the corridor.

Shooting birds on the wing is an achievement of which there are many records pictorial and otherwise. One of these instances occurred in the reign of the Mikado Toba, in the days of the forked arrow, with which tradition says it was possible to relieve an enemy of his head. A certain bird,



A GROUP OF JAPANESE ARCHERS IN ARMOUR

(Photo: Ogawa & Burton, Tokio.)



an osprey, was poaching on the Imperial preserves, stealing fish from the Son of Heaven's private fish-pond. The Son of Heaven did not like it, but he did not know what to do about it, for the osprey did not care whether the Son of Heaven liked it or not, and the Mikado was so good a Buddhist that he would not have killed a *musca domestica* intentionally for a whole pond full of fish. One of the archers of the Son of Heaven's immediate body-guard sought to alleviate the Imperial distress. He waited for the

osprey behind a bush near the pond, and when the poacher appeared and nabbed a fish, he let go at him with a forked arrow, cutting the fish from under the bird so that it dropped back into the pond, while the poacher flew on footless.

Shooting at dogs with padded arrows discharged from horseback was good sport, too, from the Japanese point of view. It took considerable skill to stand up in the stirrups, draw the bow, and bag a dog; but this form of amusement is rarely seen nowadays.



THE BEGINNING OF THE DRAW: RAISING THE BOW  
INSTEAD OF LOWERING IT.

(Photo: Ogawa & Burton, Tokio.)

## TANDEM DRIVING.

By W. C. A. BLEW

EMPLOYING two horses to do the work of one" was the definition given by an old coaching man of driving tandem, an amusement which possesses much fascination, especially in the eyes of those who cannot afford a team. The origin of tandem driving is shrouded in obscurity. It has been stated somewhere that the idea of driving four-in-hand was due to seeing a tandem—probably a farm cart—which suggested the expediency of doubling the tandem. It is, however, far more likely that halving the four horses longitudinally was the real origin, for two horses abreast have been employed for all time, and what was more natural than that from one to four extra horses should have been added to drag a heavy and springless vehicle through, rather than over, the awful roads then obtaining. Without troubling to go through the history of four-in-hand driving, it will suffice to say that the tandem was doubtless a sporting offshoot of the four-horse team, and that its earliest exponents were four-horse men who had little difficulty in adapting themselves to the new state of things. Many years ago I wrote an article on tandem driving in which the assertion was made that the driving of tandem was an excellent preparation for driving a team, and that when a man was *au fait* at driving a tandem, he would experience but little difficulty in handling four horses. In the next week appeared a letter from a correspondent who put forward the view that it was only when a man could drive four horses that he was fit to try his

hand with a tandem, which he alleged to be the more difficult art of the two.

This I take leave to regard as one of those paradoxes in which some people appear to take such keen delight. In driving four horses you have not only to see that the wheelers and leaders do their proper, but not an excessive, share of the work, but each horse must do the proper amount and no more, so that the coachman has to apportion the work equally between the whole team, which any novice will find to be a matter of great difficulty; while, if he be called upon to put the team together, it will be some time before he can properly bit the horses and adjust the couplings to the best advantage. Moreover, the weight of the reins which depend from the hand has to be reckoned with. Though admitting that tandem has difficulties of its own, it is, in some respects, plain sailing. If the leader be doing too much work, it is only necessary to pull him back, and the solitary wheeler must perforce do the rest of the work. Should further assistance be required of the leader on rising ground, it is only necessary to give him more rein and enliven him if necessary with the whip; while the weight of leather, partly owing to the angle at which they run from the hand to the terrets, and partly because there is less of it, is as nothing compared to that of four-horse reins. Lastly, you have two horses only instead of four to pull at you. Looked at from a purely utilitarian standpoint, there is no doubt that two horses abreast will draw a light four-wheeled dog-



THE WINNERS OF THE CHAMPIONSHIP: HOPGOOD SQUIRE AND JUBILEE KING.

(Photo: W. W. Rouch & Co., Strand, W.C.)

cart or Stanhope phaeton with as much ease to themselves as they would draw a dog-cart when harnessed tandem fashion; but this is not the point. In a hilly country a tandem, in the hands of someone who has attained some degree of proficiency, who has taken pains to learn details, and who is ever on the watch to see that his horses are working evenly, is a very convenient team, as when rising ground is reached, the leader, who has had nothing to do on the flat or when going down hill, may have a liberty taken with him, and many hills up which one horse would have to be allowed to walk, become, with a tandem, trotting ground, whereby time is saved. In inexperienced hands, however, a leader can be tired, and there is nothing more uncomfortable than having to drive a tandem with a tired leader.

Assuming that someone hitherto unacquainted with tandem driving decides to set up a team of this kind, the first three things to be considered are the horses, harness and vehicle. With regard to the first, any two which will go in double or single harness will make a tandem, though occasionally, but very seldom, a horse should go leader which will not go quietly in the shafts, and sometimes a horse which is excellent in the shafts yaws all over the place when put leader. These, however, are the exceptions. Almost every two harness horses will run tandem fashion after very little practice, especially if a little trouble be expended in teaching the leader his business, which is not a work of time, and for which at the outset no dog-cart is required. The horse destined to go leader should have the leading reins, or rope reins, buckled to his bit, and the instructor should be on foot, the idea being to teach him to go straight without feeling the shafts and with loose traces. Having started the horse in a walk—it is better to do so in a narrow lane than in a field, because the road will serve to indicate where he is to go—the instructor should just feel his horse's mouth and nothing more, and almost every hundred yards or so he should be guided sometimes to the near and sometimes to the off side of the road, so as to accustom him to submit to guidance without that close connection with the driver which he would have in single harness. Not many lessons of this kind will be needed—not more than three or four in ordinary cases, and at the second or third attempt the horse should be made to trot, the length of the spells depending upon the staying power of the instructor. When he will trot straightly with a loose rein, he may be put in harness as leader, though it is not a bad plan to try the horse once or twice in a field where there is no road to suggest the route to be taken. This preliminary instruction is precautionary only—in scores of instances any horse quiet in harness can be put leader and driven away at once. He may go a little "green" at first, but a touch of the

whip will send him after his bit, and he will soon learn what is required of him.

If there be room for any choice, the leader in a tandem should be a quick, sharp horse, yet at the same time quiet and not given to shying. When things go all right, tandem driving is comparatively easy work after a little practice; but no man living can drive a bad tandem leader—a horse, that is to say, which shies at every bird flying out of a hedge, or at every garment spread to dry at the roadside. Whoever sets out to drive a tandem should thoroughly realise the fact that he must trust to the honour of his leader, for the normal positions of horse and driver are reversed, the latter being entirely in the hands or, more properly speaking, in the mouth of his leader. Before a leader turns round, he either hangs back or stops altogether, and, no matter how quick the coachman may be, the wheeler must advance a little, and this causes slack rein for the leader, and if he offers to come round, then nothing in the world can prevent his doing so. In theory it can be done in a dozen different dodges; in practice it cannot be prevented, though as a matter of fact it is but seldom that horses try to turn round. They may stop and jump aside, but turning round is the exception; in fact, the writer has, in the course of a long experience of tandem driving, had a leader look at him no more than about two or three times, not because the writer could have prevented it, but because the horses never tried to turn round.

With respect to harness it is the better plan, if tandem be driven tolerably frequently, to keep the whole set for tandem work alone, and to keep another set for single harness work alone. If this be not done the wheel harness becomes rather shabby in course of time, and the wear is all the more observable by reason of the smartness of the leader's trappings. Needless to say, make-shifts are not permissible in a tandem. I have seen a wheeler wearing brass furniture, while that of the leader was plated; the effect was most unpleasant. Personally, I like a leader to have loin straps to carry his traces, and I do not object to a second carrier in front, but some prefer to dispense with both. In my opinion, anything which in the very slightest degree tends to curtail the freedom of a leader is worthy of adoption.

Now we come to a somewhat important question: How shall the leader be attached to his companion? One plan is so utterly wrong that it need not be discussed—that of affixing the leader's traces to rings at the points of the shafts. There then remain three plans from which to choose—the ordinary long traces fastened to the buckles of the wheeler's traces, the tandem bars, and the endless trace. On the whole I prefer the first-mentioned plan, possibly for no better reason than because I am more accustomed to it than to



the bars. The long traces can be attached to the wheeler's traces in one of two ways: the spring hook can either be attached to the buckle of the trace by drawing the tongue of the brace back and slipping it on, or—and this is the smarter plan—a proper ring can be sewn on the trace just behind the buckles. Very often the buckles are at the back end of the traces, in which case the ring for the swivel of the leading traces must be sewn on, and this is perhaps the most sightly method of all, as there is no buckle in front to join complications with the spring hook.

The bars are neat and smart. What corresponds to the main bar of a team is attached to the kidney link of the wheeler's hames, and from each end of the bar is a strop or miniature trace, which runs to the eye or buckle of the wheeler's trace, to take the draught. The leading bar is connected with what I have called the main bar by a short chain. At each end of the leading bar

cult to keep them off the leader's hocks, and should he be inclined to kick, the touching of the bars may incite him thereto. Here, again, theory and practice are in opposition. A coachman should, of course, be able to prevent such a contingency; but there are not many inches between full draught and the bars being on the hocks, and in practice I have frequently seen the bar touch the leader and have seen him kick. Given a quiet leader and a skilful coachman, the bars look better than any other arrangement. The leader may wear a pad, either of the pattern employed in double harness, or a rather smaller edition of the wheeler's pad. The reins should be rather wide—about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch—to facilitate handling, and covered hames look better than those made of metal. All that is necessary has now been said about harness, except that perhaps it is as well to have the terrets on the wheeler's pad bisected horizontally with a roller, the wheel reins



FINE GOERS AT HIS MAJESTY'S SALE OF HACKNEYS AT WOLFERTON.

(Photo: W. W. Rouch & Co., Strand, W.C.)

are the usual hooks for the reception of the leader's traces, an arrangement involving the use of a shorter trace than when they are brought back to the wheeler's traces. The bars are undeniably smart; the leader can hardly get over his traces, as is possible when the long pattern is used, should he suddenly stop or hang back, or should the coachman pull him in too much. The bars are, however, open to this objection: It is very diffi-

being under and the leading reins over the bisection.

In some of the old sporting pictures men are represented going to covert or to the shooting ground driving tandem from a four-wheeled dog-cart, which is rather suggestive of a man in a frock coat and a straw or felt hat. This was, however, the exception, as the earliest tandem carts were high and narrow, and were known as rat-traps in the

days of the elder Alken who portrayed not a few of them. To-day, in country places at least, tandem is driven from any two-wheeled cart ; but that best suited is the pattern which was fixed upon by the defunct Tandem Club, and built by Messrs. Holland and Holland, of Oxford Street. It was of moderate height, and had an enclosed body. The village, or Whitechapel, varieties, though often used with tandem, do not look so well as the regular dog-cart.

A most important matter is the balancing of the dog-cart. This is highly necessary when driving a single horse only, but is of additional importance, on the score of appearance, when driving tandem, as nothing looks worse than seeing the shafts pointing skywards. As a preliminary, the band should be so adjusted that, no matter by how much the weight carried behind may exceed that carried in front, the shafts should remain parallel to the ground. This, however, is not all. The weight must not be on the wheeler's back ; nor, in spite of the tension of the band, must there be any tendency to lift the wheeler's forefeet from the ground, which only makes him work at a disadvantage, as the labour of progression is then thrown on the hind legs. It really requires very nice discrimination to balance a dog-cart properly ; but when it is once ascertained how the seats should be placed with three people of medium weight, it is not difficult to trim the cart with lighter or heavier people, even if there be a fourth passenger. Let me insist once more that the first step is so to adjust the back band that the shafts must be horizontal to the ground. They should then just play in the tugs when travelling on the flat. On descending a hill, the weight will of necessity be on the wheeler's back, and when going uphill the reverse will be the case. Some carts, however, are fitted with a rack and pinion apparatus, so that the coachman, by moving a lever or turning a handle, can bring the weight backward when going down an incline, or carry it further forward when rising ground is encountered.

The holding of the reins of a tandem is certainly a difficulty, and there is a good deal of reason on the side of those who advocate driving tandem with a " full hand " ; that is to say, with a finger between each rein, the forefinger separating the leader's reins, and the third finger dividing those of the wheeler. The four-horse coachman places the near leading rein over the forefinger of the left hand ; the off-leading rein and the near-wheel rein come between the first and second fingers, the off-wheel rein finding place between the second and third fingers, so that there are thus two reins—the off-leader's and the near-wheeler's between the first and second fingers. On the whole, however, this plan is to be recommended, because when the tandem driver comes to drive

four-in-hand, he will have nothing to unlearn, while the full hand over the ordinary method does not possess any very great advantage after all ; for the reins are very little separated when there is a finger between each. If the reins be held in the style favoured by four-horse coachmen, the leader's reins can be quite readily shortened. The best way of effecting this is to run the right hand—do not wedge the whip under the left thumb—forward and slide the hand back, and then, with the second finger placed between the two leading reins and the remaining fingers, dividing the other reins, there will be no difficulty, to a person possessed of ordinary manual dexterity, of dealing with his reins as he likes.

One of the difficulties which besets the man who begins to drive tandem or four-in-hand is to keep his wheel reins at the proper tension ; that is to say so that both his wheelers are in hand. You may often see a man sailing merrily along a straight road, yet if it be " up," and a sharp turn has to be made, a bungle also takes place. Before coming to a turn, therefore, the beginner will do well to make sure that his wheeler is in hand, and particularly that rein which is opposite to the direction he has to take. A dog-cart having no fore-carriage, it is generally necessary, when making a right-angled turn, or one sharper than a right angle, to go further on before making the turn than would be necessary with a four-wheeled vehicle, and when pointing the leader to one side, the wheel rein of the other side must be kept tight (to prevent the wheeler following the leader round too quickly) until the right hand is free to take hold of the opposite wheel rein. This " pointing " is best accomplished by the loop. Put the left hand forward about eight inches, and (supposing the turn is to the left) take hold of the near leading rein ; draw it back, and place the left thumb upon it close to where the right hand held it. This operation, of course, shortens the rein, and round comes the leader ; the right hand is then placed upon the two off-side reins to prevent the horses coming round too quickly. When the turn is made, the left thumb is raised, the looped rein runs out, and all are, or should be, of equal length. It is more easy to turn to the left than to the right, because in the latter case the right hand has to take hold of the left reins, and the novice in tandem driving will be well advised, as the greater includes the less, if, contrary to the usual practice, he first tries turning to the right. Let him perceptibly slacken his pace on reaching the corner and make his turn. When he can make his right-handed turn, he will experience no difficulty in turning to the left ; but bending in the latter direction is no practice in turning to the right.

Beyond this, there is really not very much to say. The tandem driver needs to be very quick with his fingers in case his leader should try to

come round, or in the event of sudden guidance being necessary, because, as before explained, there being no spread to the reins, each one is more difficult to find than when driving four horses, and unless the proper rein can be picked up at once the leader may turn round. Mr. John Truman Villebois was a most accomplished coachman with one or four horses, and it is related of him that on one occasion when he was driving a tandem out of his Norfolk home, Masham Park, a friend who was going to call at the house asked him which way he was going. "I will tell you," he replied, "when I see which way my leader means to go." This about illustrates the chances

which surround tandem driving, and the risks are, it must be confessed, somewhat increased now that electric trams and motor cars are everywhere. It is, however, possible to train horses to stand almost anything, as may be seen in the case of the horses employed in shooting duties at some of the busy stations; so he who would drive tandem should not omit to familiarise the horse destined to be leader with all the common objects of the road, and this may best be done by driving him for a while in single harness. A good deal of pleasure is to be extracted from driving tandem, and it is within the reach of many who cannot afford a coach and four.



WINNERS AT THE RICHMOND HORSE SHOW.

(Photo: Bowden Bros., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.)





WEIGHING IN

(Photo: Cassell &amp; Co., Ltd.)

## WHIPPET RACING: A WORKING MAN'S SPORT.

By G. T. BURROWS.

THERE is no need to go into the antiquity of the sport of whippet racing. Doubtless, as in the case of many other outdoor hobbies, its history is lost in the mists of time. To-day it flourishes in but very few centres in England—in the metropolis, in the Black Country; occasionally we hear of it at Brighton; but, week in and week out, it is pursued on the moors in Lancashire, and particularly on the heights of Oldham. A pilgrimage to Oldham any Saturday of the year should prove full of interest to lovers of this sport, and if the visitor is an open-minded individual, with no objection (conscientious or otherwise) to the gambling which the contests provoke, he can always find enough enjoyment to satisfy himself, and, perhaps, sufficient food for mental reflection for some considerable time afterwards. One sees the sport in all its nakedness there—like Nature, unadorned adorned the most—and the visitor should, perforce, shut his eyes to many things. He will have to rub shoulders with the Lancashire mill-hand, perhaps in his Sunday suit and perhaps not, or he will probably find himself jostling with a coal-grimed collier, straight out of the depths of

the earth, one who has rushed on to the ground before removing the dirt from his face. But for the most part, the folk who frequent the dog races at Oldham are Lancashire artisans who have found the time to clean themselves up and have donned their Sunday garments—without varying, a black coat and vest, slate blue trousers, and a cloth cap. There they stand against the rails, a solid mass of humanity, clothed in the same manner, and line after line of cloth-capped heads showing themselves above the railings. It has been said that an Egyptian once found his way to the track in his toga, but he was glad to make himself scarce, so persistent were the attentions paid him and his attire by the Lancastrians.

Let no one run away with the idea that the men of Lancashire patronise the sport of whippet racing merely for the excitement engendered by the wagering that takes place. Like the "Geordie" of Newcastle, who revels in his rabbit-catching dog, the "Lancashire mon" dearly loves his racing tyke. It is guarded with the jealous care that is usually bestowed upon one's firstborn, and the dogs kept strictly for racing have an infinitely

better time of it than some human beings. Their dainty jackets and collarettes are lavish affairs, and the manufacture of a whippet's muzzle has become quite a fine art.

Prize money, sometimes to the extent of £100, is given weekly at Oldham; but the average handicap is worth £25, the sum of £16 falling to the victor, and the remainder going to the runners up and those dogs that enter the second round but fail to reach the final stage. The handicaps are made here according to weight and merit, while at the root of the whole system of allotting the starts are the performances the dogs might have shown "on the watch," *i.e.* against time. But let me describe as well as I can the mode of operations. The ground, whereon the races are run, has marked out upon it a 200-yards straight, spirit-levelled, cinder course, and the spectator is given every facility in identifying the dogs that are contesting. The "race card" is a quaint affair, sold at a penny, and containing, as well as a full and accurate description of each dog, its start and weight, the rules for slippers, for disqualification, and cautions to owners on the score of cruelty. "In conse-



"FLEETFOOT."

WINNER IN 1902 OF MORE THAN 50  
FIRST PRIZES, CUPS, ETC.



"EARLY BIRD."

PRIZE WINNER AT EDINBURGH, CHESTER, EASTBOURNE, ETC.



"JUDY."

A WELL-KNOWN MIDLAND PRIZE WINNER.

quence of the action of the Humane Society," reads one rule, "anyone running with live bait will be expelled from the grounds." It is news to learn that the Humane Society has broken away from its traditional sphere of influence, but doubt-

less it is the R.S.P.C.A. which is meant. Each dog as it reaches the starting point is given a distinguishing colour, a ribbon which is worn round its neck and which tallies with the colour that is printed opposite its name on the card. There are invariably five dogs in a heat, and in place of the telegraph number board that we see on the race-courses, an official brings into prominence, in full view of the spectators, the five colours that the contesting dogs will wear. So, by glancing towards the judge's stand, folk can see which of the dogs are running and which are standing out.

On their marks the dogs are stripped of their cloths and held securely by the slipper, who catches hold of his charge by the loose skin of its neck and its hind feet, or under its hind quarter—much depends upon the temper of the dog—while the animal's owner flashes in front of its face a scented rag, a rabbit skin, or a knot of dead pigeons tied together, and then rushes off to where the judges stand. When the five owners have reached that place, bang goes the pistol, and the dogs are on their way. Their owners stand ten yards removed from the tape, calling loudly and whistling, even using a metropolitan police whistle to attract the attention of their careering pets. On they come, some covering more than eight yards to the half-second, and the hoisting of the yellow flag will denote to the excited throng that the dog marked yellow on the programme has won the heat. As soon as he crosses the line, the whippet, who has in his excitement

jumped up and swung round with his teeth firmly fastened in the folds of the scented rag, is caught in his master's arms and borne away to a neighbouring cottage outside the arena, to rest for the next round. There is a long row of cottages outside the Borough Grounds at Oldham. Here the housewives assist in the preparation of the toilette of the successful dogs.

That briefly describes how the heats are run. The same process is gone through for each event, and

movings of the pastime some roguery, which it is not for us to discover. To make a dog lose a race purposely can only be accomplished in one way, and that is not a cruel one. If an owner wishes his dog not to win the final heat—perhaps he may have in view a better race—he has only to give the whippet some dainty morsel to eat. A dog cannot run on a full stomach, or anything approaching it, and it is very safe to prophesy that if a dog has to be kept from winning, this is

the best means of bringing it about. So far as we know the dog-loving man of Lancashire, the last thing he would do would be to maim or lame his charge for the mere purpose of making it lose a race. There is the after-life of the animal to be thought of. At the stud, a fast whippet will bring in many sovereigns, the stud fee ranging from 10s. to £1.

Timing the dogs for handicaps has become a fine art, and so clever and precise are the



MAKING READY: RUNNERS UP MAKING THEIR DOGS TAKE NOTICE OF THE RAGS WHICH ARE TO BE WAVED AT THE WINNING LINE.

the utmost quiet reigns in between the heats until the wagering is opened, and the dogs are running. Then it appears that everyone wishes to speak or to shout at once. Babel seems to have been turned loose, but as soon as the judge—whose word is never doubted—has signalled the winning colour, there is quietness again and a pleasant chink of gold and silver coins. Before a race is commenced, a "long shot," *i.e.* a big price, might be obtained about a dog for the handicap outright, but should he win his heat in flying style and qualify ultimately for the final, it is impossible to obtain another wager unless one wishes to buy the money and pay dearly for even doing so. London, Birmingham, and Newcastle dogs are frequently brought to Oldham, and meet with some success, but it is noticeable that recently some Oldham dogs were sent to the far south of England, and there proved invincible in some well-endowed races.

One pleasant feature about the sport is its entire absence of cruelty and also its almost entire lack of trickery. True, there may be in the secret

owners and the handicappers about even the one-sixteenth of a second that a race might be utterly ruined, so far as a close finish is concerned, should one dog creep into the handicap with a better turn of speed than his astute owners have made believe. The utmost secrecy is kept in retaining the knowledge of what a dog can do "against the watch." Woe betide any spy who may have loitered on to a trial ground when dogs are spinning against the watch. A very respectable Midland gentleman was once ducked in a horse pond because he happened, quite by accident (as he stoutly maintained), to be near a cinder track on a moor where some dogs were being privately tried by time. It is remarkable in a town like Oldham, where the working man earns just enough to keep his family and stud of racing dogs comfortably, to notice the hundreds of "sixteenth" watches. Common chronometers showing the fifths of a second are tabooed, and Rochdale can turn out "sixteenth" watches which vary in price from £6 to £30, for it is from these Rochdale-made watches that the times of the dogs are obtained.





READY! WAITING FOR THE PISTOL SHOT

As I have said, the handicaps are made on merit and on the size of the dogs. One has to keep a remarkably clear brain to follow the arguments of the men, who have the fractional parts of a second, as they concern certain dogs, off at their finger ends. If your dog can run 220 yards in  $11\frac{1}{2}$  seconds, the distance he runs in  $\frac{1}{16}$  second is 1 yard 7 inches; in  $\frac{1}{8}$  second, 2 yards 14 inches; in  $\frac{1}{4}$  second, 3 yards 21 inches; in  $\frac{1}{2}$  second, 4 yards 28 inches; in  $\frac{3}{8}$  second, 5 yards 35 inches; in  $\frac{1}{2}$  second, 7 yards  $6\frac{1}{2}$  inches; in  $\frac{5}{8}$  second, 8 yards 13 inches; in  $\frac{3}{4}$  second, 9 yards  $20\frac{1}{4}$  inches; in  $\frac{7}{8}$  second, 10 yards  $27\frac{1}{4}$  inches; in  $\frac{1}{2}$  second, 11 yards  $34\frac{1}{4}$  inches; in  $\frac{1}{2}$  second, 13 yards  $5\frac{1}{4}$  inches; in  $\frac{3}{4}$  second, 14 yards  $12\frac{1}{2}$  inches; in  $\frac{1}{2}$  second, 15 yards  $19\frac{1}{2}$  inches; in  $\frac{3}{4}$  second, 16 yards  $26\frac{1}{2}$  inches; in  $\frac{1}{2}$  second, 17 yards  $33\frac{1}{2}$  inches; and in 1 second, 19 yards  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches. With very little mental effort these men can tell you the distance run in the fractional parts of a second, at whatever pace your dog runs the full distance, whether he is a fast one bordering on  $11\frac{1}{16}$  seconds or so slow as to take 15 seconds to accomplish the full 200 yards. To make a good handicap is the sole ambition of every official connected with the sport.

Supposing a dog can run 200 yards in  $12\frac{1}{4}$  seconds, it is the task of the handicapper to bring him and the others together at the finish. If this dog is pitted against another that can run the distance in  $13\frac{1}{2}$  seconds, the start the faster dog should concede is 11 yards 4 inches, and they would, on the watch, finish a dead heat. That is bringing them close together, goodness knows; but very often a dog is at fault in its running, for the smallest factor under such circumstances would give the balance in favour of the steadier dog. Still,

it is a pretty sight to watch a speedy dog at the rear of some moderate ones, making up the leeway, and then, finding an opening denied him between a certain pair who are running neck and neck, he will fall back to the rear of this pair and come round on the outside, clapping on all



RUNNERS UP WAVING RAGS AND SHOUTING TO ENCOURAGE THEIR DOGS OVER THE WINNING LINE.

haste when a clear course has presented itself. This act I noted frequently at Oldham among the big dogs. They might have been ridden and steered by some tiny jockey, so accurate was their generalship in racing through the ruck. The

reasoning power of the whippet is seen at its best when a race is actually in progress.

Then, again, these dog owners are very smart at finding out, on the running in the preliminary heats, how their dogs will fare in the final. Suppose your dog can run 200 yards in 13 seconds, and it had 7 yards 25 inches start from the scratch dog, then the time it would run its heat in would be  $12\frac{1}{2}$  seconds; or, again, suppose your dog can run 200 yards in  $13\frac{1}{2}$  seconds, and it had 18 yards 19 inches start from the scratch dog, then the time it would run the distance in would be  $12\frac{1}{4}$  seconds. If there were a very smart dog able to do  $11\frac{1}{2}$  seconds, and an animal only able to record 15 seconds were pitted against him, the latter would receive as many as 46 yards 24 inches start; yet, should they run accurately and to their time, they would finish a dead heat at the end of the 200 yards course.

The dogs whose photos are given in illustration are some of the most notable in the country. Fleetfoot is generally considered to be the best whippet living. She was born in November, 1897, by Rattler-Flower, and has beaten every animal of note in England. She was not defeated in the 1902 season, and she has won in all over fifty first prizes, cups, etc. Her owner is Mr. H. H. Taylor, of Timperley, Cheshire, who is also the possessor of Early Bird, who is in the second year of her exhibition life. She has won prizes at Chester, Edinburgh, Eastbourne, and other places. Early Bird was whelped on October 14th, 1899.

Dandy is the best 19 lb. dog at present before the public. He has won many valuable money races in Lancashire. Judy is a white Midland dog of the small type, but a very smart performer for her inches.



WAITING THEIR TURN.



THE TORONTO LACROSSE TEAM PLAYING MR. A. N. HORNBY'S TEAM AT FALLOWFIELD, MAY 10, 1902.

## LACROSSE AND BASEBALL :

### THE NATIONAL PASTIMES OF CANADA AND THE STATES.

BY ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT.

IT is said that the Old World has swamped the New. The picturesque red man has wrapped his gaudy blanket round him and disappeared before the advance of the Pale-face ; where stood the mighty forests, the golden grain now sways to the ripple of the breeze ; prairies are town lots ; the European rat swarms in the home of his timid American cousin ; the very flowers of the Western Hemisphere are displaced by the dandelion and daisy ; and our bee was the first settler to cross the continent. But conquering Europe has not had it all her own way. Some things distinctive of the New World remain, and among those none more prominent than her national pastimes. First and foremost, lacrosse, the national game of Canada, is indigenous to the soil ; and baseball, the game in the United States, although undoubtedly originating in our old game of rounders, has been so built up and improved that the Americans are justified, perhaps, in claiming it as the invention of the New World. No Englishman will admit for an instant that any other game than cricket is his country's national pastime, but the outsider sees that football holds the field longer and appears to be more eagerly followed than cricket, and is, indeed, a serious rival. In the New World matters are different. Baseball holds undisputed sway throughout the States, and in Canada lacrosse so engrosses the attention of the multitude that there is little chance for other games to make headway. Each is a game especially adapted to the conditions of climate and the genius

of the people. There is as little likelihood of any European game ousting either baseball or lacrosse from their place in the hearts of their followers as there is of either of these two games superseding cricket in England—that is to say, there is no



LACROSSE PRELIMINARIES.

(Photo: R. Banks, Manchester.)

chance. The disposition of the people in America and the peculiarities of the climate call for games different from those which obtain in Europe, and lacrosse and baseball supply the demand.



Of the two, lacrosse is the more original as well as the more picturesque. It is wholly of Red Indian invention. To be sure, the Pale-face has improved it; but the "stock" is the red man's, if the seasoning is the white's. Long before the European thirled the dank forest or made his way a league from the coast, the game had been played in many a birch-bark village; and even now that the red man has had the slag of the savage smelted out of him by the fierce furnace, Civilisation, there

was quite content to take up her heavy burden again and bear it for a month or more, cheered on her way by exhilarating recollections, and looking forward in thankful confidence to the next occasion on which ball would be played. The game, therefore, should be cherished, if only for the fact that it has afforded so much pleasure to the fair sex. It is a right gallant game, even though, as now played by the Pale-face, the privilege of the ladies has fallen for some unaccountable reason into desuetude.

In a new country like Canada, where the policy of the strenuous life obtains, it was not to be thought that such a game as cricket would obtain a general following. Three days for anything but work is out of the question—so, for the matter of that, is one day. A game, to be national in the great Dominion, must be one which can be played after business hours. There is no leisured class—all young men work, and work hard. Besides, there is no great moneyed class, and therefore the game requires to be an inexpensive one. It is rather remarkable that the Canadians should have



LACROSSE: CLEARING THE GOAL AFTER A GOOD SHOT

(Photo: R. Banks, Manchester.)

still lingers in his blood a longing for his ancient pa time, and bands of Redskins in their weird, wild garb now play the game with more skill, and almost more excitement, than did the bucks who centuries ago, to the wailing of the squaws, set off on the dim trail that leads to the happy hunting ground. In days of old, when in the bark village of the tribe the announcement went abroad that lacrosse was to be played, every buck, squaw, and papoose became wild with excitement. In those days opponents were not limited to a dozen a side; but, after the manner of our ancient village football, all took a hand in the sport. By those meek drudges, the squaws, the day was looked forward to as a schoolboy anticipates his holiday. For the time being, social relationship between the haughty buck and slavish squaw was reversed. The squaw found herself entitled to belabour her lord and master if she saw him attempt to shirk at play or show a lack of keenness. Now the squaws, as a usual thing, had many old scores to settle with their masters. They usually showed, therefore, a disposition to be extremely critical in their estimate of the play, and at intervals not infrequent "set about" their spouses with all the strength with which the gods had gifted their elbows. After such a glorious day, each squaw

found made ready to hand the game of lacrosse, which fills their every want. It is over in an hour and a half; it can be played on a rough surface, for the ball in a skilfully contested game seldom touches the turf; it requires the speed of a sprinter, the quick eye of a snipe-shooter, the touch of a billiard player, and the elusive qualities and generalship of a De Wet. It is fast and spectacular; the play passes from one portion of the field to the other in the twinkling of an eye; and altogether it is framed for the evening of a beautiful Canadian summer day and the exuberant spirits of a strong young people.

Than baseball there is no more exact and scientific game. The Americans have a genius for taking a thing, examining its every part, and developing each part to the utmost. This they have done with our game of rounders, and, from a clumsy, primitive pastime, have so tightened its joints and put such a fine finish on its points that it stands forth a complicated machine of infinite exactitude. Into the ninety minutes during which this machine runs, it compresses more excitement, vigour, and strain than any other game played by a people. The spirit of America is bound up in the heart of the ball, which speeds at such a terrific pace forward and back, this way and that, across

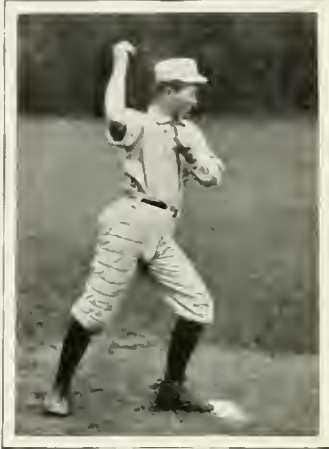


LACROSSE MATCH, BEACON HILL, VICTORIA, B.C.

(Photo: R. Mignard, Victoria, B.C.)



the "diamond." The eagerness and strain of three days at cricket, multiplied a hundredfold, are condensed and epitomised into the three half-hours of baseball, and to see a vast crowd of Americans following the fortunes of a game is to behold a scene that is painful owing to the intensity of suppressed emotion. Englishmen could not work themselves up into such a state; I do not



BASEBALL: THE PITCHER.

(Photo: London Stereoscopic Co.)

believe Wellington's men at Waterloo experienced such delirious joy as an American crowd does at the triumph of its own baseball team. The pent-up emotion and the final explosion that follows simply cannot be understood by the European who first witnesses such a scene. Perhaps the first point about this game

which strikes an Englishman is that every move furthers the game towards its completion. Every ball delivered by the pitcher either counts for his side or against it. He delivers a ball. Naturally this ball must be either fair or unfair. If fair (that is, within proper reach of the striker or batsman), unless the batsman strikes it, it counts for the pitcher; and three such balls passing the batsman, the last being caught by the catcher (who occupies the position of the wicket keeper at cricket), the batsman is out. If the pitcher, however, delivers three unreachable balls before he delivers three fair balls, the batsman gets his first base of the four that complete a run. This prevents any such monotony as is to be seen at cricket when a bowler continues to send down maidens or a batsman stonewalls. The players are thus obliged in a given short time to do something towards bringing the game to an end. In the field, the agility, dexterity, and precision of the players strike the spectator with amazement. Such a thing as a dropped catch is seldom seen; nothing but absolutely faultless ground fielding is put up with; and when the ball is thrown from one player to another, it passes with the speed of an arrow and reaches its goal to the nicety of an inch. To see one of the

recognised baseball teams of the States play is to behold nine men work together with the certain precision of an intricate machine. Indeed, the machine some years ago reached such a state of perfection that numbers of games were not brought to a conclusion, for no runs could be scored. So the council which watches over the working of the machine was obliged to loosen some of the too much refined parts, so as to make them move with a little less certainty, and the result is that spectators now see an occasional run scored. To compare baseball with cricket is to compare the quick-swallowed cocktail with the quietly sipped bottle of port, the storming of Quebec with the slowly conducted, persistent Peninsular campaign. The one is an essence, the other a meal. The Englishman will still uphold staying powers; the American swears by "knack" and dash.

Of the two games, it seems likely that lacrosse will make the greater progress in the United Kingdom. Neither threatens our home-made games, but lacrosse has already secured a respectable following. Indeed, it made a great bound ahead last year, when a team from Toronto, Canada, toured the kingdom and was everywhere received with genuine welcome. The Universities—Oxford and Cambridge—have taken up the game; it is played at many public schools; and there are some strong clubs scattered throughout the country, as well as a few in Ireland. Lacrosse is fortunate in that it is suitable as a winter game



BASEBALL: THE BATSMAN AND THE CATCHER

(Photo: The London Stereoscopic Co., Cheapside.)

in this country. The Canadians, of course, have it as their summer pastime, their winter being much too rigorous for such a sport; but our English winter weather is admirably attuned to



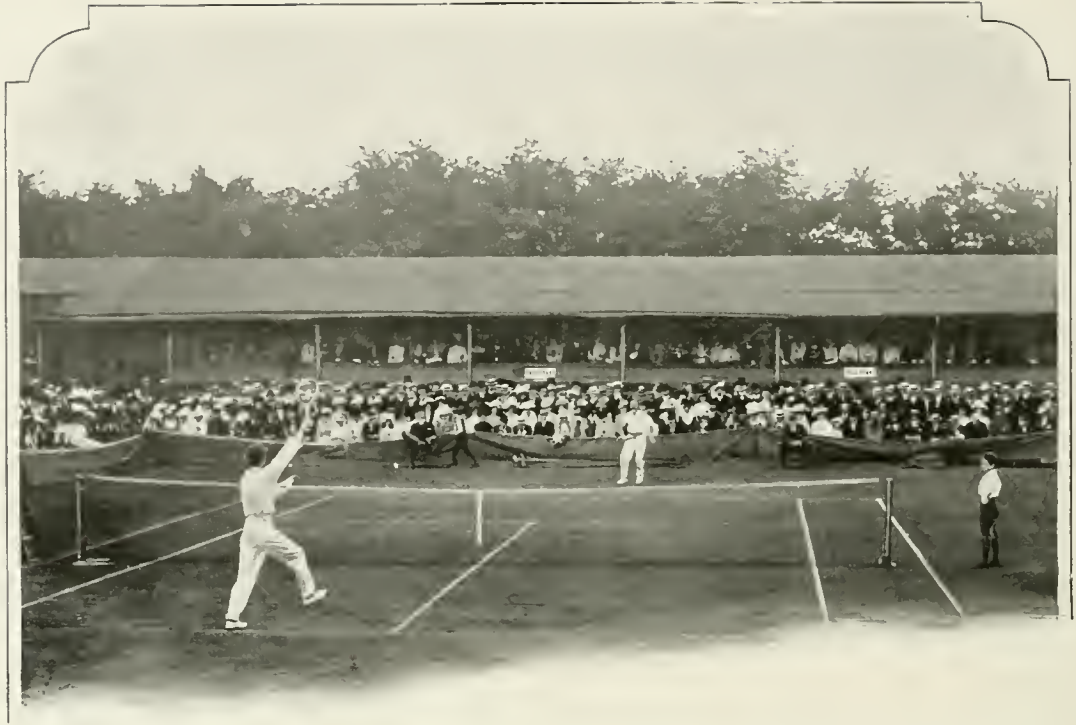
a game full of bustle and activity, such as lacrosse. To the uninformed spectator this Red Indian game appears rather dangerous, but, as a matter of fact, it has only that spice of the hazardous which makes any outdoor pastime more enjoyable. It is a cleaner, neater, and faster game than football, the one objection to it from a spectator's point of view being that the ball of indiarubber is rather too small to be easily followed in its flight by the eye. To those who do not care for the rough and tumble of football, yet who wish to be abroad upon a greensward in winter, there is no better game to be found than Canada's lacrosse. If it continues to increase in popularity at the rate it has during the last few years, the exchange of visits between English and Canadian lacrosse teams is likely to become as regular as that of cricket teams between England and Australia.

On the other hand, there is little likelihood of baseball becoming an outstanding pastime in England. It can never hope to attract the English public to such an extent as seriously to rival cricket. Baseball must be played in warm weather—numbed fingers and stiff joints are foreign to the game. Again, the interest is altogether too congested. The Englishman may not take his pleasures sadly, but he certainly takes them calmly, and does not wish to have his nerves strung to the tension of breaking and kept in this condition for an hour and a half. After a close finish at cricket, he leaves the ground feeling limp; the stress of baseball would unnerve him for a week. Baseball clubs have been started by Americans who wished their national game to take root in England, but their lives have been short as a rule. Different climes, different games.



BASEBALL: A NEAR THING

*Photo Bradshaw.*



THE ALL ENGLAND LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIP AT WIMBLEDON. R. F. DOHERTY STRIKING THE BALL  
V. A. W. GORE.

(Photo: Bowden Bros., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.)

## LAWN-TENNIS.

By N. L. JACKSON.



MR. J. G. RITCHIE.

(Photo: Bowden Bros., Buckingham Palace  
Road, S.W.)

WHEN, in 1873, Major Wingfield introduced to an a pathetic public a new game which he called *Sphairistikè*, its reception was not such as to warrant the assumption that it would become a favourite pastime, or obtain international fame; but the athletic revival had just begun,

and in which both men and women could find enjoyment. Therefore the new pastime soon became fashionable, and, after it had been altered to Lawn-Tennis and the laws knocked into shape, no afternoon party was complete without it. As croquet was on the wane, the committee of the All England Croquet Club at Wimbledon were far-sighted enough to realise that the new game would become the rage, and so at once (in 1875) became its sponsors, with the result that the championship has always been annually decided on their grounds. The M.C.C. had also been desirous of having a finger in the management of the game, and a conference between the authorities at Lord's and those of Wimbledon was held in 1878, when the Laws of Lawn-Tennis, very much as they now exist, were adopted. After this, the All England Lawn-Tennis Club were virtually the rulers of the game until the Lawn-Tennis Association was formed in 1888.

It was in 1877 that the first championship meeting was held, and Mr. Spencer Gore became the first champion. Two years later, the twin brothers Renshaw, who were destined to have such an

and the youth of England was eager to find a game which would afford more exercise than

enormous influence on the game, made their appearance, but although they were entered for the championship they did not compete. In the following year, however, they played a great deal, and caused much consternation among the older players by the introduction of volleying. Hitherto the game had been played almost entirely from the back of the court, with the result that rallies of fifty and sixty strokes were by no means unusual. As the Renshaws' play became better known, all this was altered, and the base-line players endeavoured by accurate placing to outwit the volleyers. For the time, there was an outcry against the innovation, and one set of players declared that it was "bad form" to volley, while others asserted that it was unfair and against the spirit of the rules. Attempts were made to pass a law prohibiting it; but, fortunately, common sense prevailed, and one of the most delightful points of the game was retained. In 1880 the brothers Renshaw won the doubles championship, which they subsequently secured on six other occasions, their last victory being in 1889. There was really very little difference in the play of the two brothers, Ernest Renshaw being the more accomplished and graceful, while William had more dash and severity, qualities which were more useful in championship

matches than the ease and accuracy of his brother. For this reason W. Renshaw was always better than Ernest at Wimbledon, for while the last-named only once won the championship, viz. in 1888, William was successful on seven occasions—from 1881 to 1886 inclusive, and in 1889.

The limited space at my disposal precludes me from recalling many delightfully interesting incidents of the early days of lawn-tennis, but I must mention a few of these in connection with the championships. Much confusion was caused by the great similarity of the twin Renshaws in their younger days. On one occasion an umpire, somewhat addicted to "swagger," who had declared that he found no difficulty in distinguishing between the brothers, officiated in a championship match in which they opposed each other. Noticing that they wore different coloured belts, he took their names before starting, and was thus, to the astonishment of the spectators, able to correctly call the scores. When each player had won two sets they retired, and during the interval changed their belts. The umpire was not aware of this, and following his original method, at last shouted, "Game, set, and match to *Ernest* Renshaw!" "No," said one of the players; "I won, and my name is William." The brothers were so used to



THE WIMBLEDON TOURNAMENT: H. S. MAHONY AND MRS. HILLYARD v. H. L. DOHERTY AND MRS. STERRY (FURTHER COURT).

(Photo: Bowden Bros., Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.)



these mistakes that they did not correct the scorer until the match was finished.

One of the most extraordinary matches I ever saw at Wimbledon was that between Ernest Renshaw and H. F. Lawford in 1883. Each of the players had won two sets. Lawford was five games to love in the fifth and deciding set, and looked absolutely certain of victory. Almost in despair, Ernest Renshaw tried an underhand screw service, which against a player of Lawford's calibre seemed absurd. He was, however, correct in his judgment, for Lawford could not return the screws. Playing very well in the games in which Lawford served, and sticking to underhand screws when it was his service, Ernest Renshaw gradually overhauled his opponent and won one of the most exciting games on record. But perhaps the



H. S. MAHONY.  
(Photo: Bowden Bros.)

most wonderful incident which has come under my observation in connection with the game was in the final tie of 1889. The players were W. Renshaw and H. S. Barlow, and the latter wanted but one stroke to win the game and the championship. Renshaw returned a difficult shot so that an easy volley was



MRS. STERRY.  
(Photo: Bowden Bros.)

offered to Barlow, and after making the return he (Renshaw) fell down and his racket slipped out of his hands, rolling three or four yards away. Barlow smilingly advanced, with one eye on his fallen adversary and the other on the ball, and, as he thought, to make assurance doubly sure, he gently patted the ball back into the court. With an agility almost marvellous Renshaw scrambled along on all fours and picked up his racket, and then regained his feet in time to return the ball before its second bound. He after-

wards won the rally, and ultimately the match, this being his last victory in the championship.

Since the Renshaws retired, no players have been so decidedly superior to the rank and file as they were. Dr. J. Pim won the honours twice, showing excellent form; while another pair of brothers who are twins emulated the deeds of the Renshaws. These were W. and H. Baddeley, who won the doubles championship on four occasions, the singles championship falling to W. Baddeley three times. Two more brothers, who are not twins, now hold the honours—viz. R. F. and H. L. Doherty, the former having been champion from 1897 to 1900 inclusive, while the younger

brother—H. L.—secured the honours in 1902. Together they won the doubles championship on five successive occasions.

Although ladies have taken part in tournaments almost from the first, it was not until 1884 that a championship was started for the fair sex, the first winner being Miss Maud Watson, who had an unbeaten record for many years. In 1886 Miss Bingley, who afterwards became Mrs. Hillyard, secured the first of a remarkable series of victories in the championship. Altogether, this lady won on six occasions, the last being in 1900. Miss L. Dod, probably the best player her sex has produced, secured the honour on five occasions, Miss C. Cooper (now Mrs. Sterry) having been four times successful. Miss Robb was the winner in 1902.

The game was dropped as an adjunct to fashionable parties some ten years ago, but it had then become so firmly established that it did not die from neglect, and tournaments and entries are as



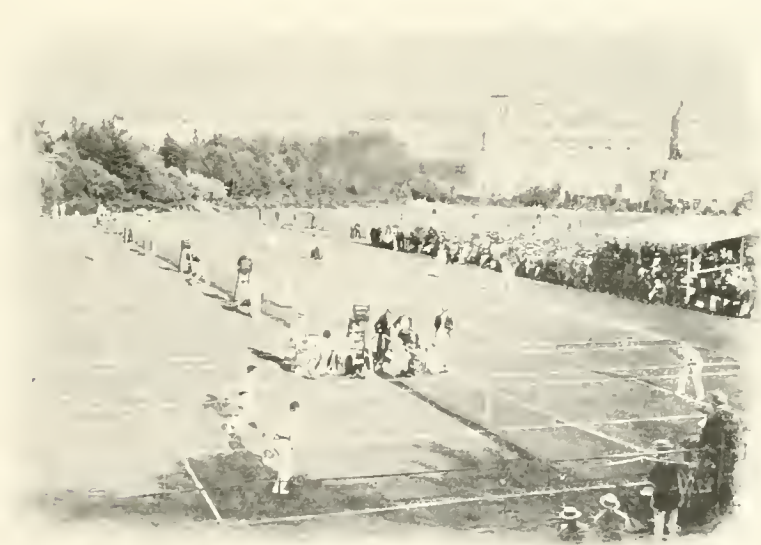
MISS MAHONY.  
(Photo: Bowden Bros.)

numerous now as ever. On the Continent and in America the game has taken a great hold upon the lovers of sports, and players and spectators follow it with great keenness. International matches between England and America have already been instituted, and in the near future we may expect France and Germany to join. Indeed, in every Continental country the number and quality of the players are improving, and as an instance of the cosmopolitan character of the game I may mention that when I was referee at the Ostend Tournament two years ago, the entry comprised English, Irish, Germans, French, Russians, Americans, Dutch, Belgians, Danish, Swedes, Norwegians, and Swiss—truly a comprehensive gathering.

A modification of the old game of tennis, lawn-tennis is not so severe, although it is quicker and requires greater activity than the parent sport. The first requirements of a good player are a good "eye," activity, perseverance, and practice with the best players. Even now, there are base-line players who declare that theirs is the best style

of game, while the volleyers swear by their system. Undoubtedly a combination of the two is the most telling. The prettiest style of the present day is possessed by Mr. R. F. Doherty, who plays ground strokes or volleys with equal facility and accuracy, as does his brother, Mr. H. L. Doherty. Lobbing is most useful in driving a volleyer back from the net, and this department of the game must be carefully cultivated before a man can be really first-class. Beyond this, pace and placing must ever be the aim of the expert, for an accurate return at great speed will pass the volleyer and give the base-line player great trouble.

There are a few professionals at lawn-tennis, all of these being ground men, or court attendants, employed by clubs. An attempt has, however, been made at Nice to encourage professional players, and handsome prizes have been offered for competition between them, with the proviso that the best amateurs and professionals at the tournament shall meet to decide which is the superior player, the contest being without any prize, except the honour of winning.



LAWN-TENNIS AT EASTBOURNE

## MILITARY SPORTS IN INDIA.

BY MAJOR NEVILLE C. TAYLOR (14TH BENGAL LANCERS).

WHILE sports of a nature that foster habits and qualities appreciated in the soldier have in all lands been encouraged by the military authorities, the more advanced education of the private soldier must of necessity be left to less civilised regions, since there is in the modern country of an advanced civilisation opportunity for little more than just teaching the soldier how to use his weapons and ride his horse. The soldier trained in England, for instance, can be taught to shoot and ride sufficiently for all practical purposes, but he cannot during his short service be engrafted with an eye for country in a land where the rights of private property are held so sacred. Such a gift can be fostered only in lands where man lives to a great extent with nature, and is there improved out of all knowledge by extended experience and careful practice. In England—indeed, in Europe generally—the great expense of everything renders it necessary that such operations shall be conducted on only a very small scale, the result of which is that soldiers get but a very short education, the aim of our military system being to raise a large number of elementarily trained soldiers, rather than to attain to any high educational standard.

The land in which, above all others, we English have first-rate opportunities of carrying this instruction further is India, where our native soldiers serve for the greater part of their life and make soldiering their life's profession. It is in India that we find a more extended field for education and begin with recruits who not only are fighting men by tradition, but have also been, from their youth upwards, on terms of intimacy with nature. Having been roughly taught the art of riding and the elements of his drill, the cavalry recruit then makes acquaintance with the more amusing part of his work, the part, moreover, which really makes him a good rider and teaches him the full resources and possibilities of his horse.

The first lesson is in jumping, with and without his saddle and reins. The next practice is at tent-pegging. This familiar field sport consists in endeavouring, from horseback and at full gallop, to lift on the point of a ten-foot spear a peg driven firmly into the ground. As taught by the drill-book, tent-pegging is reduced to a mere accurate combination of hand and eye, and no points are given for style. Style, on the other hand, is

very highly prized among the natives, and with them tent-pegging may be a most beautiful spectacle. The man puts his horse into a gallop some eighty yards from the peg, standing up in his stirrups and shouting his war cry. When about fifty yards from his mark he leans over to the right until his hand and head are within three feet of the ground, and it is in this position that he finally strikes the peg, the shock of impact throwing him not only back in the saddle, but almost over the other side of it. From this last position, shouting loudly with joy, he views the peg held high in the air on his right rear. I once saw a native officer, a very famous tent-pegger, who, after taking the peg, used actually to let go the spear, catching it over his left shoulder. So sure was he of his accuracy, that he would do this even in competitions, where dropping the spear would entail defeat. Tent-pegging carried to such perfection becomes a feat of horsemanship.

"Heads and posts," over jumps, teaches a man to cut and point with his sword, and to point with his lance accurately, and also makes him jump his horse over a fence at the exact point desired—a valuable riding practice. This exercise is carried out over jumps which have, either actually on them or immediately on the other side of them, posts carrying objects to be cut and thrust at. The object for a thrust is a ball laid on the top; the object for a cut is a ball placed on a stick. In the first case the rider has to knock the ball off with the point of his sword or lance, and in the second case he has to make it fall by cutting through the supporting stick. Sheep-cutting is resorted to as a test of the cut being delivered accurately with the edge. The horseman rides at full gallop past the carcass of a sheep hung by the hind legs to a pole, and he has to cut through it with a single back blow, a feat that can be accomplished only by "timing" the blow exactly and cutting with a perfectly true blade.

Efficiency in the use of the weapon and the handling of the horse is taught by making the men fight with sword or lance, mounted and protected with a mask and leather jacket, after the fashion familiar to the London public at the Agricultural Hall tournaments.

When a soldier is thoroughly efficient in these performances and knows his drill, he is deemed a cavalry soldier, so far as plain riding is concerned. The majority of natives do not, however, rest



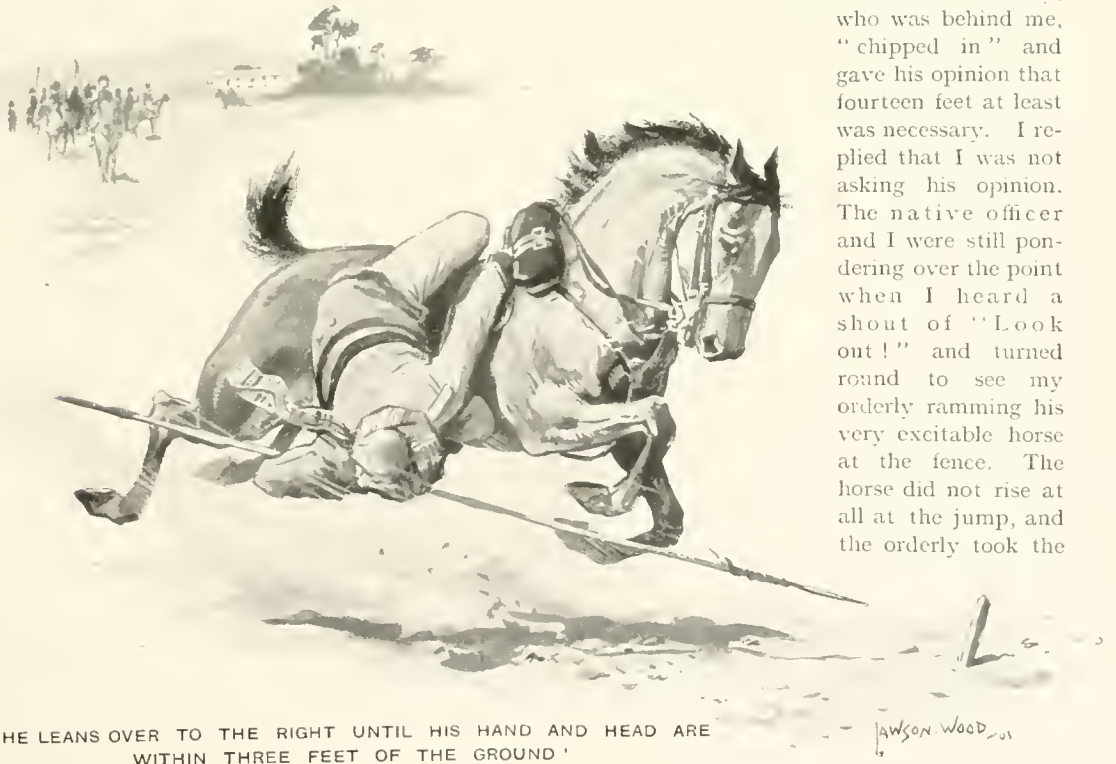
satisfied with this standard of proficiency, but generally proceed to learn various other feats of horsemanship. One of the commonest of these exercises is picking up a handkerchief at full gallop. Another is making the horse lie down, and it is astonishing what acrobats the men become. I have seen four men gallop abreast at four pegs and take them all standing up in their saddles. Nor is it uncommon to see a man ride a horse over a fence in the open without either saddle or bridle, stopping the animal by stooping forward and catching hold of its forelock, and by voice. Another trick is that of riding backwards, the man facing the tail; and two or three natives will ride thus together on one horse. Mounting and dismounting with the horse at full gallop is quite usual, and the horses themselves become wonderfully sagacious. I knew one that used to have a man's bed prepared for him, pillow and all, on the ground. He was led up to it, and would then lie down with his head on the pillow, with every sign of pleasure in the proceeding. A sheet was then put over him, and he was tucked in like a child and left; but the moment he was called he leapt up and went off with his master on his back.

The feat known as the "burning fiery furnace" is very popular as a spectacle. For this purpose a fence is made up of dry grass, hay, and other inflammable material, not without a good sprinkling of crackers. Men with rifles loaded with blank ammunition are drawn up on both sides of this. On one side, moreover, are some twenty horse-

men, and on the other are dummy men. The fence is then set on fire, and the men ride their horses barebacked over the fiercely burning fence, with its exploding crackers, being fired at on both sides the while. They pick up the dummies and ride back with them over the still burning fence. This is a most effective exhibition on a dark night, and the horses seem to enter into the spirit of the thing with great zest.

Steeple-chasing keeps officers' nerves in good order, for without constantly being reminded by falls that a fall does not hurt much, one is inclined to attach too much importance to it, and any training which keeps the soldier in communication with danger has its evident use. Familiarity breeds contempt. Most of the chase horses in India come from Australia, the English horse not liking the hard ground; but, oddly enough, it is the "hurdle" horse of Australia which wins in India and not the true chase horse, because the effect of the tremendously strong fences there is to make the horse jump too big, thus losing time. An incident that came to my notice in India impressed on me very much the contempt for falls which comes from daily intercourse with them. I was, at Calcutta, given the work of arranging the jumps for a horse-jumping competition at an assault-at-arms taking place there. I made the fences very strong, in fact, unbreakable, and to avoid accidents littered down some twelve feet on the far side. I was discussing with my native officer if twelve feet was enough, when my

mounted orderly, who was behind me, "chipped in" and gave his opinion that fourteen feet at least was necessary. I replied that I was not asking his opinion. The native officer and I were still pondering over the point when I heard a shout of "Look out!" and turned round to see my orderly ramming his very excitable horse at the fence. The horse did not rise at all at the jump, and the orderly took the



"HE LEANS OVER TO THE RIGHT UNTIL HIS HAND AND HEAD ARE WITHIN THREE FEET OF THE GROUND"

J. WOOD

most frightful fall I have ever seen, but got up looking very white and shaken, and without his puggree. To my surprise, he was not hurt, and seemed quite pleased as, pointing to his puggree, which lay a yard beyond the litter, he said, "Who was right?" Then, for the first time, I gathered

as cricket, football, gymnastics, races in marching order, tugs-of-war, rifle matches, and so forth; and these, if not so picturesque from the spectacular point of view, are of vast interest to the man himself, and call for no small share of pluck and self-denial if he is to excel. One peculiar sport indulged in by the

native infantry is known as a "Khud" race, and a truly amazing sight it is. Practically it is a point-to-point race among the mountains, and the men race unhesitatingly over ground that few men who are unacquainted with the country would care to walk over. The most efficient performers in these "Khud" races are, as a rule, the little Ghoorka and the long and lathy hillman, though the stalwart Sikh not seldom beats them both. Our only gunners in the native army are the mountain battery



THE STUD REQUIRED FOR THREE MEN TO HUNT PIGS SEVEN DAYS A WEEK FOR TWO MONTHS.

that the man was giving me an ocular demonstration of the fact that twelve feet width of litter was not sufficient. That he really had done this was confirmed when I noticed the horse. I now recognised it as one in my squadron, which always tried to go full pace at his jumps, never refused, and always fell. This man had got used to falls, but never had had one like that before, I imagine! Trying to test how high a horse can jump is occasionally done; but the real home of this sport is Australia, where the record is something over 6 ft. 3 in.

Side by side with these and other feats there is rifle and revolver shooting, the latter both on foot and in the saddle, with all manner of matches to encourage competition and practice. The horses, too, are accustomed to all kinds of firing, and to go freely anywhere, one mounted man sometimes leading three other horses at any pace over rough ground and over jumps. All this sort of practice tends to efficiency in the cavalry soldier in parade ground training.

Meanwhile the infantry man has been paying more attention to his shooting, and has been otherwise perfecting himself in the requirements of his own particular branch of warfare. He has been thoroughly drilled, and he has his own sports, such

men, and these find a never-failing source of competition in the dreadful places to which their splendid mules will carry the screw guns and the rapidity with which they can come into action.

Having roughly described what may for the most part be called parade ground sports, I must now say something on those which require a larger field of operations. The object of these, as regards the cavalry, is to give men an opportunity of learning how to ride across country with a minimum of fatigue to the horse, of acquiring familiarity with map-reading and knowledge of direction—in fact, of applying much of what has been learnt on the parade ground to its ultimate object of usefulness in the field. Parties are arranged consisting of some twenty men, called patrols, each under the command of a native officer or non-commissioned officer, and prizes are given to the patrol which gives the best account of itself according to the terms of the particular competition. In the first place, it is essential to compete in country, say twenty miles from barracks, unknown to all the party. A starting point is settled, and from there a course of about twenty miles is laid out, with five or six changes of direction. The points which indicate the changes of direction are marked by a man holding a flag and



having in his hand a paper showing the compass-bearing of the next flagman. As an example, the course run, is, say, three miles north from the starting point; thence five miles south-east, thence six miles due east, and so on. A receiving point is arranged, generally at the end of the course, to which point one of the patrol is sent to report whenever a flagman is found, the umpire remaining at this receiving point. Marks are given for going the correct course at the pace ordered, for the condition of the horses at the end of the course, for the patrol commander's written report on the country, and also for his

flagman, and proceeds as before. At the conclusion of the course the condition of the horses is judged, and the patrol commander hands in his map and report. These patrols start at an interval of about half an hour, and the great value of the practice lies in its teaching of direction. A man is much looked down on by his friends if he fails to reach the receiving point in the correct time. The value of this "bump of locality" was very noticeable in South Africa, where patrols were constantly lost by their ignorance of direction. The Australians call it "getting bushed," and such a predicament is confidently expected of



"THE MEN RIDE THEIR HORSES BAREBACKED OVER THE FIERCELY BURNING FENCE" (p. 407.)

map. Additional points are given for the correctness of the previously ordered pace at which every messenger brings in his message, and for the condition of his horse. As a rule, only the patrol commander has a compass and map of the country. Such a competition would be carried out somewhat as follows. The patrol commander leaves the starting point with his patrol, which moves in widely extended order in the given direction, searching for the first flagman. As soon as he is found, one man is sent off with a message to the umpire, and he may have to cover perhaps fourteen miles to the place indicated to him by the patrol commander. The patrol then takes up the direction of the second point, as given by the

the "new chum." Country-folk acquire their "bump of locality" easily enough, but the townsman new from his desk finds it a matter of no little difficulty.

Searching for lost horses and mules is another exercise on which the men get very keen, and it is invaluable in teaching them to act promptly in emergency on their own responsibility. As may be imagined, it is very usual to lose young Australian horses when they first come to the regiment as, to all intents and purposes, wild animals. Very often they stray considerable distances, and all one knows is that they broke loose at, say, 2 a.m. and have not been found. Search parties are quickly organised next day, and the officer



probably gets information that the animal is believed to have been last seen ten miles away. The matter has then to be taken seriously in hand, and men are sent off in pairs in search of the fugitive. Each pair go off with their two horses and a baggage mule, and send constant information as to their whereabouts, so as to enable immediate recall as soon as the missing horse is found. On one occasion a stray horse was not found for a fortnight, and then he was away in the wilds, grazing quietly, and 120 miles from home. This searching for horses brings out in the men a number of useful qualities, such as proficiency in tracking and in sifting information, self-reliance, and the capacity for making arrangements unaided. A good reward is always given, and it is looked upon in point of honour as amongst the most coveted prizes of all.

Tracking competitions are rare, but in some regiments men, selected for efficiency in such work, are given the name of "scouts," and very proud they are of the distinction.

Swimming is a recognised sport in India, as also swimming on horseback. A good swimmer can teach this to almost any horse, the chief care being to avoid in any way frightening the animal. The best method is to ride the horse quietly into the water, the rider remaining on its back till it begins to swim, then holding on to the mane and allowing his own body to float above the horse's back until it gets fairly started, and steering it by gently splashing water against one side or other of its face. As soon as the animal sees the opposite bank and has fairly settled down to swim for it, the man slips off and swims behind, holding on to the tail. A good swimming horse will go a long way, but soon tires if not perfectly at home in the water, as its tendency is then to hurry. The old hand swims very quietly and easily. While I have never actually seen a horse cross a river more than four hundred yards in width, the whole of my stable, to the number of ten, used to do that distance daily for some weeks without once showing any sign of distress. In competition swimming, therefore, the pace of the horse does not score. The best form of competition is to bring a mounted squadron (about a hundred men) to the bank and swim it over the river, taking the time from the moment the first horse enters the water to the moment the last leaves it. The squadron that takes the shortest time over wins. Another good form of competition is to bring a squadron to the river fully equipped, and then make them strip and swim their horses over, taking their clothes and saddles by raft. They then re-dress and saddle up on the far side. The competition is between squadrons by time, calculated from the first order to off-saddle till the moment the whole squadron moves off on the far side. An excellent raft for the purpose can be made of in-

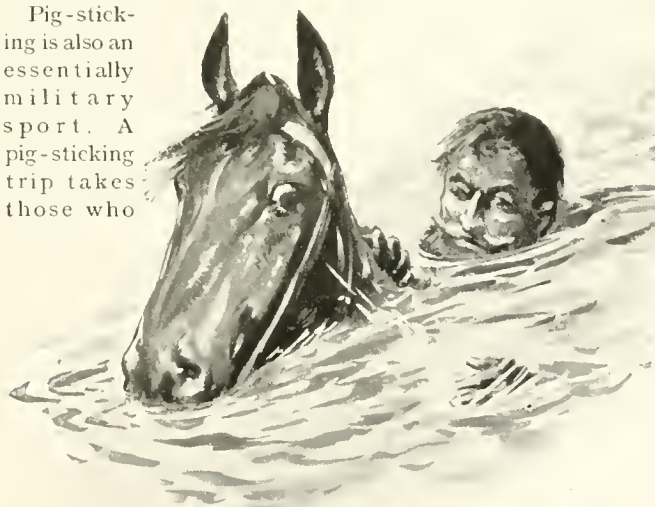
flated *mussacks* (water-skins) and lances, and this can be towed across by a few selected men and horses. The native of India is a good swimmer, as a rule, by both nature and habit.

Such of the foregoing sports as come within the sphere of the infantryman and artilleryman are practised by them also, but the majority are cavalry work pure and simple. The most interesting sport that essentially belongs to the horse and field artillery is the driving competition. For this purpose a circular course is arranged, about fifty yards in diameter, and having gates represented by earthen pots placed at a distance one from the other of only a few inches more than the width of the wheel track. Teams then gallop round the track with their guns, the object being to go through the "gates" without breaking the pots. This affords a stirring spectacle, and the accuracy of their driving is marvellous. Other amusing sights are furnished by tugs-of-war between teams mounted on barebacked horses, and also by wrestling on horseback. For the infantry there are such exercises as running, jumping, races in marching order, tugs-of-war, bayonet competitions between teams, and physical drill. The native infantry are keen wrestlers, and their style is most interesting to all who understand it.

Polo, which has been dealt with elsewhere by itself, is an essentially Indian sport, but one beyond the purse of the private soldier. It came to us from the Thibetan region, and its aboriginal form is not remarkable for skill. The ground is usually about three hundred yards in length by a hundred in width. Any number of natives play on either side, on one pony each and for two or three hours. The pony is little bigger than a donkey, and the players are for the most part engaged in cheering, and only when the ball comes quite near them do they become active. There are no goals as we understand them, but if the ball goes over the back line it counts one goal to the opponent. If any man of power or influence gets a run, all the others stand and cheer, but it is not etiquette for them to interfere in any way. There are no other rules. This form of the game is no longer much played, but the modern form of polo is perhaps the most popular of all sports in the native states. The native usually makes a very fine player, and for reasons that are obvious. He is light of build, has a keen eye, and is a finished rider. The best teams in India are to be found among the native states, for the reason that many rajahs spend vast sums of money on large stables of polo ponies. Man and pony know the game thoroughly, and as the teams play for an hour or two every day, they get remarkably skilful. The 12th Bengal Cavalry had a very fine team some years ago, composed of three natives and one British officer. One of these natives was a sergeant, Heera Singh by name, and the late Maharajah of Patiala was so struck by

his play that he offered him a colonelcy in one of his cavalry regiments. Colonel (since General) Heera Singh has ever since been the backbone of the famous Patiala polo team, and is reputed to be given a village for every tournament won by the team. Most native cavalry regiments have one or two good native players, but these have to be mounted at the expense of the British officer, which of course limits the numbers. The advantage of polo to the officer from a military point of view is that it gives him a strong seat, and, what is more, teaches him practical stable management, for the only plan on which the poor man can hope to play polo is for him to detect diseases at the very beginning and know how to nip them in the bud by the right treatment in each case. This he cannot do unless he has a keen practical eye for them and knows the remedies. The man who ceases playing a pony whenever he has a doubt as to its soundness does not play often, while he who plays a pony, no matter what state it happens to be in, is not only brutal, but must needs be rich also, for the pony cannot last long under such treatment.

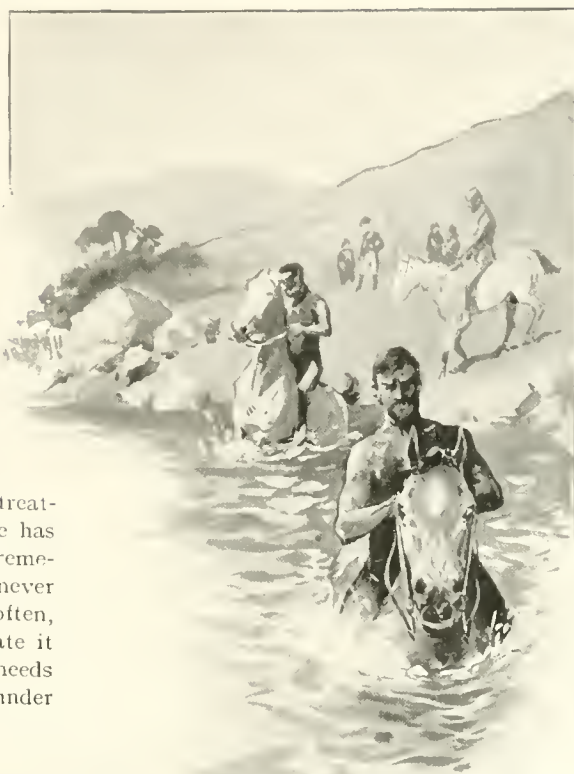
Pig-sticking is also an essentially military sport. A pig-sticking trip takes those who



M 43

TEACHING HORSES TO SWIM

participate far from professional aid, and the work is rough. A man who does not know a good deal about horses soon finds himself with nothing to ride. As a practical veterinary course for a soldier, polo and pig-sticking take some beating. Apart from this consideration, however, pig-sticking is a fine school for all officers. Nothing improves a man's eyes for country like having to find his way about it, and there cannot be many better ways



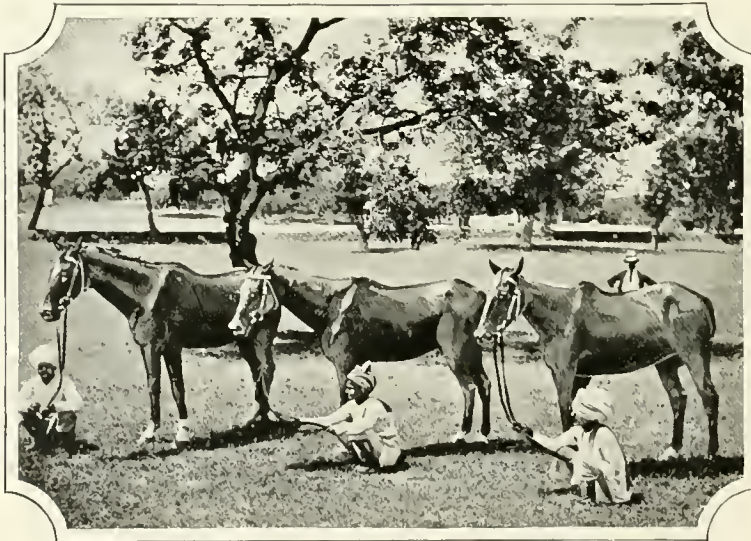
of learning to think out ways and means than finding that your horses have not arrived, that your bedding has been left behind, or that, through trusting to luck or someone else not immediately available, you cannot locate the camp. In the actual hunt, you learn to get across rough country and to sit tight, while the slight privations suffered on such occasions are no mean apprenticeship for the rougher ordeals of active service.

There are almost similar virtues in every sort of shooting trip. An absence of six months, for instance, in such a country as Cashmere entails a careful calculation of supplies which is excellent practice for war. Such hill-shooting, moreover, teaches a man how to climb and endure hardship, and gives him a good and steady head, which may some day come in useful. The value of all sport is to inculcate that strength and self-reliance without which a man can be no true soldier. In some of the native states every young noble is expected to perform certain feats that seem foolhardy to the European way of thinking. In Jodpore, for

example, all the young men who aspire to be thought well of are expected to tackle a wild boar on foot with no better weapon than a knife. Another feat expected of them is to enter caves and tie a rope round the neck of any leopard, wolf, or hyæna that may be found lurking in the darkness.

The former of these accomplishments is carried out as follows. A boar is wounded and brought to bay. The young man advances, his only weapon a knife carried in his boot, and the boar charges him. The young noble stands in front of the charging boar with his legs apart. At the moment of impact the man drops his right hand over the boar's eyes and snout, draws his right leg back out of the way, seizes the left ear of the boar, and with a dexterous jerk of both hands throws the animal on to its back. By a rapid movement he transfers the grip of the left hand from the boar's left ear to its right leg, thus holding it in position for a moment until he can draw his knife and stab it. Sir Partab Singh in this way saved the life of Earl Roberts, then Sir Frederick, when, in a pig-sticking run at Jodpore, he fell in

front of a charging pig. Touching the roping of leopards and such animals in caves, I was told by an authority on the subject that the feat was made possible only by the undoubted fact of these animals having no sense of smell and being thus unable to locate their enemy in the dark. For this reason, the cave has to be absolutely darkened, its mouth being closed with a blanket as soon as the man has entered. My informant learnt the trick by his father doing it first, and then shoving him into a cave with a leopard, in which cave he was confident of being left till he had fulfilled his mission. As soon as the animal is roped, the rope is passed to those outside and the brute is hauled into a sack. He assured me that he had often done the same thing since, and that the animal never does anything beyond growling, thinking, apparently, that the object rubbing against him is some other of his family. As a warning, however, he recommended me, when I tried it, to go in naked, and to expect the fleas and other vermin that are particularly annoying in caves where wild animals have their lair



THREE FIRST-CLASS PIG-STICKERS AWAITING INSPECTION.



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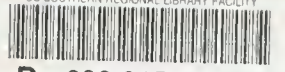








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